

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG.

FEBRUARY, 1910

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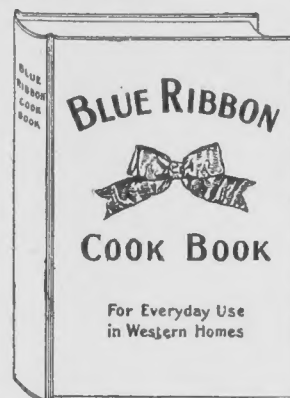
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A Handy Cook Book

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It is especially prepared for everyday use in Western homes and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales. It tells briefly and simply just what to do, and what to avoid to obtain best results; how to get most nourishment from foods; how to combine and serve them attractively. Everything is so conveniently arranged and indexed that any information desired may be easily found.



Bound in Oilcloth; 5 x 7 1/2 inches

Partial Table of Contents

Beef Tea	Venison	Wild Duck
Beverages	Gravies and Sauces	
82 Recipes	Griddle Cakes	Gruels
Broths	Cooking in High Altitudes	Ice Cream
Butter to Cream	Ice Cream	
Biscuits, Buns, Rolls, etc.	Invalid Cookery	
Biscuits—5 Recipes	Directions and Hints	
Buns—2 Recipes	Beverages—8 Recipes	
Doughnuts—8 Recipes	Broths, etc.—8 Recipes	
Fritters—12 Recipes	Gruels—10 Recipes	
Griddle Cakes—11 Recipes	Meats, etc.	
Muffins—10 Recipes	Jams	Jellies
Rolls—8 Recipes	Lemon Peel, to Grate	Lemonade
Rusks—Baking Powder	Wafers and Gems	Lobsters
Breads	Made over Dishes	
13 Recipes	Marmalade	
Cakes	Meats	
Hints on Making	Baking	Basting
Beating	Boiling	Braising
Stirring	Eggs and Bread-crumbs	
Folding	Fricasseeing	Frozen Meat, to Thaw
Fillings—21 Recipes	Garnishing	Grilling
Frosting and Icings—12 Recipes	Roasting	
Layer Cakes—13 Recipes	Stewing and 32 Recipes	
Loaf Cakes—25 Recipes	Muffins	Oatmeal Drink
Small Cakes—31 Recipes	Pickles	Oysters
Candies, Home Made	Sour—14 Recipes	
25 Recipes	Sweet—7 Recipes	
Caramels, Preparing	Pies and Tarts	
Catsups	28 Recipes	
8 Recipes	Poultry	
Chafing Dish Recipes	Drawing and Trussing	Garnishes
Cheese and Pancakes	Fowls, to make Tender	Old
3 Recipes	to Overcome Tainted Meats, to restore	Strong Smell,
Eggs—2 Recipes	and 11 Recipes (See also Game)	
Fish and Shell Fish—8 Recipes	Preserves	
Meats—11 Recipes	Puddings	
Vegetables—5 Recipes	38 Recipes	
Charlotte Russe	Raspberry Acid	Rolls
Cheese, Preparations of	Fruits	Rusks
7 Recipes	Sauces and Gravies	Sauces
Chili Sauce	(For Fish and Meats)	
Cocoa	16 Recipes	
Coffee	Sauces for Puddings	
Cold Desserts	18 Recipes	
Cooked Fruits	Salads	
Creaming Butter	21 Recipes	
Creams	Shell Fish	
Creams and Frappes	Cooking for the Sick	Spiced Fruits
17 Recipes	Spices	
Custards	Soups	
Desserts, Cold	21 Recipes	
52 Recipes	Soys	
Dumplings	Tables and General Information	
5 Recipes	Apothecaries Measure	Avoirdupois
Eggs, Methods of Cooking	Weight	Dry Measure
14 Recipes	Liquids	Cups
Fillings for Cakes	Liquors, Intoxicating	Measuring Cups, etc.
Fish	Avoided	Medicinal Terms
31 Recipes	Methods of Cooking	Table of Proportions
Frappes	Standards of Measure	Time to Bake, Broil, etc.
Fritters	Table of Weights	of Different Foods
Fruit Juices	Taffy (See Candy)	Vegetables
Fruit Juices, Substitute for Wine		26 Recipes
Fruits, Cooked	(See also Pickles and Cooked Fruits)	Vegetables to serve with Different meats
65 Recipes		Waffles
Fruit, Spiced		Yeast
Game		
Garnishes		
Old Game		
Restore		
Wild Flavor to Overcome		
Bear and Buffalo		
Cranes		
Plovers, etc.		
Pigeon Pie		
Prairie Chicken or Grouse		

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Published Monthly

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British
Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United
States \$1 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to
send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is
impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received.
Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to
pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address.
All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this not
done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to
let us know the address on your label.

Prize Competition.

We are able this issue to present the
names of the winners in the prize
competition. The contest was partici-
pated in by a great number of the
readers of the Western Home Monthly
and it was difficult to decide upon the
winners. One of the particular features
of the competition was that some of
those who entered the general competi-
tion made the best suggestions for
special departments and have been
awarded the prizes. As a result of the
competition the Western Home Monthly
has already arranged for some new
features and is arranging for others.

1. There will be opened a page for
young women similar in aim and method
to that now conducted by the Rev. J.
L. Gordon for young men. This will be
known as The Young Woman and her
Problem.

2. There will be a column devoted to
camera lovers.

3. The Young People's Column will
have space devoted to the problem of
making useful articles.

4. More attention will be given to a
description of the beauties and resources
of the West.

5. In the Household Suggestions and
Woman and the Home, subscribers will
be encouraged to send in tried receipts.

6. In the Sunday Reading department
more attention will be given to the
needs of men. Social and moral prob-
lems will be discussed.

7. There will be improvements in all
other departments just so soon as ar-
rangements can be made. Though the
good things said about the Monthly
have tended to make the editors "puffed
up", they are determined that during
1910 there will be a more marked im-
provement than ever. The growing cir-
culation encourages the management to
put forth still greater effort.

COMPETITION No. 1.

First Prize. J. G. Canning, Lost River, Sask.
Second Prize. John Long, Slager, Sask.

COMPETITION No. 2.

Mrs. E. Coomb, Islay, Alta.
John Wilson, Beaverdale, Sask.
H. J. McLeod, High River, Alta.
F. F. Cottrell, Humboldt, Sask.
Mrs. J. A. Greenwood, Douglas, Man.
Mrs. R. D. Graham, Regina, Sask.
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask.
Miss Ailce Beadier, Chauvin, Alta.
Miss Edna Bancroft, Vankleek Hill, Ont.
Mrs. K. Allen, Ganges, B. C.
Miss Lillian Cooper, Gilbert Plains, Man.
Miss Edith Daddles, McKellar, Ont.

A Chat with our Readers.

Our short talks with our readers in
the last three numbers apparently at-
tracted the attention of many and we
are encouraged to continue to discuss
the merits of the Monthly in this man-
ner, in the hope that every reader will
assist in widening its sphere.

When we wished our readers a pros-
perous and happy 1910 in our January
number, we meant something more than
a casual wish that the year just enter-
ed should bring our subscribers many
good things, we meant that the West-
ern Home Monthly would do its best
to contribute to their pleasure and well-
being. In the past you have found
much to enjoy within the covers of
the magazine, you have in recent issues
found well informed, fearless editorials,
dealing impartially with matters of
grave interest to this western country.
These will be continued so that every
reader of the Monthly may have en-
lightened and non-partisan views on the
questions that have from time to time
to be solved by the people. You have
found its fiction pages healthy and
fascinating; you have found its many
special departments, dealing with every
phase of home life helpful; its fashion
pages artistic and reliable; and general-
ly speaking you have regarded the
Monthly as your good friend who could
always help, instruct and entertain you.

You have been enthusiastic about the
Monthly and thus you have encouraged
the publishers to better effort. You
know how much easier it is to work
when appreciation is shown. The

Monthly entered 1910 with a most san-
guine spirit, endorsed by an army of
readers of whom any magazine would
be proud. The duty devolving on all
those who appreciate the Monthly is
not only to send their own subscrip-
tions in early, but to see that their
friends share in the happiness that the
Monthly brings with its twelve monthly
visits.

Indeed there could be no better re-
membrance of a friend than a year's
subscription to The Western Home
Monthly.

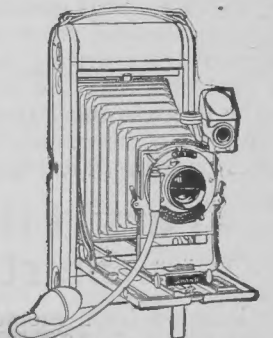
For the coming year it will contin-
ue, and on a larger scale, to give its
readers the benefit of expert knowledge
in all its departments. The hope is
that the Monthly will in the future meet
all tastes that the home can devise—
that even the children will be found
absorbed in its pages. The daily mail
of the Western Home would in its size
surprise even its most ardent support-
ers, and at this season it is teeming
with kind words of approval and gener-
ous good wishes, for all of which we are
very grateful.

As we have already stated, the year
1910 was a good one for us, the best
in our history. It saw the sphere of
the Monthly greatly extended and for
this our thanks are due our subscrib-
ers. The thousands of new ones added
have taken up the cause of the Monthly
with true Western zeal and enthusiasm.
The Monthly is a purely Western pro-
duct, and its aim is to be helpful and
interesting to every Western home.

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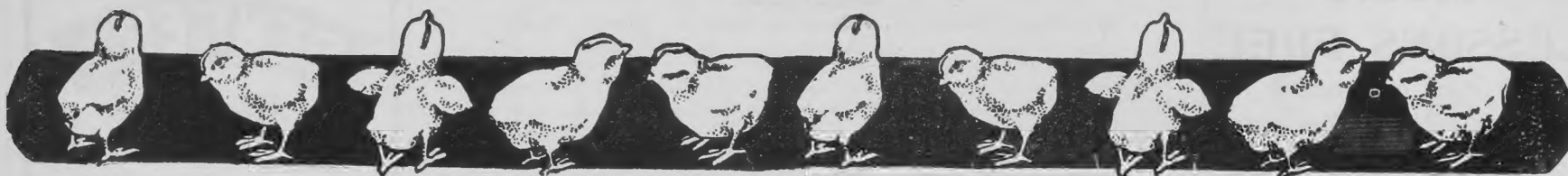
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Nor is it hard work to make a go of poultry-farming,—not anything like the work it takes most everywhere to make even a pittance out of ordinary farming. Poultry-raising, nowadays, with The Peerless Way to follow and the certainty it provides for you, is actually a business that you owe it to yourself to get into, and to get into right away. Consider the matter carefully. Read every word of what follows, and act upon its suggestions.

This Is How You Can Make Your Farm Pay Better

First of all, sit down now and drop us a post card with your name and address on it. That will bring you a book you ought to read twice, at least,—it is packed so full of facts about poultry-for-profit. It tells you the real truth about poultry-raising; there is no empty theory, no clever writing, in it at all; but it certainly does clear up a lot of problems that use to puzzle people. This book explains just why The Peerless Incubator, The Peerless Brooder, and The Peerless Way make a combination that puts success within anybody’s reach—makes success practically certain, failure practically impossible.

Very Little Money Will Start You Right

Don’t imagine for a moment that you need a great deal of cash to start after the profit there is in poultry. One important feature of The Peerless Way is how easy it is made for our friends to go into the business with but very little ready money. And don’t imagine, either, you need be anything of an expert to succeed with poultry. Your own good common-sense, added to a fair degree of diligence and effort, equips you thoroughly to make money poultry-raising, and to make it quick. Get the cold facts.

You Get, Free, The Advice And Aid of Experts

Another very important thing about The Peerless Way is that our interest in your success doesn’t lapse when your Peerless Outfit is shipped. We figure, you see that our reputation is largely bound up with your success—yes, with **your individual success**, once you become a Peerless follower. If one Peerless customer should fail at poultry-raising because we did not do all we should have done to help him, we would feel disgraced. So we try to see to it that no Peerless user fails. Our Board of Experts gives advice, counsel, detailed instructions, to any Peerless user who wants them. And the advice is so plain, so explicit, that a child could not misunderstand it. It tells just how to overcome every difficulty poultry-raising has; and it explains fully the methods which have built up the largest poultry-farm in Canada—the great Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, at Pembroke, where the Peerless method of hatching was perfected and is exclusively followed.

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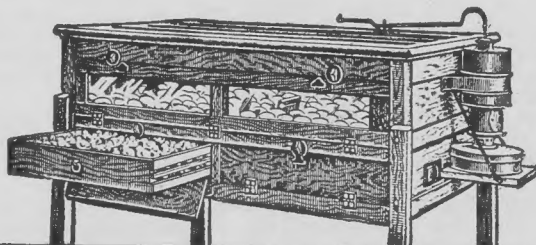
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Neither can you find a better way to go into it than The Peerless Way. Ten thousand people are doing well with it. So can you.

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You have read enough here to convince you, probably, that there really is something worth while in poultry raising The Peerless Way. Now send for the FREE book that tells the whole story—that clinches the whole argument—that gives facts and figures and proofs—things you want to know, and ought to learn of right NOW. Make a start this very day. Send for the book. Address:



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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Vol. XI, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1910,

A National Danger and its Remedy.

There are two dangers that beset every nation—the danger from without and the danger from within. In every way the latter is the more serious of the two. International complication is frequently the surest guarantee of national peace. There is nothing which unites a people more closely than the defence of their liberties against armed oppression. But it is not our purpose to-day to refer to our troubles with other nations: we wish to point out some dangers in our own midst which threaten calamity. We wish also to indicate how the calamity may be avoided.

Industrial Antagonism.

The first danger to national peace and prosperity is the industrial antagonism which is recognized on every hand. We have seen evidence of it within the last month in the conflict between producers and shippers and we are to see it in a much more marked way in the year to come between producers and consumers. In the motherland this quarrel between producers and consumers has worked out in favor of the latter; with us it has worked out in favor of the former. The policy of protection is a policy for the producer. It enables him to get more for his work and his wares than he rightly deserves. The policy of free trade is in the interest of the consumer. It enables him to benefit from the sunshine and rain in all quarters of the globe; to buy in the cheapest markets; to get things at a minimum of cost. It may be that a man may have the greatest difficulty in deciding which policy he will espouse. For instance: when a farmer is selling some of the products of the soil he may be very glad that there is a protective tariff in existence, but when he is buying agricultural implements, he will be exceedingly sorry that the principle of free trade has not been adopted. Thus a man may be his own enemy. Wherever man loves not his neighbor as himself there is bound to be discord and ill-will because some are producers and some are consumers.

Of course, it may be that if a producer looked far enough ahead he would see that in the long run it would not pay him to have a tariff wall erected, for it would be the surest way to lessen trade with other nations. On the other hand, the consumer might find that though he saved something under the principle of free trade, he might find it a little more difficult to earn a living wage.

Second Illustration.

The industrial antagonism has another manifestation when labor and capital are set up in opposition to each other. It is manifest that no nation can make progress unless all its elements are working in harmony and toward one worthy end. No matter how much the employers and employees seem to gain through their strikes and their lock-outs, in the long run they lose unless the result of their quarrels is to settle differences and leave amity in the place of discord.

A Good Example.

Now there is no reason for the conflict between producers or consumers and between capital and labor, if the rule of "Live and let live" becomes the first rule in national life. If reason and justice are allowed to prevail there will never be any differences of the kind mentioned. The producer must learn to limit his ambitions by considering the needs of the consumer, and employer and employee must be mutually considerate, knowing that each is necessary to the other. A splendid illustration of commendable action recently occurred when the president of one of the largest milling companies refused to advance the price of flour on the ground that in a matter of this kind, where consumption was a necessity, the consumer had some rights. It might not be a bad thing if producers the country over would follow the noble example of the gentleman referred to,

Racial Antagonism.

Racial antagonism takes two forms—that of antagonism to the Empire and that of local antagonism. There are within the borders of our Dominion many who are at least nominally loyal to Canada though they were born in other lands, yet these people have not a good word nor a good thought for the Motherland. It is about time that all people of this class recognized that it is their duty on coming to a British possession to throw in their lot with Britain. If they do not intend to be loyal British subjects they had better leave. When they came here they knew it was British territory, and if they did not like it they should have stayed away. To come here and foment disturbance is traitorous, and in our land as in all others traitorous action is to be condemned. There are some who insist upon flying their own flags rather than the flag of the Empire. We have no wish to appear as jingoes but we surely have a right to insist that in a British country the British flag should be duly honored. We can make room within our Dominion only for those who have true British sentiment.

Then there is a local antagonism that crops up occasionally and which does a great deal of harm. We find for illustration, our own Canadian born people despising those from other lands and those from other lands cordially hating the Canadian born. We should do well to remember that no great nation can be of one pure stock. The greatest nations of the world have been mongrel, as to population. One of the most hopeful signs for Canada is that it is made up of so many diverse nationalities. The Scotchman gives us his caution and his frugality; the Irishman his brightness and power of expression; the Englishman his courage and conservatism; the German his zeal and system; the Iclander his industry and his temperance; the Frenchman his vivacity and his comradeship; and so it goes. There is not a class but gives something and gets something. We must learn to work side by side, respecting each other, learning from each other, and we must sink our little differences in the conception of a broad Canadian citizenship.

Antagonism of Occupations.

This manifests itself in the first place as an antagonism between country and town. This is one of the most senseless antagonisms, but one of the most deep-rooted. True, the mode of life in the country differs from that in town. There may be some difference in clothing, though it is not so marked as it used to be. There are, no doubt, differences owing to the fact that the environment differs so greatly, but it would be a very peculiar world if all the people were exactly alike. The man in town has very much to learn from the man in the country, and the man in the country can get a few pointers occasionally from the man in the town, and each is necessary to the other. If the farmer raises the wheat and other products he must have a market. If the townsman must feed and clothe his family, he must find a producer in the farmer. No man can live to himself.

We find a similar antagonism between the professions and the trades, though this is not so clearly marked. When the distinction becomes artificial, through the organization of men into bodies who call themselves working-men (as if professional men do not work just as hard as hand laborers) there is likely to be created ill-feeling and distrust. As a matter of fact, we cannot get along without our physicians, our lawyers, our preachers and teachers, any more than we can get along without the men who work with their hands.

Religious and Social Antagonisms.

Of all antagonisms, there is none so deplorable and none so dangerous as that found among those holding different religious views. We see it in whole races of people, we see it among denominations as wholes, and we see it particularly in small country towns where local churches are striving for supremacy. It would be an unfortunate thing if all

the flowers in the garden were exactly alike. It would be equally unfortunate if people thought exactly alike. The lily should be glad that there is a rose and the rose should be glad that there is a lily. There is no reason that in matters of religion there should be ill-feeling. One may feel sorry that another person does not see the truth as he sees it, but he should not feel angry.

Social antagonisms are just as reprehensible as antagonisms in religion. A man who can afford to live on \$10,000 a year has no particular reason for feeling superior to a man who lives on but \$1,000 a year. The latter may be by long odds the better man. Probably the former will recognize this, but usually his wife will not. It is a strange thing that in social life the ladies are much more exclusive than the men. In a Canadian Club, men of all ranks and classes will sit side by side and think well of one another, but you do not find many of the plain working women, so called, who figure in the Women's Canadian Clubs. If our nation is to be prosperous, united, social pride must cease. The crowning grace in any individual or in any nation, is the grace of humility, which is always associated with the feeling of brotherhood.

Political Antagonisms.

It is not necessary to refer to these. We always have illustrations. There is nothing so very serious in these antagonisms after all, because people differ in politics and yet remain the very best of friends. This cannot be said of the antagonisms mentioned above. It probably shows that men in Canada go into politics for the sake of the contest. In matters of religion and industry and race, the conflicts that arise are not for the fun of the thing but they are in deadly earnest. Yet out of political antagonism there arises serious danger to the state. A political party, to be successful, must be organized and must dispense patronage. This leads to one of the worst evils in our land today: the crime of graft. Sooner or later our people will have to take their political life seriously. Indeed, they have to take it seriously at the present time, when the attitude to the Motherland seems to be decided by political opinion.

The Remedy.

Now, so long as senseless antagonisms exist, our country is not safe. We must get all our people working together, hoping together, in loving communion.

Towards that end we must preach unity and toleration in our homes. There is no home in a land so bad as that which sets up for its daily prayer—

"God bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife,
Us four and no more.—Amen!"

In the next place, we must organize and support public schools in which will mingle all races, classes, creeds. The public school is the greatest institution ever devised by man, for unifying the diverse elements of the nation. When children play together and work together they forget all about the differences that their parents have continually before them. Our nation will never be so wise as when it supports adequately its public schools. The system today is not receiving the support it should. Those in charge of the schools are but boys and girls, and the boys are few and far between. It is only an occasional teacher that remains in the calling beyond three years. There is no encouragement to remain in it any longer. This is, perhaps, one of the saddest things in our national life—that our people will pay so much to equip their business and so little to educate their children. The wealth of a nation is in its children, but if the children are weak in intelligence and moral power, the nation, notwithstanding all its material prosperity, will decline. Those from other lands will come in to reap the reward of the patient labor of the men and women of today.

And the home and the school may be supplemented in their efforts to unify the interests of a nation by the pulpit and the press. As it is these two forces tend to separate the people into classes, but under wise management they could become great powers for good. They are that even now in so far as they insist upon the practice of that righteousness which exalteth a nation.



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Saved by Grace.

By W. G. SHEPHERD.

John Shannon had never before been a Christian in the spring-time. The temptations he had withstood during the winter had been many and trying; but now, bringing additional vexation of the spirit, came spring, with its whispers of freedom and wildness. It assailed John with a fury that sent him to his knees in prayer in a little dark ante-room of the mission.

When he rose and came out into the room where the chairs were standing in neat rows, ready for the afternoon meeting, he blinked his eyes at the sunlight that streamed in through the windows. When he had regained his sense of sight, he saw Sister Bandon entering the front door.

Sister Bandon was a small, frail, wrinkled woman, with tan-hued, scraggly hair. She called the men who were converted at the mission "my boys," and it was her sole aim in life to have them call her their "little mother." Somehow, John, looking back across the wild, reckless days to the time when he was with his own mother, could not apply the title to Mrs. Bandon. He was kind though, and he did the next best thing, he thought, by calling her "sister."

This afternoon it seemed to John

pocket, second-story man, burglar, forger, and confidence worker, was really this man walking along the street. Only the other day one of the young women who sometimes came from one of the churches to play the piano at the mission said to him:

"Mr. Shannon, you're losing all those hard lines that were in your face when I first met you."

And John had replied:
"Thank God."

There was a scar—a memento of a fight—on John's right cheek. His face was full; its base was a square chin, bisected by a vertical indentation. From his nostrils to the outer edges of his mouth extended lines of the sort which hard thought makes, and which only smiles and cheerfulness can drive away. His clothes were neat and clean, for John had always been fastidious, if not fashionable in his dress.

John swung along the Bowery street with an easy grace. He didn't know the Bowery well. He had just begun to get acquainted with it, when he heard a man singing a song in front of the mission. But in many other cities he knew folk just like the Bowery people. He was familiar with the types, and



Suddenly two men, and then a third, stepped out from doorways.

that he could not endure listening to Sister Bandon's talk, kind and honest as it was. As she came down the aisle toward the platform where he stood he felt like running away.

Just then the front door opened again, and in came sister Johnson. Sister Johnson was a portly, red-faced individual, who had charge of the clothing department of the mission. To the distribution of clothing among the worthy poor of the district she brought a highly practical and systematic method, which she applied with rare enthusiasm. Apparently she believed that the affairs of the kingdom of heaven had suffered, before her time, because proper business principles had not been applied to their administration.

The temptation to run became irresistible. John started down the aisle toward the door, hurried past Sister Bandon and Sister Johnson, and escaped to the street. As he departed he heard Sister Bandon say:

"John, I've calculated on having you sing 'Saved by Grace' this afternoon."

But John sauntered away down the side walk, a victim of spring fever. As he walked he thought. His mind turned to the days he had spent in prison; to the nights in saloons; to police-station cells; to court-rooms; to lodging-houses; and, at last, to himself in his present situation. On this particular afternoon it was hard to believe that he really was a Christian; that John Shannon, the ex-convict, pick-

knew them by heart; so he was at home on the Bowery.

Shortly he approached the busier portion of the city. All about him were noise and hurry, but in his mind there was even greater tumult. He turned into a cigar-store, half intending to buy a package of cigarettes, but just as he reached the counter a little prayer flashed through his mind, and he said to the clerk:

"Give me a package of cough-drops."

He had bought many packages of cough-drops in the earlier days, after his first mission experience, in this same way. Their use was getting to be almost a habit with him. They cleared his throat just before he sang his evening solos at the Bowery corner meetings.

On the sidewalk again, he felt a strange loneliness. Somehow, after all, it was true that a man couldn't be of this world and, at the same time, sacrifice everything to make himself good. This afternoon John longed to have a part in the world; he wanted a place in the restlessness about him.

The evening dusk was settling down on the streets when John, his mind by this time sorely disturbed, saw a neatly dressed woman step from the door of a jewelry-store, carrying a small hand-satchel. She looked about her nervously, and then started up the street. In the old days an incident like that would not have escaped John's notice; probably for the same reason he noticed it now.

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It was more in a spirit of curiosity and speculation than in any other mood that John followed the little woman with the grip. Even in his most reckless days he had never been a purse-snatcher, but he found a certain fascination in the grip and its possible contents. The whole adventure suited his mood. The mission, Sister Bandon, Sister Johnson, and all the rest of his new life seemed to fall far behind him.

It was in this speculative frame of mind that John was moving along when suddenly two men, and then a third, stepped out from doorways before him and walked at about his own pace, and in the same direction, for the distance of a block. Then one of the two men quickened his gait and passed the woman with the grip; one crossed to the other side of the street; and the third continued to walk ahead of John. In this fashion the four persons under John's scrutiny walked to the next corner, where the woman waited for a coming street-car.

John's trained eyes were alert. He saw the man on the other side of the street run across to await the same car. The man who had been walking ahead of the woman stepped out to the curb, looked up the street, and then, as if suddenly discovering that the car he wanted was coming, stepped out to the tracks to wait for it. The third man who had walked in front of John, hurried rapidly up the street. For a moment John was puzzled by this action.

gleams from the windows of the brown-stone houses. John saw the three men string along in Indian file. The two men ahead were keeping close together.

By this time John's interest in the affair was more than mere curiosity. He realized that he was going to have a hand in whatever was to be done. The men carried slug-shots or revolvers he knew, for he saw that their right hands were doubled into fists in their pockets.

Soon he saw the man in the rear cross the street; he could see that this was the one who had taken the car a block further up-town than the other two. John could not explain the man's action, but there was little time for wonder now.

Evidently, according to the program of the thugs, the woman was to be "slugged." In the light from the residence windows they did not intend to give her a chance to make an outcry. John knew what it would mean. One man would walk up behind the woman, and by making some remark, perhaps, cause her to turn her head. She would be met with a blow across the forehead—a heavy, cruel blow that would instantly knock her senseless, and possibly even kill her.

John walked quickly up behind the woman. He leaned forward toward her and his left hand started for the grip. Then it drew back, seemed to hesitate a moment, darted forth, seized the grip by the handle—and John was dashing off at full speed, his long coat standing



His left hand seized the grip by the handle.

"He's going to get on at the next corner," said John to himself.

He looked about him for a policeman. There was none in sight. And moreover, the three men had as yet done no wrong.

When the car came John boarded it. There was nothing to indicate that any one of the five persons who entered it had ever before seen any of the others. The woman gave a sigh of relief, and placing the grip beside her, settled comfortably into her seat. John posted himself behind her.

As the car whirled through the business district, gathering and distributing its jostling burden of humanity, John kept his eyes on the woman and her satchel. He wished that he could feel the weight of his heavy old revolver in his hip-pocket but that was no longer there. It had gone the way of the drinks and the smokes.

When the car had gone some distance up-town and had reached the residence district, the woman gave signs of stirring. John took this to mean that she was going to alight at the next crossing, and he gave a signal to the conductor. The woman repeated his signal, and one of the men who sat ahead of her, watching her reflection in the window before him, turned about and ostentatiously did the same thing. The five alighted, John behind the rest. The woman stepped hurriedly to the curbstone and started down a dark side street, which was lighted largely by

out behind him and the grip swinging in his left hand.

He heard the woman's shriek and the pounding of feet on the sidewalk. There was a shot, too, but he heard no whizz of a bullet, as he had expected. This made him turn his head to see what was happening. He caught a moving-picture glimpse of the woman with her hands in the air, and of two men running after him. Across the street he saw the flash of a revolver, as another shot sounded; but the weapon had not been turned toward him. It had apparently been pointed at the two men who were following him.

He ran on, and then turned again. One of the men had fallen; the other was standing, and a man was crossing the street, leveling a revolver at the creak figure.

A block further on, if you had met John you would have seen a very calm and unconcerned man walking at a moderate speed with both hands swinging empty by his sides. He had resorted to his old trick of hanging his booty from his watch chain and buttoning his loose overcoat over it. At the next crossing he boarded a cross-town car, and was soon back in the business district. As he alighted from the car he hummed a tune—"Saved by Grace."

Not long after this a certain jeweler, watching his clocks and awaiting the hour to lock his doors and depart, was surprised to see a man enter the store and set on a show-case the very satchel

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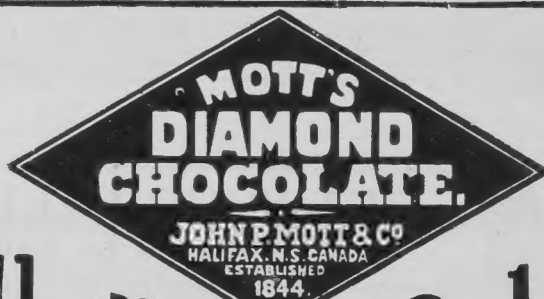
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in which, about an hour before, he himself had placed Mrs. de Peyton's jewels, and which she herself had carried from the store.

"Do you recognize this?" said John.

"Yes, sir, I do," replied the jeweler, wondering.

"Will you please open it and see whether anything is missing?" asked John.

"Has Mrs. de Peyton been hurt?" asked the jeweler. "How did you get it?"

"Never mind. Examine it," ordered John.

The jeweler complied, and one by one removed a necklace of pearls, several

but suddenly he saw that the man had his hand extended, apparently in cordial greeting.

"You're about the gamest guy I ever saw," said the stranger. "I want to shake hands with you."

John passively allowed his hand to be shaken.

"Here's my card," the friendly stranger went on.

John read: "Hicks Hithering—Hudson's Detective Agency."

"I got both those fellows," continued the detective. "I turned them over to a policeman. Got one in the leg. They're bad men. One of them had his gun out, too. If you hadn't got the



Across the street he saw the flash of a revolver.

rings, and two watches with long gold chains.

"Is everything there all right?" asked John.

"Yes, sir," replied the jeweler, where is Mrs. de Peyton? How did you get it? Who—"

"Please put the whole thing in your safe and notify the lady that you have it," said John, interrupting, as he turned toward the door.

But the door opened before Shannon could reach it, and in walked one of the trio of men who had helped to furnish the evening's excitement. It was the man who had taken the car a block farther up-town than the rest, the man who had gone across the dark street, the man who had fired the revolver at the other two.

With all his experience, the mystery was too great for John, and he wondering looked toward the stranger. Was the man going to make a desperate attempt to take the grip and its jewels from the store?

John turned toward the jeweler and saw that he was working at the combination of his safe.

"Hurry up!" shouted John. "Put the grip away!"

He prepared to jump on the stranger,

grip with the jewels, I don't believe I could have saved it."

"That's the way I figured it, too," said John simply.

"I followed them all the afternoon," continued the detective. "Wanted to wait till I caught them with the goods on. No use arresting a bad man just for vagrancy."

"No," said John. Then he remembered that he ought to introduce himself. As they started for the door, leaving the jeweler looking on in amazement, he said: "I'm John Shannon, from the Bowery Mission."

"I know," said the detective. "If I hadn't known you, I'd have fired at you instead of at the other two fellows. I've heard you sing at the meetings on the streets. What's that song they all like so well?"

"Oh, that must be 'Saved by Grace,'" suggested John.

That night John's face glowed with happiness and peace and hope as he gave out his message to humanity, under the gleam of the Bowery arcs:

"Then I shall see Him, face to face
And tell the story—saved by grace.
Then I shall see Him, face to face,
And tell the story—saved by grace!"

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By W. L. WILSON.



IN ADDITION to the letters which had been neatly spread open on his desk by his secretary, Mr. Thomas J. Douglas found on his arrival at the office one that was still sealed, and marked "Personal." It was a small envelope, and dingy, but with a neat and correct superscription. Many such letters reached him—generally appeals for aid, requests for subscriptions and the like, which Mr. Douglas carefully tossed into the waste basket, recognizing the annoyance as one of the penalties which large wealth must pay to a less provident world. So he pushed this letter aside and proceeded with the business of the morning.

And yet from time to time his eyes turned toward the sealed missive with an expression of curiosity that was not usual to them. Perhaps this was the reason he delayed so long about opening it; for Mr. Thomas J. Douglas was not a man who yielded to impulses; there had to be a reason, and a good reason, for his actions. This had been his guiding policy through life, and to-day, at sixty, he was several times a millionaire. But with all his deliberate delay he finally reached a point where he had nothing to do but open the dingy envelope.

He inserted the point of his silver paper knife in the corner of the envelope and slowly cut the edge. It would be impossible to tell if he himself knew why he did it so slowly. Then he turned the letter over and glanced again at the superscription. Something was certainly whispering to Thomas J. Douglas that this was no ordinary letter. At last he tossed the knife to one side and pulled out the contents of the envelope.

The enclosure bore the date of Elmwood, which was a surprise in itself, as he had yet heard of no struggling church is that far straggling fringe of the city; nor was it likely that such a place was ambitious for a free circulating library or a memorial fountain. He turned the single page and looked at the bottom of it. As he read the signature "Wallace Braden" he laid the letter down, and, leaning his elbow on the desk, with his fist against his cheek, let his thoughts wander back thirty-five, forty, aye, even forty-five, years to a time when he had no thought of being a millionaire, and one boy was just as good and as rich as another. How long it had been since he had heard from or even thought of Wallace Braden? And Nellie—

He picked up the letter again, and read:

Dear Tom:—

It has been a good many years since we used to know each other about as well as any two people ever do, and in some ways this may seem like an intrusion; but it seems to me that we have got old enough now to remember with some pleasure our association as boys and young men. For this reason I want to make a business proposition to you.

The superintendent says that if I can get the tools and the seeds he will let me make a little garden in some unused land back of the institution. I shall need a spade, which I think will cost \$1.20, a rake which will cost 40 cents and a hoe which will cost 30 cents. These for working the ground. In addition, I have made up a list of seeds which amounts to 95 cents, making a total of \$2.85. The superintendent says I can have half I raise in my garden, and there is a market gardener near by who will take my share and pay cash for it.

This encourages me to ask you if you will lend me \$2.85 until next fall, or perhaps part of it until the succeeding fall. If I have a good season I feel pretty sure I can pay you this fall, but if I should not be so fortunate I might have to ask you to wait for part of it. The tools, of course, would be regarded as your property until I had made the full payment.

Nellie is well, and asks to be remembered to you. Her eyesight is not so very good now, but she is still able to knit, and passes her time very pleasantly. There seems to be so very little for me to do, however, that I am very anxious to make this garden.

I have permission to come into the city next week, and will call at your office about four o'clock Tuesday afternoon to find out how you feel about my proposition.

Yours as of old,

Wallace Braden.

Mr. Douglas laid the letter on his desk, and for five minutes sat, much stooped, and stared at it, breathing a little more deeply than usual. There was only one institution in Elmwood. That was the County Asylum—the poorhouse. Then he took a long breath, lighted a cigar, and rang for his secretary.

When the secretary entered he found Mr. Douglas's pudgy forefinger firmly pressed against the letter on the desk. "Please look at this letter," said Mr. Douglas.

The secretary stepped forward to pick it up, but the pudgy forefinger did not move; if anything it was pressed down a little more firmly. So the secretary leaned over the desk, and read the letter, which had been carefully folded so that all of it that showed were the words: "will call at your office about four o'clock Tuesday afternoon to find out how you feel about my proposition. Yours as of old, Wallace Braden."

"Yes, sir," said the secretary deferentially, as he straightened up.

"When Mr. Braden calls I will see him at once. Please bear this in mind."

"It is probable that you will be presiding over a directors' meeting at that hour, sir."

"In that case you will show Mr. Braden in here and inform me immediately. That is all."

"Very well, sir." The secretary was a discreet man who never exhibited any surprise or curiosity. That was one of the reasons he was Mr. Thomas J. Douglas's secretary.

"Drop that latch as you go out. I'm not in to anybody this morning."

The secretary bowed silently and withdrew. It was very clear that Mr. Douglas was in one of his irritable moods.

Then when he had seen the door close, and heard the spring latch snap into place, Mr. Thomas J. Douglas folded his arms on his desk and buried his face in them as he had not done for thirty years.

If the directors ever wanted to take the desperate chance of acting without the approval of Mr. Douglas, that Tuesday afternoon was their time, for while their deliberation proceeded, Mr. Douglas sat in his private office with Mr. Wallace Braden. There was hardly more difference in the worldly stations of the two men than in their personal appearance. Mr. Douglas had the round, heavy-jawed face that compelled success, and the girth that spoke of personal importance. Mr. Braden was frail and pale, with mild blue eyes, and a countenance that spoke of a kindly disposition, a lack of personal force—and worldly failure.

"No," he was saying, "it is not wholly disagreeable out there. The superintendent is kind to us; and I don't really regard it exactly as a charity. I paid my share of the taxes to help support such things for a good many years, you know"—a wan smile came with this—"and, besides, I think that, by the work we are able to do we come pretty near earning our living, even yet—Nellie and I—"

"How is Nellie?" interrupted Mr. Douglas. His voice was low, and a little thick; indeed, his secretary might not have recognized it.

"Well, you know," said the other slowly, "Nellie never was very strong—"

"She's not sick?" There was a strange note of anxiety in the question.

"Oh, no; I was just going to say that I believe she is as well as she ever was in her life. And just as beautiful, and



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—and fine. There never was another woman like Nellie, you know, Tom."

Mr. Douglas cleared his throat.

"No," he said softly, gazing off into nothingness, as if he were seeing pictures of the long ago, of the might-have-been. "No," he added, still more softly, "not like Nellie."

"Couldn't you come out and see us some time? On certain days it is permitted."

"Permitted—" Mr. Douglas checked the rise in his voice—the idea of the mere superintendent of a poor-house permitting him. He cleared his throat again. "Yes," he said, "I'll do that; I'll come and see you—and Nellie." He paused for a moment dreamily, and then brought himself back with a jerk. "And now about these things that you want. You'd better leave the list with me, and let me attend to it. I've got a pull—that is, I know a man in that business, and I believe I can get you a little better bargain than you could make dealing with a stranger. There's nothing like a pull, you know."

"Well," said Mr. Braden, diffidently, "if it wouldn't be too much trouble for you, it would help me. You know I was never very good at making a trade. But I'll give you my note for the money now, of course, as this is strictly business."

"Of course," agreed Mr. Douglas; and taking a blank from a drawer, he drew up the document, by signing which Wallace Braden agreed to pay Thomas J. Douglas, in six months, two and 85/100 dollars with interest at five per cent. for value received.

The next afternoon there were delivered to Mr. Wallace Braden at the County Asylum, one wheel plow, one garden spade, one digging fork, one shovel, one steel rake, three different kinds of hoes, two garden trowels, three dibbles, one large and one small sprinkling can, one garden wheelbarrow, one ordinary thermometer and hotbed thermometer, five hundred pounds of fertilizer, and a varied assortment of garden seeds sufficient to start a truck farm—all of which represented the dealer's idea of "the things a man needed to start a small garden." And besides receiving these things, Mr. Braden also received a little more respect and consideration from the superintendent when that official learned where the supplies had come from. And yet Mr. Braden was distressed. He was sure some mistake had been made, because it seemed impossible that even Tom Douglas, with his pull and personal acquaintance, could have got all these things for \$2.85. But time was ripe for horticultural action, and he started in the next day to make his garden, using only a small portion of his supplies, and putting the rest carefully away to be returned when the dealer had discovered his mistake.

Half a dozen different times Mr. Douglas had told himself he would make a visit to the County Asylum the next day, and half a dozen times his courage failed him, until four months had passed, and it was August. Then came another note, also marked "Personal," which read:

Dear Tom:—

Wallace's garden, which has been growing splendidly, is now at its best, and if you can find the time we should be very glad to have you see it.

Sincerely yours,

Nellie Braden.

In the privacy of his own office Mr. Douglas read this note several times, and studied it long and thoughtfully. Then he drew a pocketbook from his inside pocket, and, taking out the liberal supply of bills that was in it, placed the note there alone, and returned it to its place.

The early hour at which Mr. Douglas rang his bell the next morning came with something of a shock to his man, and that affable and patient individual received still further shocks when Mr. Douglas began to dress.

"Haven't I any old shoes?" he demanded, eyeing with a frown the polished pair that was ready for him.

"Yes, sir; but they are very dusty, sir, and will have to be cleaned and—"

"Never mind; bring them."

Not before had the man been so shaken to the foundation of his being.

It was the same with his clothes. Garments that had long ago been discarded, and had not, by some oversight of the man, been removed from the

premises, were brought forth, wrinkled and unbrushed. The man suppressed his surprise, for Mr. Douglas not only did not answer questions, but did not even tolerate a hint of them.

"Go tell Jules to bring the auto around," he commanded.

When he was alone in the room he viewed himself critically in the glass. No longer did he appear the immaculate, well-cared-for millionaire. He might have been a small storekeeper, or even a respectable clerk on a moderate salary. There was grim approval in the look he gave his mirrored image. Odious as comparisons were, he did not believe his appearance would be offensive.

Mr. Douglas arrived at the County Asylum on foot, and so dusty was he that he actually felt proud of himself. He was received with some surprise and much consideration by the superintendent, but he had scant time to give to that official. He wanted to see Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Braden.

Not in thirty years, at least, had Tom Douglas felt as he did when little gray-haired Nellie Braden put her hand in his, and told him she was glad to see him. He pressed the faded hand gently, and did not answer; he was afraid, just then, to try.

"And, Tom," exclaimed Wallace, enthusiastically, when the garden in all its glory had been viewed, "there never was such a season for growing things! I'm almost sure now that I can pay the whole note this year."

"Well, Wallace, I'm glad of that, because that's strictly business, you know."

"Yes, indeed; and next year all I make will be clear. Then Nellie and I are going to have a—a time, a regular time! But meanwhile I can't neglect the garden. I've got some plants out of the ground now that ought to go right back in—transplanting, you know. So if you'll stay just here and talk to Nellie till I come back." Then he went out.

And Tom Douglas and Nellie Braden were alone—alone for the first time in thirty-five years—alone with thoughts that went back into that far distant past. Her face was serene; but not his during the long pause that followed.

"And you never regretted, Nellie?" he asked finally.

"Never, Tom."

He drew a long breath.

"I'm glad of that, anyhow," he said.

"It was the only way," she went on simply; "and we have been happy, even if we have not prospered. We are happy now, with the garden you helped us to make. We both work in it, Wallace and I, and it's good for us. And Wallace is just as dear and gentle with me as he was thirty-five years ago." Her face shone with quiet happiness.

"You had a son?"

Her eyes filled with tears. "He was killed in the Philippines," she said simply.

"Surely, then, a pension—"

"We couldn't take a pension, Tom."

He walked to the window, fumbling nervously at his pocket, and drew out a cigar. Then he glanced at her and back at the cigar, and threw it out of the window. The moments slipped away with neither conscious of their passing until they heard Wallace coming back from the garden.

"All fixed for the day," he said, as he came in. "And now let's sit down and have a good long talk about old times."

Mr. Douglas shrank a little. He had been thinking about old times, and hardly felt equal to talking about them. He took a new grip on himself, and straightened up as if he suddenly had a new idea.

"The fact is, Wallace," he said, "I came out to-day for two reasons. First, of course, to see your garden, and then to see if I couldn't get you to help me out of a little difficulty I've got into."

"Help you out, Tom? Why, of course—if I can." And Wallace Braden smiled a little. He appreciated his own ineffective struggle.

"Well, you see, it's this way." Mr. Douglas seemed to brace himself for an effort—he was not fluently imaginative. "I've got a little place out north of town—er—a—I think it's north—I really never saw it, you know, and don't know just how much there is of it—several acres, I think—that I took on a—er—a kind of trade. The property's just going to rack and ruin for lack of care. I can get a man to work on it, of course, but they're unreliable,

What it needs is somebody that will take an interest in it; somebody with a head to direct things. There's a garden I—I think, and a keld or so, and some woods. I believe, too, there are for a bit I'll finish up and come right a couple of horses, and a cow." For an instant Nellie Braden's eye caught his, and then he looked away, and went on hurriedly. "I don't know much about the house, but I've already arranged to have it fixed up with—er—with plumbing and a furnace and that sort of thing—that is, of course, if I can get anybody who is trustworthy to take charge of it for me. Now, you see, I thought maybe that you and Nellie—er—that is that you—" And Mr. Thomas J. Douglas, the man who drove finance pitilessly, as with a blacksnake whip, floundered pitifully and paused.

"But, Tom," Wallace Braden spoke with an eager diffidence, "do you think I could—you know I haven't been very

"You're the only man in the world I know of who could. Look what you've done with that garden here this summer! That's the reason I'm coming to you for help. I'm in a hole about the thing, and I thought maybe for old friendship's sake you'd be willing to help—" Again he discovered Nellie Braden's eyes on him, and fumbled nervously at the pocket where he carried his cigars.

"Why, of course, Tom, if I can help you out in this or any other way I'll only be too glad to, and I'm sure Nellie will, too."

"Of course," went on Mr. Douglas a little nervously, "this is strictly a business proposition. It will save me a lot of money if you will look after the property carefully. Seems to me that, everything considered, it would be fair for you to start at a hundred a month, and—of course, there'll be a man and his wife to live there in another little house that's on the place who will do the heavy work. I just want you to be a kind of—of overseer, you know. You'll have to have a long whip, of course." And Mr. Douglas laughed still more nervously, as he shrank before the steady gaze of Nellie Braden's eyes, which were shining now as brightly as they had shone thirty-five years ago.

Thus the thing was arranged.

"How will you get back to the city?" asked Wallace anxiously.

"Oh, there's a trolley line over here about three-quarters of a mile away, you know," answered Mr. Douglas easily. "This exercise is doing me a whole lot of good, too. Why, I'm feeling better right now than I have in years."

Mr. Thomas J. Douglas turned and walked rather heavily out of the asylum grounds. Outside the iron gates, when hidden by the stately row of hemlocks, he took another cigar from his pocket, clamped his teeth firmly upon it and began to smoke with rather astonishing fury. Mr. Thomas J. Douglas's nerves were a good deal unstrung; if there were any virtues in tobacco as a soother of unstrung nerves, he was bound to experience its benefits. He plodded along through the dust, looking neither to the right nor the left, leaving a trail of smoke behind him that would have done credit to a locomotive. Mr. Thomas J. Douglas was thinking.

A quarter of a mile down the road, around a bend that hid it from the County Asylum, Mr. Douglas climbed into an automobile about the size of a Pullman car.

"Home!" he growled to the chauffeur.

The trip was quickly made.

"Wait!" he snapped, as the machine stopped and he got out.

Then Mr. Douglas sought his apartments and dressed as his agreeable and patient man would have his millionaire master dress.

Ten minutes later the automobile stopped in front of the imposing building of a trust company in which Mr. Douglas held a majority of the stock, and he went to the room of the manager of the real-estate department.

Thirty minutes later he emerged, with the manager of the real-estate department accompanying him respectfully to the curb.

"What do you think should be paid for such a place as you describe, Mr. Douglas?" asked the manager.

"What it costs." The answer was brusque.

"And the salaries of the man and wife who are to live on it?"

"You know more about such things than I do, but—" Mr. Douglas paused, then added significantly, "You get 'em! And I want all this business finished up within three days."

The manager bowed, and as the automobile snorted away, sighed. It was a difficult commission, but when such a man as Mr. Thomas J. Douglas gave orders in such a way few things were impossible.

It was just a week later that Mr. Douglas's automobile, carrying besides Mr. Douglas and his chauffeur, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Braden, turned from the highway into a neat farm driveway about ten miles from the city. There was a smooth lawn, out of which grew big spreading trees; a small but attractive house—newly painted; a garden plot, barns for horses and cows, and off at one side a cottage which seemed as if it would just fit a man and his wife who could do the heavy work on such a place.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Mr. Douglas. Wallace Braden gasped, and Nellie's eyes shone with a peculiar softness.

"But, Tom," protested Wallace, "this this—I don't know—"

"It's a strictly business proposition. If you don't help me out I'll lose a lot of money on the thing," and Mr. Douglas looked squarely at the other.

Wallace Braden hurried up to the house and back to the garden.

Once more Nellie Braden's eyes held those of Tom Douglas.

"Tom!" she said, in a low voice.

"Please, Nellie!" And there was an appeal in the tone that the world of finance had never heard.

"It's—" The words caught in her throat, and she sobbed a little. "But God bless you, Tom Douglas, God bless you!"

Late that afternoon a queer story went the rounds of Mr. Thomas J. Douglas's offices. It was to the effect that the old man had been seen with his eyes closed and his feet on his desk, whistling softly, with such effect as a protracted lack of practice would permit, "Annie Laurie."

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Lunch for Two More.

By HARRIET L. HUNTINGTON.



THAT was the best breakfast I ever ate in my life," declared Dick Fowler with appreciative exuberance, as he came around the table to his wife. "Keep out of my hair!" he added warningly as she put up her hands.

"You look so horribly correct," she said, contenting herself with pulling one small lock very gently, while he kissed her on the cheek and down behind each ear in the enthusiasm bred of her present merits of a housewife.

She followed him into the hall and opened the door for him. When he reached the sidewalk he turned and lifted his hat, with a parting smile that would have established him as a model for all the brides of the neighborhood, if they had been looking.

Amy walked back into the dining-room with quickening heart-beats and a deeper color glowing in her cheeks, as if she herself were the bride of a month instead of just rounding out the second year of her married life. Neither Dick's caresses nor his praise had become commonplace to her; she did not believe they ever would. He was too much of an artist in the one, and, because he was a very fastidious gentleman, too far from lavish with the other.

The breakfast had been good. The strawberries had revealed unexpected ripeness and sweetness for such early ones; the omelet—she never trusted Nora to make omelets—had been of feathery lightness; the rolls had been fresh and crisp and crusty, and the coffee of unimpeachable flavor and clearness. Still, it had been an extraordinary meal, and Amy Fowler was shrewd enough to know that its peculiar excellence lay in the mood of the man, in the flow of spirit natural to so fine and invigorating a morning, and—yes, she was very sure—in a little contrition, a secret desire to atone for yesterday's shortcoming by which an equally good dinner had been allowed to wait and spoil and grow cold, and finally be carried off by the cook, since she had no appetite to eat alone.

It was a new thing for Dick to be kept in town so late by business. It had happened two or three times in the past month. Once he had warned her in the morning that he might be detained; this last time he had not even sent her a telegram. A vague uneasiness had stirred in her, but this morning his return to the habits of their honeymoon made all her fears seem foolish and unworthy, and she went about her household duties with a singing heart.

An hour later, when Mrs. Chatworth walked in unceremoniously, dressed for the street and shopping-bag in hand she found Amy perched on a high step-ladder in a closet, handing down dishes and directions to the patient Nora.

"Oh, you gem of industry!" the visitor scoffed. "Look at this sun, and Easter almost here, and you thinking of nothing but cups and saucers! I want you to come with me and give your mind to fig-leaves for a while."

Amy's faint objections were soon overborne by Mrs. Chatworth's well-provided arguments. She descended from her high seat with a revised program for the day's work, at which Nora's hopeful expression brightened to one of cheerful approval. In a few minutes she had made herself ready for the trip.

"I wish I had known before Dick left," she said as they went down the steps. "I might have had him meet us for luncheon."

"Any one would think you were just married," her companion replied. "But then, your husband is still very boyish in some things. Does he say good-bye to you from the street every morning?"

"Oh, did you see that? No, I merely happened to go to the door with him this morning. We don't believe in public demonstrations as a rule."

"I thought it was something unusual, like Walter's giving me extra pin-money whenever he spends an evening at his club. He goes there so seldom that I

jewels, they say. From all I can gather, I believe he has been around with her for some time, and you know what a show of devotion he keeps up to this wife! I can't help wondering if it will lead to a divorce. She's a proud little thing. I'm really very sorry for her."

"I don't believe it's true!" said Amy hotly. "Mr. Mainwaring loves his wife, if ever a man did. Dick knows him well. I think it is dreadful to say such things. The whole thing may be perfectly innocent, if one knew all about it."

"Oh, of course you are welcome to your opinion," said Mrs. Chatworth, who never quarreled. "Perhaps you

like to do: take the car and go up to Marcel's. You know where I mean, don't you? It would be so much more pleasant."

"It would take longer," said Mrs. Chatworth dubiously. "Well, I don't care. It is nice there, I know."

"I am very fond of the place," said Amy, flushing. "Dick and I used to go there often."

II.

Amy Fowler was leading the way between the rows of tables at Marcel's her head very erect and her eyes fixed on the distant corner where she hoped to spy the coveted vacancy—their old corner. Half way down the room she heard an exclamation of surprise from Mrs. Chatworth, just behind her. She turned and faced her husband, sitting at a side table with a woman opposite him.

There was a moment of tingling silence, in which Amy caught the flash of startled discomposure as it vanished from her husband's face; she saw the young woman, handsomely dressed, good-looking, and unconcerned; and she saw the wide, inquiring eyes and uplifted brows of Mrs. Chatworth.

"Oh, here you are!" she cried. "I didn't see you. Isn't this a surprise? Mrs. Chatworth and I took a sudden notion to come in and do some shopping." She turned to the woman with a nod of recognition. Mrs. Chatworth, let me introduce my husband's cousin, Miss Johnston. One of my nearest neighbors," she explained confidentially to the young woman, who acknowledged the introduction with a slight bow and a look of calm, deliberate scrutiny.

"I had forgotten it was today Dick said he was to meet you," Amy rattled on, "so I had no idea of finding you both in this accidental fashion. Well, Mrs. Chatworth and I are hungry. All the large tables are taken, aren't they? Oh, we can manage very nicely here, I think; we won't mind if it is a little crowded, will we? You sit on that side, Mrs. Chatworth, and let me sit by Dick."

Fowler started to pull out a chair for his wife; then he stopped and looked up at her as if about to speak. She smiled down at him with a look of perfect understanding and slipped into the chair.

"You didn't think I was going to lunch with you today, did you, Dick? Neither did I, when you left the house. What are you going to have, Mrs. Chatworth? Dick, you order for me—you know what I like better than I do. Not too much—we haven't time. Yes, my favorite salad, of course. And, waiter, just a shred of green pepper with it. Do you know why I didn't see you when I first came in, Dick? It was because I was going straight to our old corner. We used to come here so much before we were married," she explained to the table at large. "It just seemed that I should find you over in that corner. But I didn't think of seeing—Ella today."

"Are you a commuter, too?" asked Mrs. Chatworth of her neighbor.

"Only temporarily," was the reply.

Miss Johnston had not long interrupted her attention to the luncheon, which she seemed to be thoroughly enjoying.

"I didn't know you had relatives so near," pursued Mrs. Chatworth across the table. "Is Johnston your mother's family name, Mr. Fowler?"



"I have finished my shopping for to-day; and besides, I have an appointment."

don't make much out of it, though. I agree with you about sentiment in public; it is certainly in bad taste and it is usually so hollow. Of course you know about poor little Mrs. Mainwaring?"

"No; what do you mean? I thought she was a woman with everything in the world to make her happy."

"I presume she thinks so, too. Poor thing, the delusion can't last much longer! Every one else knows about it already. Why, her husband was seen at the theatre in the city with a strange woman; they were having a lovely time in a box, and afterwards they were together at supper. She was decked with

wouldn't mind having your husband take strange ladies to theatres and supper while you stay at home. But I think Walter would find it rather exciting if I heard anything like that about him!"

On train and ferry the conversation turned to lighter topics, and, once under the spell of the great shopping centre of the city, the two women forgot all things outside.

"I don't know how you feel," said Mrs. Chatworth, after some hours of absorption, "but I am positively faint. I breakfasted early, and it's one o'clock. Shall we go upstairs for luncheon?"

"No," demurred Amy, "it will be so crowded! I'll tell you what I should



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You get rid of wheat-sinut. Made wholly of wood. Can't corrode, clog nor decay. Use either bluestone or formalin solution. New screw-feed easily picks 60 bu. wheat, 80 bu. oats, per hour. Can't bruise the grain. Low-priced; solidly built; guaranteed. Credit, if you wish.

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MANSON CAMPBELL

says: "I have been building fanning mills since 1867. My mills were in the West before the C.P.R. I am a specialist in this oats-from-wheat proposition, and I KNOW this Chatham mill will do what I say it will in this advertisement."

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Makes Kitchen Work Easy And Pays For Itself Too

Look at it in the Picture Saves Room and Time

Getting dinner—or any meal—takes only half as long when you have this Cabinet in your kitchen. Everything is so handy that cookery is a pleasure instead of drudgery. There's far less mess to clean up afterward—it's so easy to keep the kitchen tidy—and the cook saves so many steps. Compact, sensible, and work-saving.

Take and try it in your kitchen,—see the work it does away with, the time it saves, the bother it puts an end to—see how sensibly planned, how excellently built, how well worth its small cost it actually is. Indeed, you will be well satisfied if you buy a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet. It is a most practical convenience.

Make Yourself a Present of One, Madam!

Let Me Ship You One Right Away

The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet will pay for itself speedily by preventing waste of foodstuffs—to say nothing of the vast deal of work it saves. After it has been a week in your kitchen you will wonder how you ever got on without it. This Cabinet actually is, and I GUARANTEE it to be, better, more compact and more labor-saving in design than any other made. It costs less. It is more complete, more convenient, built better—a great deal better. The wood-work is the finest selected Canadian chestnut, beautifully finished in rich, lustrous golden-brown. The bakeboards, drawers, flour-bin, are snow-white basswood—the shelves, hard, clean maple—knobs, handles, catches, heavy red copper—every part the best material money can buy.

Makes Kitchen Work Far Easier

The drop-leaves (they'll hold a heavy man's weight) just double the table top's area. Nothing is in the way,—nothing opens on the table's level. The whole top is polished metal,—sanitary, clean, water-proof. All the fronts of drawers, doors and bins overlap,—that makes them dust-proof, fly-proof, CLEAN. All the inside parts are finished satin-smooth,—not a crevice nor a seam to harbor dirt or insects.

The flour-bin (that compartment lowest down) holds 75 pounds, has a curved solid-metal bottom, and glides in and out at a touch, on double roller ball-bearings. Every drawer shuts TIGHT, but never can stick. Every bin slides in and out EASILY. The whole Cabinet is mouse-proof.



**Saves 500
Steps a
Day in any
Kitchen**

The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet

saves endless bother and clutter

It's Very Practical

It couldn't be made more complete. Large enclosed closets for heavy utensils; plenty of shelves; shelf rack; two big drawers—17½ ins. wide, 5 inches deep; three small drawers; three cupboards; two big bins—self-moving; the whole thing 6 feet high, and mounted on double-acting rotary castors—easy to move around. Top is made of extra-heavy, polished zinc that will wear for years and be easy to keep clean all the while. Six aluminized canisters supplied free with Cabinet.



MANSON CAMPBELL
President

Fully Guaranteed

There are no out-of-the-way cubby-holes around a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet; but there IS a handy, easy-to-get-at place for everything that is used in getting a meal ready,—flour, sugar, salt, coffee, tea, spices, package food supplies, knives, spoons, kettles, bread-pans, etc., etc. Let me send you a book that illustrates and describes the Cabinet; or send me your order for it upon our special terms and with my personal guarantee that you will be wholly satisfied with it.



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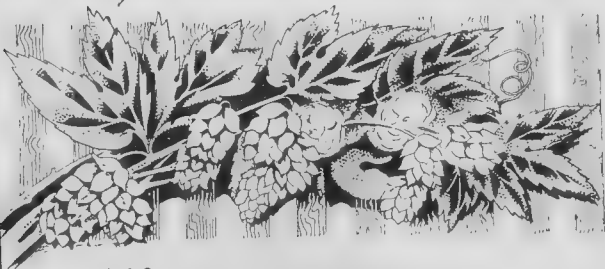
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"No. I have several aunts. Mrs. Chatworth, and when a woman marries she changes her name, you know."

"Miss Johnston is from the West," volunteered Amy. "She is a bird of passage among us."

"How delightful! Then, of course, you will have a visit from her before she returns?" and Mrs. Chatworth looked to the lady on her right for confirmation, noting with a keen eye every detail of her ultra-fashionable attire.

Miss Johnston turned to her with a slow smile.

"I am very erratic," she said, "quite out of the usual line of relatives. I fear. It wouldn't surprise me at any time if my cousins should disown me."

"How did you get on with your shopping?" asked Amy. "Mrs. Chatworth and I found some bargains, didn't we?"

Mr. Fowler ate hurriedly, and with little apparent zest. When he had finished he leaned back and bantered the women on their worldliness and frivolity. Amy, helped on by Mrs. Chatworth had been describing styles and fabrics with such voracity that she had scarcely touched her food, and Miss Johnston had roused to some apparent degree of interest.

"We are going back to Dutton's," Mrs. Chatworth said to her. "Why can't you go with us and look at those embroidered linens?"

"Thank you," answered Miss Johnston, "I have finished my shopping for today and, besides, I have an appointment."

Mr. Fowler pulled out his watch; she leaned across the table to him. "What time is it, Dick?" she asked.

Amy started.

"We must not keep you here," she said. "Mrs. Chatworth and I will finish our luncheon, but I know you must both be going. Don't let us hinder you."

Fowler turned his watch around so Miss Johnston could see the face, and returned it to his pocket.

"I think you will have to go at once, won't you?" he said. "I don't want to hurry you, but it takes some time to cross the city. You will excuse me, I know," he addressed his wife. "While I put my cousin on her car, but if you will wait here—"

"No, no!" interrupted Amy. "I shall not interfere with your plans. You must see her safely to the train, and then you must go back to your office. We have detained you too long already. I insist."

She smiled sweetly at Miss Johnston. That young lady finished buttoning her gloves. As she pushed back her chair and rose, she said:

"You are very considerate. I really think I could find my way alone, but I suppose your husband will feel better if I am personally conducted out of harm's way. I am very glad to have met you so unexpectedly."

"Altogether charming," murmured Mrs. Chatworth. "Quite as if it had all been planned. I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again!"

"One never can tell," returned Miss Johnston serenely. "But Mrs. Fowler will assure you that I am not to be counted on. Good-bye!"

She walked away. Mr. Fowler lingered for a moment with his hand on the back of his wife's chair.

"Good-bye," she said, without looking around.

"Till dinner-time," he supplemented. Mrs. Chatworth laughed as he followed after Miss Johnston.

"I thought he was actually going to kiss you! He didn't want to go with her, did he? Walter says women are a nuisance in business hours. They look a little alike, a sort of family resemblance in the nose and chin. She's rather odd, don't you think so? Striking, though, and exceedingly stylish."

"Western women always outdo us when they come to the city," said Amy carelessly.

"We must hurry back to the store; we're losing half the afternoon. You haven't eaten anything, though."

"I am ready to go," said Amy.

They had not been long at the crowded counters when Mrs. Chatworth felt a hand laid on her arm.

"I am very sorry, but I can't stay here any longer. I must get home."

She looked up, startled. "Why, what is the matter? Are you ill? You are as white as a ghost!"

"I am not well. My head is splitting. You won't mind my going, will you?" Mrs. Chatworth, however, vigorously

refused to remain behind, and brought her shopping to an abrupt close.

"It was that luncheon upset me," said Amy miserably. "Something—the salad, I think—was wrong."

"You didn't eat enough to hurt a fly," returned Mrs. Chatworth with conviction. "You need a tonic if your stomach is so weak as that."

III.

At the door of her house Amy had difficulty in persuading her friend that she needed no further assistance, that she would not have a doctor, and that she wanted only to lie down in quietness; but at last she reached her room, alone.

She locked the door fiercely, tore off her hat and wraps, and threw herself upon the bed, where her overstrained nerves found relief in tears and bitter sobbing. When the first agony of her weeping had eased itself, she turned and lay staring at the wall, while the tumult of her thoughts slowly cleared. It seemed an endless time before the calm that qualified for intelligent action came upon her.

When it did she rose and went to the mirror, making a long, close inspection of her pale, tear-stained face, with its reddened eyelids and fresh lines of suffering bordered by disheveled locks. Then she set about her afternoon toilet, with all the modest art of which she was mistress. She patiently massaged out the marks of tears from under her eyes, and brought back a natural glow to her cheeks. She waved her hair and piled it lightly in its most becoming manner.

This done she slipped on a wrapper and went down-stairs to find Nora. She made some changes in the order for dinner, and assisted in the preparation of Dick's favorite dessert. She looked over the table appointments to make sure that everything should be of the daintiest and most attractive.

After she had gone back up-stairs and put on her prettiest frock, she looked at herself again in the mirror. Her cheeks were smooth and pink, her eyes sparkling, her head proudly poised.

It was only half-past five. She need not expect him till the 6.10 train, for he never came on the 5.45 any more. She picked up a book and curled down on the divan before the window, but her thoughts would not rest on the printed page. What if he should not come on the 6.10? What if he did not come at all? A cold trembling came over her, and she buried her face in the cushions.

A moment later she heard the click of the door, and looked up to see Dick coming into the room. She sprang to her feet and took a step or two toward him. He came quickly up to her, stopped and looked at her uncertainly, without speaking. Her eyes were wide and staring; all at once she turned white and toppled forward. She would have fallen to the floor if he had not caught her. He laid her on the divan and bent over her with his arms still around her.

"Amy, darling, don't! What is the matter?" and as she did not stir, he hugged her closer. "What made you do it? Did you think there was anything wrong? I would have put everything straight in a minute if you had given me a chance. You were a dear, stunning little brick, and the truest little wife in Christendom, but you didn't need to do it, don't you know that? You are not angry at me, are you? Don't feel so badly, it's all right!"

She lay passive, her still, colorless face drooping back against his arm, his eyes closed. He shook her gently in growing alarm.

"Don't do so, Amy! Speak to me! Open your eyes and look at me!"

She obeyed without moving otherwise. She opened eyes on him so full of deep reproach and pain that he cried out hastily:

"But don't look like that!"

She closed her eyes again and turned her face away from him, slipping her head from his arm to the pillow.

"Who was she?" she asked.

"It was all perfectly proper," he explained. "She is a very nice young lady, and I never saw her before. She is a sister of one of the men at the office. She lives out of town, and came in today on business. She's never been here much, and he intended to meet her and go round with her, but he was called away suddenly this morning on urgent business, so he asked me to meet her and get her started right, and then see that she had some luncheon and put

her on the train this afternoon. Of course it was a bother, but I couldn't very well refuse. I knew you wouldn't mind a simple act of courtesy like that. But you came in on us so unexpectedly it took me aback for a second. That was only natural, you know. There would have been no occasion for trouble, anyway, if it hadn't been for that old hen. I wanted to choke both the other women and pick you up and bring you home. I didn't think it was in you to do a thing like that! How could you think so quickly? It was lucky Miss Worthington was quick-witted enough to follow your lead and play the game, or there would have been a mess! I hope she doesn't tell her brother about it; it would put me in rather a queer light, you know—though he knows me well enough to be pretty certain that I wouldn't do a thing like that."

During this long speech the color had been slowly coming back into Amy's cheeks, until they were flushed with a soft rose like daybreak. The dark lashes stirred once or twice above them. When Dick finished she turned to him and opened her eyes once more, this time with a warm sunny light shining in them, and all her features breaking into a faint, irresistible smile.

"I am going to believe all that story," she said.

Dick stared at her for an instant in complete surprise; then he laughed.

"You are a trump!" he declared. "Let's have dinner!" and picking her up bodily, he carried her down-stairs in his arms.

Random Readings.

What portions of the body are the best travellers?—The two wrists.

Phibbs: "No man knows himself." Gibbs: "That's so. He would lose his best friend if he did."

She: "I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you?" He: "That has always been my custom!"

A man with a philosophic turn of mind was asked by a friend the secret of happiness. "Make money enough to buy your wife everything she wants!" was the reply.

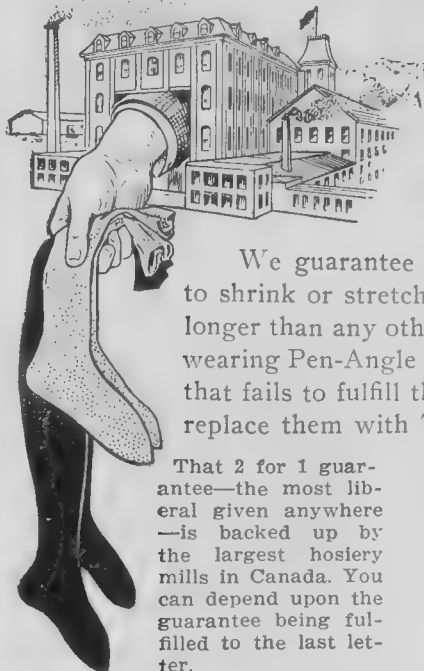
A lady who had advertised the loss of a valuable cat was asked by a friend if her announcement had brought back the wandering puss. "No, but it's brought me three better ones!" was the smiling reply.

"Look here," exclaimed the editor—"you speak of the bride being led to the altar." "Yes, sir!" replied the new reporter. "Well, that's nonsense! There never was a bride who couldn't find her way there without help!"

Mistress, who is engaging a "general": "I suppose you have some good references?" Servant: "No, ma'am, I haven't any at all." Mistress: "But that won't do—I really must have some references!" Servant: "Oh, that'll be all right, ma'am—you can pay me in advance!"

A small girl on being taken from the Zoo became tearful, exclaiming—"I want to see the bear! I want to see the bear!" "But you've seen the bear, darling—the big brown animal in the pit—the one you gave the bun to!" "I know, I know, but I want to see the bear, the consecrated cross-eye bear (cross I bear) we sing about in church!"—Outlook.

A restaurant lost one of its regular customers through the carelessness of a dog in leaving its tail on the ground. The customer ordered a sausage of the waiter, who replied that there were none left, but if he did not mind waiting, one should be obtained. The customer was willing, and the waiter disappeared, but unfortunately outside the door trod on the tail of a dog. The injured animal at once gave tongue, and the customer, being a man of imaginative mind, turned pale and fled from the restaurant.



We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

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No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, hello, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, hello, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

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No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark

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No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool, 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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Johnny's Job.

By OCTAVE THANET



THE day was so warm that the men at the steel-works were all mopping their brows with the back of their hands. Nevertheless the furnaces were flaming and the great red and black iron sheds were penetrated with the incessant pounding roar of the rolls.

Johnny Burke, the new heater's helper, cast a keen glance out of his long lashed Irish gray eyes at Larson, the heater. The tall Swede's face was flushed and strange of expression; he flung his tools noiselessly into the bosh. Both the drag-down and the charger glanced askance at him, exchanging opinions in pantomime; but Johnny did not speak to any of them, he walked over to the roller. That great man was tapping the rolls with his tongs, whistling softly.

"Say," said Johnny in his ear, "something's the matter with Larson, he ain't been round to reverse the furnace for half an hour. I reversed it myself, a little while ago, I didn't like to before; but the bridge was 'most awash—all melting!"

The roller nodded. "I told the rougher the next piece of hard iron he got from him to send it back; he would before only he's a friend of Knute's. Well, so'm I a friend of Knute's; but we can't have the turn spoiled with cracked iron."



... learned to put a stout front on his hardships ... and hide his burns.

"Looks like he had a jag on him," said Johnny, in a dispassionate way.

"That's it," the roller returned, gloomily, "he's had some sort of trouble with his wife. 'Jealous I guess; and he was drinking yesterday. Never knew him to drink before. But these sober fellows, when they get to drinking, go all to pieces. It's an awful pity. Knute's a pretty good feller. Say, do you think you can kinder watch the furnace? Go right ahead, he won't notice!"

"I guess so," said Johnny; but his heart swelled within him. "I had a heater's job last."

"How'd you lose it?"

"Strike. We lost it; and they didn't take on all the men. There was a lot of married men wanted to get back, bad; they didn't want to move. And I was single and foot-loose—so I skipped. Well, maybe—flushing with his effort to be candid—"maybe they wouldn't have took me on if I'd asked. I didn't ask."

"I guess you're white," said the roller; "well, keep your eye on things!" He gazed after Johnny's curly black head and handsome profile with a new interest, but far from suspecting that he had heard the disappointment of Johnny's life. To be sure Johnny had said nothing of the girl.

Johnny was a new man, taken on a week ago, on Leroy's recommendation. Leroy was an old friend of Knute Larsen's. Knute was popular in the works, not only in his own little realm, the eight inch mill, where the heater has almost equal powers with the roller, but in the other mills and in the office. To the office there was one exception, the assistant superintendent. He was a young man who rated his own knowledge high. During the superintendent's absence he was in charge; and he had already had a dispute with Knute about the "scrap." The "scrap" was of his

own adventurous buying; and, naturally, when the turns were disappointing he blamed the heaters, blamed the rollers and blamed Knute Larsen more than all.

Knute, however, only blamed the "scrap"; he did not pass his superior's



Johnny mended it.

bad temper on to Johnny; and Johnny was grateful.

He respected Larsen, not only because he was a remarkably good heater, who always sent out "nice soft iron," but because he was tall—Johnny himself being very short. Knute had soft blue eyes and a yellow beard. He was taciturn but cheerful in his silent way; and liked to listen to other men's jokes, smiling with his eyes. The last man, one would think, to jeopardize his high wages by drinking. "A married man, too," thought Johnny, severely, "if I ever get married"—he flushed and his eye sparkled; and he stood for a moment absently gazing at nothing, while his whole life seemed to drift before him.

First he saw himself a little straightening boy, barely nine, dizzy with the glory of working in an iron-mill and having wages of his own to bring home to his mother every fortnight. His father was dead. He had three sisters, all younger than he; he was the man of the family, his mother always called him, "Mother's man." His poor mother! even after all those years the lump climbed into Johnny's throat as he remembered how the three little sisters had all died in one dreadful week of diphtheria, and how he stood alone by his mother, beside the last and smallest little grave. Somehow the shade of little Rosy "who was so cute" was most vivid to him of all; and his mother's grief for her baby was heartbreaking. "But I've got you, son," she sobbed, "mother's little man—O Johnny, be careful!"

I fear Johnny was hardly careful in the way she meant; he had the name of being "the reckless little devil in the works;" and his mother's hair would have turned gray could she have viewed him cheerily dodging the wrig-



"Miss Glenn's gone."

gling, glowing red serpents that dove at him from the finishing rolls. But he was careful of his mother; he learned to put a stout front on his hardships, to keep his kicks and cuffs to himself and hide his burns and get up in the black winter mornings without calling, although his muscles had not rested from last night's ache; and he would make faces for the pain, while he dress-

ed. He thought of none of these things now; his lips were working and he brushed the wet out of his eyes because he remembered how happy his mother was when he was made strand boy, happier than she had been since the little girls died. She laughed, she laughed out loud! "Think of you only thirteen and earning most as much as your ma! Oh, if your pa could see you this day! If he could know how you've been mother's man"—and then she kissed him and sorely scared him by crying bitterly. Was it, as she said, for the joy and for remembering how proud his father had always been of his only son, or was it because she knew she had the sickness on her? "I'm glad I got the raise that week," muttered Johnny, his eyes dimming. Next week, he had no mother to be glad for him. He went to live with his aunt. She was sorry for the lad, who made no complaints and only cried at night for his mother, but she had married a widower with six small children, each one, she was accustomed to say, bad in a different way from the others, so she had scant leisure for "mothering" Johnny. At fifteen Johnny felt himself a man; and not a youngster in the works got so many cuffs and oaths from the roughers whose tongs he was using the minute their backs were turned. Plenty of kindness the roughers gave him, between deserved reproofs for meddling; and he picked up ambition and rude notions of honor and a reverence for the Amalgamated Association. The Lodge of the Association and the Lodge of the Knights of Pythias gave Johnny most of his education, both moral and intellectual. Never did either association or order have a catechumen who listened more eagerly to teachings of the fraternal duties of brothers in the lodge.

"It's the most wonderful thing in the world," mused Johnny often, during the first year of his membership. "Well, I guess there's one thing that beats 'em all," he thought today, "beats even the knights." And Johnny sighed. For that one thing was love. When Johnny was twenty-five he fell in love. It was soon after he got his job as heater; and a light heart is easy to move. She was a clerk in a dry-goods shop; our English cousins would call it a haberdasher's. She boarded at Mrs. Heller's, only two blocks away from Johnny's aunt's house, a clean, quiet place, very respectable and not expensive. Johnny still boarded with his aunt. He could have found a pleasanter place for his money; and he didn't enjoy the nightly companionship of his youngest cousin, known in the family circles as "Kicker"; but no one else would sleep with the child, and his aunt needed the board money; hence Johnny stayed and paid it, scrupulously in advance. He furnished his bare little room, making it so comfortable that his aunt always gave it to her mother-in-law when she visited them, while Johnny camped elsewhere—with Kicker. The girl, Miss Dora Glenn (Johnny knew her name before he knew her), rode a bicycle; and almost daily, returning from his work, he met Miss Glenn returning from hers. He admired her riding; then he admired her. One day, his heart curdled beholding, a desperate "object-struck" beginner, a man of herculean frame, charge down on a baby-carriage, and Miss Glenn pedal swiftly in between the doomed infant and the human catapult. Johnny scorching down to her arrived in time to see the collision and hear the crash. She was not hurt—the man had toppled over at a touch; one can scarcely say that he lost his balance, he having so little balance to lose—but her wheel was broken. Johnny mended it; after he had given the unhappy beginner his opinion of a man that couldn't steer, coming out on the street. "You best walk home," says Johnny, sternly, "and be thankful you ain't a murderer; you ain't safe on a wheel!"

The giant limped meekly away, pushing his unharmed wheel, while Johnny addressed himself to repairs, assisted by Miss Glenn. She had taken off her gloves. Once her hand touched his. It was a very white hand and felt cool and lovely smooth; and somehow, although it was so different, Johnny's memory flashed back to the touch of his mother's hand on his cheek. "Ma'd like her," he thought. "Oh, I wish I could tell ma about her."

He noticed that she did not talk like the Pennsylvania girls and long afterward, the rich, leisurely cadences of her

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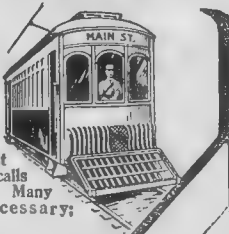
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voice lived on his ear. He always thought of her with a reflection of the tingling throb his heart gave him as she flew past straight into the path of that mountain of a man.

"Knew he'd bowl her over, but bound to save the baby!" thought Johnny, enthusiastically. "Oh, ain't she got sand! And she's a perfect lady, too."

After this incident, whenever they met she smiled and Johnny took off his cap. The second week he ventured to observe the road was bad for wheeling, or it was a warm day, merely in passing. He thought about her a great deal; and he thought more about his mother and his father than he had in a long time. He consulted a carpenter of his acquaintance in regard to the price of houses. At the lodge of the association, during the social half hour after the business session, he made one of the most vigorous speeches ever there made, on the subject of steel men wasting their wages in riotous good times. As Johnny, while never known to be visibly under the influence of that which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder, had prided himself on the hardness of his head rather than on keeping out of temptation and, indeed, had been nicknamed "the tank" by less capable and envious drinkers, this austerity drew much talk. Johnny, himself felt that he had burned his festive bridges behind him.

right to marry unless he can give his wife a house of their own."

If his voice would not roll up like a ball in his throat he could say more, a great deal more; but how could he talk when he had to keep swallowing? He essayed a smile—at Mrs. Heller; and he felt the drops rolling down his neck and wilting his beautiful white collar.

"That's awful good wages," said Mrs. Heller, cordially.

"I should say!" Miss Glenn agreed. Again today he felt the glow of her bright dark eyes on him; and his heart bounded.

"You must be high up, Johnny," said Mrs. Heller, "rougher or heater—you'd never get that much, finishing."

"Sure," said Johnny, modestly, "I'm heater for the twelve-inch—"

"My! but you're young to be a heater, Johnny! Wasn't you scared first day you went on? You know Heller was a heater, and he told me he was dreadfully scared the first week lest he'd burn the breast out of the furnace or some sech awful thing."

"Well, I was too," admitted Johnny. "I guess I ain't all over being scared, yet; you see there are so many bad things you can do, to the furnace or the iron."

"That's so," the heater's widow assented, shaking her head; "you're jest like your pa, Johnny, so conscientious."

Johnny, in an access of gratitude,



"I was bathing him with it," Johnny explained, promptly.

The following week he had two photographs taken (in his uniform as a Knight of Pythias, his hand on his sword-hilt). Saturday night he put the best two of the dozen in his pocket and after an hour of scrubbing and dressing, took his way to the Heller's.

It was a June night; and Miss Glenn might be sitting out on the piazza with the family. So in truth it fell out. Miss Glenn was rocking beside Mrs. Heller.

They both rose to greet him. He had never seen her except on her wheel or beside it. Her trailing, shimmering black skirt made her look very tall and there was a dainty air about her pink shirt-waist and snowy lawn tie. "She's an elegant appearing lady!" thought Johnny, making his best bow to the accomplishment of Mrs. Heller's introduction.

"So you ain't married yet?" says Mrs. Heller, by way of setting every one at ease.

"No, ma'am; but I'm thinking of it," says Johnny, forcing his eyes up to, Miss Glenn's face and turning scarlet. It seemed to him that he had almost made her an offer of his hand. He cleared his husky voice and plunged ahead. "I'm getting six and seven dollars a day; and I hope to make more when I get used to heating. I've got a hundred and twenty-two dollars in the bank. I don't think a man has got any

pulled out the photographs and asked her if she could give them house-room. He remembered with a thrill how Miss Glenn's graceful brown head looked, bent over the pictures. He remembered how he lost his constraint and waxed fluent explaining the objects of the Knights of Pythias. But he could not master daring enough to offer her one of the pictures. Instead, out of his grateful heart, he asked Mrs. Heller, her daughter, and her little son (too young to be left at home) and Miss Glenn to go driving Sunday afternoon; and he took them in a surrey with two handsome horses that the clerk of the livery-stable told him were never allowed to go without a stable-driver; but he said that for a dollar extra he, Johnny, being known to be a careful man, should be given the fiery steeds. Johnny did not find them fiery; but he had the pleasure of passing over the clerk's cautions to Mrs. Heller; and she sat on the back seat with her children, clasping them in her arms and calling "whoa!" loudly every time one of the horses lashed a fly; and Miss Dora was on the front seat with him; and the gates of paradise swung open.

But the days went by without his adventuring any further confusion. Twice he rode in the park with her once on Saturday evening, once on Sunday afternoon. He told her of his parents, of his hopes, of his ambitions, he

told her of everything but his love; and that was so timid, so worshipful that he could not bring himself to speech. She told him that she was an orphan with one sister who was married and always begging her to try for employment in the town where she lived. "Sometimes I think I will," she said. "I was born West and I love it there, I get homesick for the Mississippi River. I hate the big cities—like this. I love a town where there are trees on the streets and all the folks have yards to their houses. And I love to see the river."

"Yes, a river's a great thing," said Johnny; "I don't know when I learned to swim, I was so little. Once we lived right on the river and my mother was so 'fraid I'd get drowned. But she wasn't after she saw me swim."

"Mrs. Heller says you saved a little boy from drowning, once."



"I guess he'll be all right."

"Shaw, that was nothing, the kid fell in the cistern and all I had to do was to tread water." Johnny was tempted to tell of the man he had saved in the river; but he thought that would look like bragging and held his peace.

She was riding, slowly, her eyes on the grass plots that swam before them as they passed. Her brown hair took sunnier glints in the twilight glow, the delicate oval of her cheek was flushed. She was pretty, as thousands of American girls are pretty, but in that light, with the gentle thought in her eyes, she looked an angel to her lover. He caught his breath. "If I get married, my wife shall live where she pleases if I can only get good work," said he, frowning and grasping the handle-bar with a grip of steel.

He did not see her face or he would have seen that she grew red; but she laughed and exclaimed, "Oh, what a beautiful road to scorch!"

Johnny could not understand whether she wanted to put him off; but he was too shy to persist. He bent over his handle-bar.

The next day the long threatening strike began. Johnny had no job; no right, he thought, to speak. "I'll wait until we win and I'm back," he said. And they did not win. That was a hard month for Johnny, a hard decision to make, to relinquish his fair hopes and go on the road for a job. But, swearing at his luck, Johnny chose a heavy heart instead of a loaded conscience; and went dismally to Mrs. Heller's to tell them that he must go. "My sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Heller, waving her pudgy hands in the air, "didn't you know it? Miss Glenn's gone. Her sister's been writing and writing; and she decided yesterday she'd go. She left her good-bys for you; and hoped if you was ever in Fairport, Ia., you'd come to see her."

Johnny's cheeks were a kind of blue white. His teeth came together with a click. His nostrils widened. Mrs. Heller turned away from his miserable eyes.

"I—I gave her one of your photographs afore she went, Johnny," she said; "you don't mind."

Johnny laughed. "I guess I don't. I guess you're an awful good friend of mine. Good-bys, Mrs. Heller, a friend of mine knows a Mr. Leroy in Fairport. He's president of the Labor Council; and I'll get a letter to him. There's a new steel works in Fairport or just cross the river. I'm going to try for a job, there. What—what's Miss Dora's address?"

But Miss Dora had left no address. "Maybe's a little town; and I don't need it," said Johnny, stoutly. He took the night train for the West, leaving consolation gifts for his weeping aunt

and the cousins, and carrying away a very scanty remainder of his savings. "Oh, I'll get along," he said to the boys at the train; and he would not borrow and went away smiling; and nobody saw the puckered face bent over the car-seat as the flaming chimneys fell behind. "Think of them boys, who are all stone-broke and just got their jobs back, wanting to lend me money," he gurgled to the roar of the train, "I'll never find no such friends anywhere else!"

He was desperately lonely the first week in Fairport. He would have been more lonely but for Harry Leroy, who asked him once to supper at his own house and gave him a good word with Knute Larsen and the Superintendent of the Edgewater Steel Works, and lent him papers to read.

He walked the streets and rode on the street-railways and bought papers of pins or thread or needles or a cake of soap in every dry-goods shop in the city of Fairport; but not once did he see a sign of the man he had saved. Not once until this morning; and because of this morning, because of an eye-blink of a face at a car-window whirling by—just as he turned to go his way to the works—he stood now viewing the panorama of his life, and sure that for this all had been worth the living.

He roused himself to attend to the drafts of the furnace, Knute was lurching about in a heavy-gaited way smiling feebly did anyone speak to him; and making futile attempts to focus his glassy eyeballs on the speaker.

"You go to the window and get a breath of air," said Johnny. "I'll talk to the boss."

"Where's Larsen?" said the assistant superintendent.

"He's 'most sick to-day; it's so hot."

"It's infernal weather," grumbled the young man but he looked after Knute's swaying back in a way that Johnny did not like.

A few minutes later Johnny, having gone to the window himself for a gasp of relief from the dead heat of the mill, heard the assistant and the time-keeper talking. They were in the roadway below and did not see him.

"I guess there is," the time-keeper was saying in answer to some question. "I noticed he was wrong when I was in there, taking time; he couldn't hardly answer me; but it may be the heat."



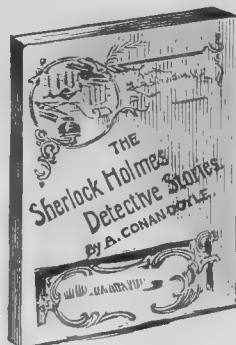
They pulled him into the boat.

"Doesn't look like it," said the assistant, "if he is drunk, he'll go, that's all. It's too cursed risky! Johnny Burke used to be a heater and he can take the place. I'm not going to have a mess at the eight-inch to report to the old man, tomorrow." They passed on; and Johnny went back to the furnace thinking, "I'll give Knute a hint; he ain't showing good sense."

But there was Knute, prone on the sand-heap beside the furnace, in the scorching heat, his purple face full in the glow. Johnny did not look at his face. He looked, his eyes hardening, at the photograph slipping out of the drunken hand. It was a woman's face; and the face was Dora Glenn's. Johnny set his teeth and strode to the window. There was a throbbing in the back of his head; he couldn't breathe.

"Trouble with his wife!" And Dora was his wife. They hadn't been married a month; yet was quarrelling with her and getting drunk. He felt no anger against the girl. "She didn't promise me nothing," he groaned, "she ain't to blame for me being a fool. Oh God! I didn't get a look from her that I got

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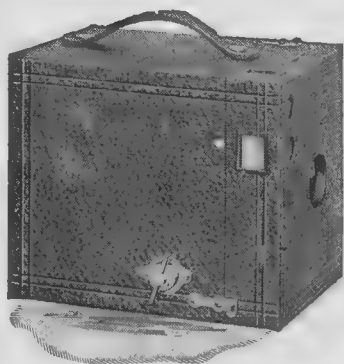
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the right to remember against her." It was a forlorn comfort that she wasn't to blame. She wasn't to blame with that brute either. He knew that. A sickening rage at the man who could treat her so turned him dizzy. "I'll not lift a hand for him"—that was his first conscious thought—"I won't scab any man's job; but I'm not going to try to save his for him, he can take his chances by—!"

Out of the corner of his eye he had a vision of the young boss at the straightening beds. "I ain't going to look round," said Johnny, doggedly. Therefore he stared out of the window in time to see Harry Leroy on his way to the office with a message about the Cochrane Company's steel. Leroy sent him a friendly smile and a hail: "Don't forget you take supper with me, Saturday. We'll have chicken!"

Johnny's head sank. He waited a second longer. "Oh, Lord, I got to do it," he groaned. "I couldn't look him in the face if I didn't. Knute's a brother knight, too!"

With that he rushed off to Knute. The assistant superintendent was walking toward him from the other direction. But Johnny reached the insensible man first, had the whiskey flask out and was bathing the purple face, at the same instant calling loudly on Bill the drag-down and George the charger.

Get him to the faucet, get some ice-water!" roared Johnny above the din; "he's prostrated by the heat! Tell the boss, some of you boys!"

"Whiskey sunstroke I guess," said the superintendent, sniffing.

"I was bathing him with it," Johnny explained, promptly; "he was hot and dry's a board!"

"That's it," agreed the roller, bustling up, "he complained of his head to me, this morning."

"And he said he couldn't sweat a mite and he felt all burning up!" chimed in George; while Bill proffered testimony in the same strain. The united stress of opinion was too much for the assistant superintendent's nerve; after all it might be sunstroke, anyhow the men would swear that it was; and there was the old man to consider; he watched them drench Knute with ice-water; and all he said was; "He's coming round all right. He better go home;" and so walked away.

But Knute had his own mind about going home. He opened his eyes, into which the light was creeping, and stared at Johnny. "Did I lose my job?" said he.

"No, you're all right," said Johnny. "You boys kept it for me? It was 'bout my wife. See's good vomans, but see's gone back on me. See? I guess I kill myself."

"Oh, rats!" said Johnny; "here, get up; the boss thinks it sunstroke and you can go home."

"No, I don't go home," said Knute, sitting up, "the old mans, fore he vent, said to try to git sixty t'ousand of half-inch round—I git it, dis turn. Dot's vy I drink—to make me strong, 'cause my head is wrong dis hot wedder."

Despite the roller's protestations he staggered to his feet. "Yonny will help me," he said, "I git along."

As for Johnny he laid every nerve to work to guard Larsen, and to make his estimate of the turn good. He would not think; he would not feel; he had the billets to watch and the furnace. Sixty thousand was a big turn, but when the weight was posted on the board, Bill and George came to slap him on the back as well as Larsen; and Larsen's eyes brightened. He was quite sober, now. "I'm mooch obliged to you boys," he said, "dot's a good turn. Yonny is a good heater. Good-by."

He shook hands with the roller and the finisher, with the roughers and his own helpers. Then, he took out his knife and handed it to one of the straightening boys, saying, "You got dat knife, Hughey, I gif him to you."

Hughey grinned; but the men exchanged uneasy glances and talked to each other, as Knute walked off to his locker for his coat. They would have drafted Johnny into the conversation, but he had slipped outside. "It's none of my business if he does try to kill himself, best thing for her, I guess." In this fashion he muttered to himself, nevertheless not mending his pace, going more slowly, in fact, with each

word. "Supposing he is a brother knight—it's none of my business." He stood still. "The way those Pittsburg knight stood by me ain't got nothing to do with it!" He turned on his heel. "D— it!" He walked back to the works.

Little groups of men were all along the road, and in the second group he saw George the charger lending a sympathetic arm to Knute, Bill and the roller walking on the other side. The roller's brow cleared at sight of Johnny; he lagged behind for a moment's confidence. "We're going to put Knute on the car that goes to his house; I guess he'll be all right, then, don't you?"

"I guess you and I best get on the car with him, on the sly. Maybe he didn't mean nothing by his talk, but Swedes kill themselves awful easy."

"That's right," sighed the roller. "Well, my wife is sure there's been an accident if I'm ten minutes behind time, but I'll go with you; we'll let George and Bill go home."

George and Bill accordingly put Knute on the car, after Johnny and the roller had nodded good-by, and Knute had insisted on shaking hands over again, not saying anything except, "I vas much obliged," to each. There was no difficulty in getting a rear position on the strap; and Knute, in front, did not suspect his two comrades' presence. He sat with his eyes on the brick pavements and the maple-trees, and the houses half-hidden by the foliage. "It's singular," mused the roller with the artless confidence of the average street-car traveller that his remarks will reach no other ear than that into which they are poured, "it's singular the trouble women make the most sensible men. Now 'till just lately, since he's been married, I'd have bet money on Knute's sense. But he's crazy over this girl. She is pretty; but she's kinder giddy, I guess, too, nothing wrong, just thoughtlessness. I saw her once out riding on her wheel, and a floor-walker down at Kingman's was riding with her, a pretty little feller all dressed up in plaid stockings. Now Knute's not pretty. I guess he didn't like it. He fairly worshipped her, though. You ought to see the house he bought! He gave her a gold watch and chain—say, what's he doing now? Can you see?"

Johnny reported: "He's writing on a leaf of his memorandum-book. He's torn it out and folded it up; and now, he's putting it into an envelope that's addressed already—in ink."

"That don't look right a little bit." Johnny shook his head. It was queer, but a reluctant compassion was wrestling with the jealous hatred that clawed at his heart. Knute loved her, too. He had meant to give her a gold watch and chain for a wedding-gift; but Knute had given it to her instead. "He's getting up!" said the roller.

"Sposing he sees us, coming out!" said Johnny. But Larsen left the car by the other door. They followed him to the street, and kept him in sight from a safe distance. He went into the post-office, came out directly, walked a short block and signalled a bridge car. The bridge cars cross the Mississippi to Fairport.

"My wife will have a fit," moaned the roller, "but we've got to see this thing through. Ketch on, Johnny, and don't let him see you!"

They stood on the rear platform; and, as before, Larsen was sitting well in front, where they could see only the back of his head. He sat motionless, his gaze on the water, which was now kindling myriad opalescent hues under the golden torch in the west. A procession of wagons, carriages, phaetons, and last of all, one smart victoria with jingling chains on the horses' harness and a beautiful, dark-haired woman sitting behind the coachman drifted past them on the opposite roadway. "She looks a little like Knute's wife," said the roller; "did you see Knute's shoulders jump? Say, I'm getting nervous."

"So am I," said Johnny; "but we're most across—he's up!"

He was up, reaching for the cord stopping the car. He turned and passed them. "He'll wonder what we're doing here," the roller whispered, leaning on Johnny's nimble wit. "What had we better say? You answer!"

But Knute's eyes turned, once, full

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on them, did not waver nor lighten; he went by with his strained, unseeing gaze, and nothing in the grisly chase had given them the chill of this blind passage. Their eyes met. "By —, he means to do it," the roller said, under his breath and Johnny nodded, rising. They were on the bridge floor, not a minute behind the Swede; but he was already standing on the further side of the railing.

"Larsen, stop!" shouted Johnny, vaulting over after him.

He never looked back; he flung his arms above his head and sprang. At the very instant of motion Johnny's hands grabbed his flannel shirt; but the stuff parted, and Johnny was reeling with the splash in his ears. The roller clutched him to save him from a fall. "Get a boat!" cried Johnny. "I can hold him—le' go!"

He had sprung after Knute, but in very different shape, circling like an arrow, his hands, like the arrow-head, protecting his body as he dived. How lucky his coat was on his arm instead of on his shoulders! How lucky he had untied his shoes in the cars on the suspicion of this very need! Where was the fellow's head? There! Look at him thrashing with his long arms! How his eyes bulged!

"Keep still! I'll save you!" yelled Johnny; and all the while his arms went like oars, and each magnificent kick of his steel-like legs was hurling him through the water.

He came up behind Knute; but even as his hand was stretched the head sank. He dived for it, and it rose to the surface, dripping, the hair flat on the forehead, the face no longer a man's, only a mask of fear, with bared teeth and painted eyeballs.

"Now you're all right!" called Johnny, cheerfully. "I got you. Quit kicking, or I'll duck you!"

It is said that suicides are easy to save, having used up all their will-power in the last desperate act. Knute hardly struggled, for which one may give the reason cited, or take Johnny's praise for fact. "You're acting bully!" cried Johnny. "You know you don't want to drown me, too!"

He could hear voices and the frantic rattle and splash of oars. The danger went to his Irish blood like whiskey. "I'm all right," he sang out; "you fellows keep the stroke!"

"For God's sake, keep up, Johnny! We're coming, Johnny! You keep up a minute!" It was the roller's voice, and it cracked under a sob. Johnny bawled back: "I'm all right. He's quiet as a kitten—I'll duck you if you dast to stir!"

But Knute did not stir; and when they had pulled him into the boat, he lay with neither breath nor quiver, and Johnny (towed at the stern to lighten the boat) gave animated orders according to his experience. "He's breathing all right, but tilt his head and get the water out of him—now work his arms and rub him. Get his flask out of his pocket and give him a taste—there, I told you he was all right!"

"He's coming to," bawled the roller. "Say, what if he makes a break?"

"He won't," said Johnny; "but sit on his head if he does."

Knute, however, was like a man stunned, making no resistance, and meekly consenting to be put in a hack, with his two friends, and driven home.

"I make you lots of trouble, boys," he murmured in apology.

"Yes, you do," returned the roller severely, "and you like to have drowned Johnny! I couldn't swim, or else you'd have drowned me, too. Now, what I want to know is: Are you going to try this d— trick again?"

The Swede had been smiling feebly, but at the words some sinister memory burned in his melancholy eyes.

"I don't know. I can't tell. I got so much troubles."

"No trouble's so bad you can't bear it like a man," said Johnny. He felt something tugging at his heart, something hurt it, yet lifted it. He had never felt that way before; and suddenly he, too, remembered, and added, humbly, "especially if you have good friends."

"And a good wife," added the roller, with increased severity. "I've no doubt she's scared to death about you this minute—and so's mine about me. I bet she's been to the grocery, ringing up Edgewater to know if there's been

an accident, or Sam Swift has been hurt. Say, what was that letter you mailed—"

Knute sat up with a spring. "Can't dot man drive faster?" he cried, "I júst remember I tole my wife—"

"I only hope she hasn't run out to catch you herself; and we can't find her," was the roller's dismal augury. "Poor thing! I guess she's 'most crazy."

But he prodded Johnny's side with his elbow and bestowed on him a furtive smile, implying that he secretly regarded Mrs. Larsen's fright with satisfaction.

Knute sank back on the seat; and the roller eyed his troubled countenance and nodded, until his good nature prompted some homely consolation. "I guess you'll understand each other better after this, Knute. It's going to come out all right."

Johnny sat in his wet clothes and shivered. The night was turning cold, after the terrible day. His exhilaration, which was no more than the effervescence of peril, was all gone, he felt cold in his heart; and his one longing was to make an excuse to jump out of the hack and run. "No, you don't, Johnny Burke," he kept saying to himself, "get a brace on you!" But he chocked and went white when the carriage stopped. He opened the door and sprang out first. He was aware of a pretty cottage and red geraniums, and a plank walk—but then, he staggered and grew faint, for it was her face flying toward them.

She flung herself into the carriage door. "Tell me first, I'll tell her," she began in a tone like ice; she was pale, but she was not screaming or fainting, except that she gasped and suddenly broke into a little choking laugh as she saw Knute.

"Oh, Knute, how could you?" she cried. "Elly's so frightened, she went to the police, herself, to beg them look for you; she's just come back—Elly Knute's all right!"

The other woman, who looked like Dora, but was not Dora, the woman whose picture he had seen, had passed Johnny and was sobbing in Knute's arms.

"You get him into the house and get off his wet clothes, soon's you can, ma'am," said the roller, who rose to the level of the situation with the ripe composure of a ten years' married man. "I'll explain to Miss Glenn how you came to have a husband here, instead of in the Mississippi." The single glimpse Johnny had of the faces of husband and wife as she drew him into the house, assured him that whatever the trouble between them, it had shrivelled out of knowledge in the terror and anguish of the last hour. "She loves him," Johnny thought, reverently; and with the thought came another under which he leaned quickly against the side of the porch. "He's weak with his exertions," explained the roller, "and no wonder. Let me tell you." Johnny was obliged to sit down while the roller depicted the scene in such startling colors that he did not know his own experience. "Knute's a giant, and he struggled awfully—my—my gracious! my heart was in my mouth, I thought he'd pull him under; but Johnny was calm as if he was in a ball-room—look here, excuse me, I haven't introduced him to you, I am rattled, that's a fact. Miss Glenn, Mr. Burke."

"I know Mr. Burke well," she said, "he's a friend of mine." She held out her hand, her beautiful white hand, smiling. But suddenly, her lips quivered and the tears rose to her eyes. "Oh, I haven't thanked you!" she said, "I can't. How brave you are!" Dimly Johnny realized that she was looking at him as she had never looked at him before.

The roller sent his eyes from one young face to the other and a smile slowly dawned on his features. "Well, Miss Dora," said he, pleasantly, "I guess I'll be going, my wife's waiting. Don't hurry Johnny." And he walked away whistling.

At the street corner he cast a glance behind. The two young figures were still standing, bathed in the enchanted glow of the sunset, and Johnny was still holding the girl's hand.

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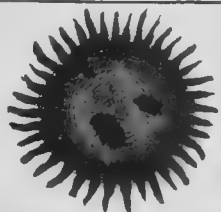
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Pilgrims All.

Just a little laughter,
Just a little woe,
Just a flash of summer-time
Till the roses go,
Just a little handclasp—
That's the toll you pay,
If you go a-travelling
The heart's highway.

Through the sunny weather,
Under cloudless skies,
Oh how fair the road is!
Oh, how bright her eyes!
Sure there's not a danger
Could your soul dismay
When you start a-travelling
The heart's highway.

Despite the fact that we receive a very great number of letters every day, we experience great difficulty in selecting suitable ones for publication as there is a degree of "sameness" noticeable in nearly all of them. We ask our correspondents to send us original letters and make them bright and interesting. With your kind co-operation we hope to continue to make this feature more and more interesting.

A Sensible Letter.

Lang, Sask, Dec. 17, '09.

Sir.—Would you kindly send enclosed communication to "All the Way from India" in your December issue. You

I am just 18 years of age and am taking my last course in high school. I am not in the matrimonial list for as you see I am still but a "school kid." I do not dance (not because I don't believe in it, but because I am considered too young yet). I play cards, skate, and indulge in almost anything else in the line of pleasures. I am a farmer's daughter, and am not afraid to work. I milk cows, feed the pigs sometimes, and even pick up potatoes when men are scarce. I am not ashamed of being a farmer's daughter, although I notice that a great many seem to be, for some reason or other. I love the farm, and wouldn't care to live in town if I had the chance. I would willingly answer any letters, from either young men or women, if they should care to write to me. My address is with the editor.

"A Farmer's Daughter."

"Blushes" is Shy.

Ontario, Jan. '10.

Sir.—I take much pleasure in reading the W. H. M. (of which I am a subscriber), especially the correspondence column. The letters are very cheerful. I think the West must be a great and beautiful country. I have many friends out there and hope to visit it myself some day. I am 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weigh 127 pounds, 23 years old. Am fair with blue eyes. I would be pleased to correspond with the nice western boys, particularly "Busy Man", but wish he would write first. Might make it



Girl Wanted.

will find enclosed subscription fees for one year, so please forward your paper to my address. This speaks my approval of your paper generally and as for special features, I think perhaps "The Young Man and His Problem" pleases me most. The correspondence column has claimed some time, too, which I might perhaps have spent to a greater advantage but, I'm human all through, am not quite 30 and am single, so am bound to be guilty of a little curiosity occasionally. Being rather illiterate, I would like to find a correspondent who would be willing and able to criticize some writings for the sake of improvement and pastime. Am in the habit of thinking about some of the rights and wrongs of things as they are so if there happens to be a reader of the column similarly inclined and this reaches his desk or board I would like to swap news privately on anything from Heaven to Utopia.

From a Farmer's Daughter.

Armstrong, B.C., Jan. '10.

Sir.—We have taken your paper for two years and I have been greatly interested in the letters on this page, but never before managed to get up enough courage to write one myself.

I am about 5 ft. 6 ins. tall, weigh 125 pounds, have light brown hair and blue eyes. It is certainly amusing to read some of the descriptions given by the writers. Talk about having a good opinion of yourself. There's nothing like it.

interesting for him as I'm musical (and shy). Will answer all letters. Address with the editor.

"Blushes."

"Naughty Trixie" seems Lively.

Ashcroft, B.C., Jan. 11th, 1910.

Sir.—Those letters in the correspondence column are so very amusing that I thought I would try my luck and see if I could get a few people to write to "naughty me." What a jolly good time you must have reading those letters, or do you get tired of them? I think some of those girls and boys very stupid wanting to get married and describing themselves in those letters, but I suppose it is to give one an idea who you are writing to.

I was living down the coast where it is something beautiful, the deep canyons and rushing streams are something to behold. We do get a lot of rain, but then, there is nothing like going out for a good long walk in the fresh air, when everything is so lovely. I am now in the dry belt of British Columbia, where there is more sun, but no green trees, just the gray sage brush. I do feel "blue" sometimes as I have only a sister, but a heap of friends, so I ought not to grumble. Do you know, I would like to hear from that person who is so far away from the Dominion—"Palenque." He thinks he knows a lot. If he had not given his age, one would take him for 30 instead of 18, but I suppose everyone has their ideas. I wonder if anyone would care to hear

from a working girl in the West. This "ugly duckling" has just passed her 19th birthday, she likes to laugh and be merry but gets so fearfully cranky. Wishing you all the luck in the world.

"Naughty Trixie."

"Lumberman" is Particular.

New Brunswick, Jan. 10th, 1910.

As I am a subscriber to your interesting and valuable magazine, I again take the liberty of writing. I am 24 years old, 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weigh about 150 lbs., have dark hair and, some people say, blue eyes. I despise dancing or card-playing, I don't see what pleasure young or old people can take out of either of them. I might say that I am a Methodist, and would be pleased to hear from some good christian young lady under 25. I do not drink intoxicating drinks of any kind, but use tobacco a little. Would be much pleased to hear from "Sunny Mayflower," Ontario, if she will write first, as I am a little bashful. I would exchange post-cards with any reader if they will send one first, and will gladly answer all cards received.

"Lumberman."

"Buffalo Bill" on the War-path.

Justice, Man., Jan. 9th, '10.

Sir.—I have been an interested reader of your valuable magazine for some months past and take much pleasure in perusing the correspondence columns. I am a farmer's son and have lived on a farm all my life. I have no bad habits. I like all kinds of outdoor sports and fast horses. I am fond of music and can play the organ and sing. I will be pleased to hear from any lady who wishes to write, and answer all letters promptly. My address will be with the editor.

"Buffalo Bill."

This One Wants to Get Married.

Saskatoon, Sask., Jan. 12th, '10.

Sir.—Just a few lines in appreciation of your paper, it is the "Great Paper of the Great West". I should be pleased to have the pleasure of making myself known in your correspondence column as "Nil Desperandum." I am English, age 21 years, height 5 ft. 6 ins., weight 137 pounds, dark complexion, bluish gray eyes. I would like to correspond with any lady reader between 18 to 25 years, with a view to matrimony. American or French-Canadian girls preferred. Will exchange photos and treat correspondence as strictly confidential. I have no bad habits. Thanking you in anticipation.

"Nil Desperandum."

"Snowflake" Has Her Say.

Brandon, Man., Dec. 23, '09.

Sir.—Having read your paper for a number of months, I have become quite interested in the correspondence columns. During the long winter evenings it would be very enjoyable to have a few correspondents (either boys or girls), including "Blue Eyes", of the November edition. I have brown hair and brown eyes, and fair complexion. Any wishing my correspondence will find my address with the editor.

"Snowflake."

Wants to Correspond with "Sister Ann".

Saskatchewan, Dec. 22, '09.

Sir.—I will not bother you with a long letter as I've no doubt you will have plenty of other correspondence to attend to. I have written to your columns before but have not had the good fortune to see my letter in print. I think the W. H. M. is getting better all the time and I enjoy reading it very much. It helps to pass many a lonely hour. I should like to have a few correspondents to help pass the long and lonely winter evenings. Will you kindly forward enclosed letter to "Sister Ann" of Manitoba, in the November issue. If anybody would care to write, I have no doubt they will receive my address from the editor. I will try to answer all letters and make mine interesting. I will then give a description of myself, but at present I will just sign myself—

"Phylis."

Kind Words for the W. H. M.

Lake View, Alta., Dec. 23, '09.

Sir.—Being a reader of your valuable paper, I take the liberty of asking you to forward the enclosed letter to "A Prairie Girl", Saskatchewan, of your

EATON'S JANUARY AND FEBRUARY SALE

Great Savings in Men's and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings

Men's Suits

13A100. Made from splendid quality imported worsted with a soft tweed finish in mixed dark shades of grey, green and brown. The coats are cut single breasted, three button style, are well tailored, have broad shoulders, close fitting collar, shapely lapels and is well lined throughout with superior quality twilled lining. The vest is single breasted closing with five buttons. The trousers are roomily cut, hang nicely and have side and hip pockets. These suits look very dressy, will keep their shape and retain their appearance. A splendid suit for business or best day wear. Made in all sizes from 36 to 44 chest measurement taken over vest and under coat. State height **\$9.95** and weight. SALE PRICE.....

Men's Worsted Trousers

13A106. These are without exception the very best trousers we have ever been able to offer at this price. We bought the manufacturer's complete stock of cloth and made the trousers in our own workshops. Splendid quality worsted in neat striped patterns of dark greys, made roomy, well tailored, nice hanging garments and have side and hip pockets. Sizes 32 to 44 waist measure and 31 to 34 leg measure. SALE **\$1.65** PRICE.....

Boys' Tweed Suits

13A113. A good suit for everyday wear. This suit is made to wear rather than for dressiness. Strong tweeds with neat patterns, well sewn and good linings. The coat is made buttoned to the neck, Russian collar and two pleats down the front. Made for boys from 6 to 10 years. State exact age of boy and if he is large or small **\$2.15** SALE PRICE.....

Underwear

14A11. Men's heavy, elastic, ribbed underwear, shirts and drawers, double breasted, pearl buttons, sateen facings, ribbed throughout, correct weight for mid-winter wear, sizes 34 to 42. SALE PRICE, EACH **55c.**

Sheepskin Coats

13A104. The coats offered in this sale are an assorted lot composed of duck with beaverette collars, duck with wombat collars and corduroy with wombat collars. On every garment you make a big saving and every garment is well made from selected sheepskins. These coats have knitted wool cuffs and some have overshoe fasteners, others have strap and buckle. It is most likely we will have the coat you want, but if not we will send one which is nearest and at least good value. They are made long and roomy and will give excellent wear. Sizes 36 to 48 chest measurement, taken over vest only. SALE **\$6.10** PRICE.....

Men's Rubbers

20A53. Best quality pure gum, medium weight but very serviceable, smart in appearance, and made to fit the foot neatly, particularly suitable for fall wear. Sizes **80c.** 6 to 11, per pair, SALE PRICE.....
Be sure to give the size wanted.

Much of the Catalogue is devoted to Furniture and House Furnishings, Carpets, Linoleums, Glassware, Sewing Machines and Cutlery

JUST a few items picked at random from our January and February Sale Catalogue, showing the extraordinary values and exceptionally low prices with which this Catalogue abounds. A copy will be mailed to you promptly on receipt of your request. By ordering early you make prompt service and exact filling of your order assured.

Specials in Farm Goods

The Imperial Rotary Washing Machine.

23A36. This is the finest value ever offered for a washing machine of this quality and class. The action is the simplest ever invented, having two cogs, the ball cog being attached to the upright shaft and the other to the main shaft. In action it raises and lowers the dasher, at the same time turning back and forth, which prevents clothes catching on dasher. The ball cog has two gears which enable the machine to be run at two speeds. All iron parts are heavily galvanized, the tub is of kiln-dried first quality white pine, bound with three substantial iron hoops. The inside of the tub is corrugated which acts as a wash board on the clothes. The leg brackets are of malleable iron and securely bolted to the washer. We have had wonderful satisfaction with this machine and as a washer we are confident it will give entire satisfaction. It will wash the finest or coarsest fabrics thoroughly, and is the easiest running machine on the market. **\$5.50** SPECIAL SALE PRICE.....

A Set of Tools.

23A35. A set of good reliable tools suitable for carpenters' or farmers' use. Every tool is fully warranted and is specially selected as being a good practical tool for general work. The chest is 3/4-inch material, with lock corners and inside tray, good brass lock and hinges. Set complete weighs 43 lbs. For fuller description see Catalogue. SALE PRICE..... **\$11.75**

The Forest Beauty Lance Tooth Cross-Cut Saw.

23A37. Well tempered, well finished and finely ground, a saw that will cut rapidly and will not bend in the timber, 5 feet long, fitted complete with handles, fully guaranteed. SALE PRICE..... **\$1.50**

The Superior E Axe Head

23A30. An extra hard and tough axe with ridged centre, suitable for hemlock, etc, fully warranted, weighs 3 3/4 to 4 1/4. **73c.** SALE PRICE.....

Grocery Sale Specials

24A5.
Diamond E No. (2) Blend
India and Ceylon Tea
SALE PRICE per 5 lb. Canister..... **\$1.60**
" " 10 " "..... **3.15**
" " 50 " "..... **15.50**

24A6.
Plantation Blend Coffee
Absolutely Pure
SALE PRICE 5 lb. Canister..... **\$1.60**
" " 10 " "..... **3.15**

Special Values in Jewellery

Our Special Watch.

4A24. For man or boy, good movement in nickel case, guaranteed to give good satisfaction. If it does not, return it to us, do not tamper with the works first. **89c.** SALE PRICE.....

Gentlemen's Set

4A27. Consisting of cuff-links, tie pin and tie clip, all are gold filled, with very artistic raised pattern, neat and dressy and can be worn by young or old. Price of set **39c.** complete. SALE PRICE.....

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Remarkable Values in White-wear, Womens' and Children's Wear

Women's Skirt.

19-2801. Made of fine soft finished cotton French band, deep flounce of lawn trimmed with two clusters of five narrow tucks, finished below with three inch ruffle of good strong lace, well made in every way, generous width, lengths 38, 40 and 42 **55c.** inches. SALE PRICE.....

Women's Skirt.

19-2807. Made of soft finished cotton, French band, 10 1/2 inch flounce of fine lawn trimmed with two clusters of hair tucks, one cluster of hem-stitched tucks, finished below with one row wide Swiss embroidery insertion and nine inch flounce of extra handsome embroidery trimmed with three narrow tucks, under dust ruffle, generous width, lengths 38, 40 and 42 inches SALE **\$1.63** PRICE.....

Little Girls' Pinafore.

19-6851. Made of good quality strong lawn, free from dressing, neat Mother Hubbard yoke with frill of embroidery, lawn frill with hemstitched hem over each shoulder, skirt finished with deep hem. SALE PRICE.....
Sizes 2 to 8 years..... **39c.**
" 10 to 12 years..... **45c.**

Ladies' Hats

10A183. EATON made ready-to-wear hat, simple but very stylish, a design that is meeting with great favor this season in Winnipeg; the shape is a pressed felt, brim turned up at left side, drooping at right side, two deep straps of velvet around crown and run through cutsin brim, finished left side crown with large buckle and on right side with large cravat bow of piece velvet. Black, brown or navy in self colors or in any combination desired, brim measures from side to side 13 1/2 ins., front to back 16 ins. **\$3.95** SALE PRICE.....

Two Piece Dress of White Linenette.

18-89113. The waist is made with box-pleat down centre, two shoulder tucks either side and wide pleat over each shoulder extending down back and front; back is tucked and has linen collar and link cuffs; buttoned in front. The skirt is made in five-gore circular flare style with deep hem around bottom. A serviceable and easily **\$2.39** laundered dress. SALE PRICE....

Children's Ribbed Cashmere Hose.

7A9. This stocking was made especially for this Sale, and in it we have embodied all the good points for children's stockings. It is pure cashmere, perfectly seamless, has reinforced knee, reinforced feet, ribbed instep, and is made from even, well twisted yarn that will give splendid wear. **19c.** Sizes 5, 5 1/2, 6, 6 1/2, 7, 7 1/2, 8, 8 1/2..... **25c.**

Other Values just as good in Ribbons, Embroideries, Stationery, Fancy Goods and Musical Instruments

Nov. issue. I think the Western Home Monthly one of the best home papers published in Canada. If any young lady would care to write to me I will be pleased to answer all letters. Thanking you for your kindness, and wishing the W. H. M. every success. I remain, yours truly,
"A Southern Boy."

A Well Read Correspondent.

Manitoba, Jan. 18, '10.

Sir.—Your very valuable paper has been coming into our home for some months and I enjoy it very much as it helps to pass the lonely hours away. I consider the correspondence columns quite interesting and enjoy reading them very much. I agree with the ladies and gentlemen who say it is not a woman's place to go out and do any outside work except feed the poultry. "Harry the Fiddler," in his short, but interesting, letter which appealed to me, said that it ought to be sufficient for a man to have a nice tidy wife to greet him at supper time after the day's work is done. I certainly sympathize with the lonely bachelors and sincerely hope those who deserve a loving companion may get one and hope their lives will be one

long honeymoon. I, myself, am a farmer's daughter, but I certainly would not do the work that some of our girls talk about. I believe in a woman keeping the house sparkling, wear a pleasant smile and have the meals on time, if possible, but of course a good many of the women who do not wear a pleasant smile have a good deal of trouble and they are quite often those who do so much outside work. One girl mentioned in her letter that she did not care for those who used any of the drug store complexion. Well, I think that it is better to use a little of that than to go around the way I see some folks. A woman, I consider, should be pure, sweet, kind-hearted and affectionate, and men want that kind of a wife, and then if he is really a man, he will use her the way "woman" ought to be used. As Socrates said: "Woman once made equal to man has become his superior, therefore, she should be used in that way." Another short sketch which I think woman deserves, is by Sheridan: "Women govern us; let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that na-

ture writes on the hearts of men." Although I am a farmer's daughter, I prefer living in the city or town, but I think it's so nice when girls and women are so loving as to go and share their affections with the lonely homesteader. Now as the day is dying in the west I will close by giving my description: I am an Irish-Canadian girl, 19 years old, height 5 ft. 6 ins., weight 132 lbs., and have dark hair, blue, eyes, dark complexion (except when I use a little drug-store preparation to make it otherwise), I am rather hard to get acquainted with but when known I am very affectionate and loving, and am fond of music, although I cannot play very much myself. As I bid the dying day a farewell so I do to you, my unknown friends, and obliging editor. "Modesty's Purest Gem."

"Dow" is of Good Habits.

Queenstown, Alta., Jan., '10.

Editor.—I have been a subscriber to your paper for quite a while and enjoy reading it during my lonely hours, for I have some, as I live alone on my homestead in sunny southern Alberta. I enjoy reading your correspondence col-

umns and there are many other good features about the W. H. M. I think the page, "The Young Man and His Problem," by Rev. J. L. Gordon is all right. This problem of living alone is quite a proposition and seems to me to be a hard one to solve successfully. I have two places to look after and do my own cooking, and I am getting pretty tired of it. I would like to hear from some of those young ladies from the east and would treat their correspondence very confidentially. I am a young man, good looking certainly, enjoy music and innocent sport very much, and am temperate and careful in all habits. I consider the house the proper sphere for any lady, but I appreciate the woman who will cheerfully lend a hand to her husband in case of necessity. I would like to hear from Sunny Mayflower, in October number. I like her letter. Trusting, Mr. Editor, I have not intruded unduly on your space, and wishing your paper every success, I remain,
"Dow."

Looking for Helpmates.

Bangor, Sask., Jan. 17, '10.

Sir.—We are two bachelors in this great and healthy country and are read-

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Invaluable internally for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup.

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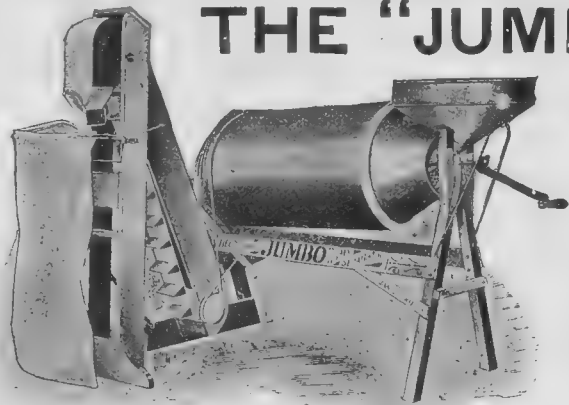
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ers of your valuable paper which we find very interesting. As we are very shy we could not pluck up enough courage to write until now. We have decided that we would like to correspond with those two city girls. (That is, "Steno" and "Shorty"). We find that their letters are very interesting. We will sign ourselves—

"Farmer's Boy" and "Cowboy."

Prefers Canada to States.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Jan. '10.

Sir.—I was recently looking through the pages of your valuable journal and was very interested in the correspondence columns. I enclose a letter to "Nightingale," of Saskatchewan, which please forward. I am a young Canadian just come West and I like it very much. I have lived in the States for 9 years but prefer the Canadian side of the border line. Hoping to see this letter, my first attempt, in print and apologizing for having taken up your valuable time.

Another Lonely One.

Saskatchewan, Jan. 15, '09.

I have had great pleasure in reading your paper, especially the correspondence page, and now I think that I will try my luck, as I should like to have a few correspondents to help pass away the long hours of winter, and perhaps it may be my destiny to meet Miss Right through your columns. I do not think it is very wise, as a rule, to marry by correspondence, but there are times, in this country, where a bachelor has no other choice, and if he can get acquainted with the right one, it does not matter how he gets there. I cannot say that I am among the lonely ones, as I only live a little way from town, and I am under no necessity to cook my own meals. I also find that my horses, cattle, chickens, and cat and dog, etc., are not bad company. But still, I am quite a home lover, and think that I should feel a little better satisfied with everything if I had someone else to share my joys and sorrows with. I will follow the universal rule and describe myself as near as I can.

First: I am no beauty; at least, nobody ever said that I am. Still, I think that I should pass in a crowd.

Second: I am a little on the short side: 5 ft. 5 inches, weigh 140 lbs. in the winter, less in summer.

Third: I am a user of the soothing weed; I smoke, but do not chew. I am, or should say, was, a stenographer by profession, but am now a farmer by choice, am of English birth, but have been in Western Canada many years. Am fairly well educated, fond of reading, fond of music, but cannot play anything worth listening to. I like company but do not care for dancing, although I sometimes go to watch others dance, for the sake of variety. Should like to hear from some young ladies between 16 and 36 (am twenty-eight myself), who are not too frivolous, and not too solemn. Should prefer a girl of domestic tendencies for my wife, who would not object to milking when I was away, and should like her all the better if she would take the chickens off my hands altogether. If she can cook and bake I do not care if she is not very pretty, if she is fairly amiable and does not want to boss things outside as well as in. But write anyway, girls, if it is only for pastime. I will answer all favors. My address is with the editor.

"Bight Wickaded."

A Critical Correspondent.

Alberta, Jan. 14, '10.

Editor.—I have been a subscriber of the W. H. M. for some time and like it very much. I think some of the letters are good, especially the one from "Laughing Water". I like the scenes in Alberta very much, but I do not care much for some of the people. I think something must be wrong when the girls have to advertise for a husband. They say about theirs being model husbands. I don't know where they find them, as I have not met any of them yet. I have met a great number of men in the West, and I think among them all I could not count more than a dozen christians, and about the same who don't use liquor. I don't mind tobacco, but when a man will give way to drink, he cannot be called a man. I don't say there are no good honest men, but they

are like lots of other things, few and far between. Now, I think there are lots of girls just as bad as men—all they think about is skating, dancing, and all that sort of thing, lots never give a thought to home or sewing or any such thing. Then when they are married, their husbands have got to teach them how to keep the house tidy. I know lots of women who go away all day with their husbands, and when they come home the man has to help scrub and bake. How is it that there are so many unhappy marriages? I hope if I am ever married, I will get a good, honest and good natured man. I will try and do my share and I wouldn't mind lending a hand at any time to help my husband if he was pleased with what I did.

"Hard to Please."

From a Seventeen-year-old.

Holmfeld, Man., Jan., 1910.

Sir.—After reading the letters for some time in your valuable correspondence columns, I am now going to see if I can be successful in robbing your column of a small space. As this is my first letter, I will begin in the customary way, by giving a description of myself: Well, I am an Englishman, who has had the pleasure of reading the W. H. M. since March 10th, a week after landing, and I consider it a very interesting paper. I am 17 years of age and good looking. I am very fond of music and dancing, and I like this country very well, but would like it better if I could correspond with a few nice girls. I was very interested in reading "Rosy Cheeks" letter in the October number, and would like to correspond with her, if I could be favored with her address. Anyone wishing to correspond with me will find my address with the editor, and may be sure of a reply.

"A Light Blue."

"Goo-Goo" on the War-path.

Moose Jaw, Sask., Jan. 13, '09.

Sir.—I would like to join your merry circle if you will kindly permit. I have read several issues of your magazine and find it splendid, both amusing and instructive. I am neither cross-eyed, freckled, nor forty although I employ my time in reading and writing and arithmetic. I can make porridge and pan-cakes and that would do for breakfast and dinner, and then we could have pan-cakes again for supper, you know. I liked the tone of the Southern Boy's letter in the October number and also that of Wild Bill, but I really think most of the boys are nice if you take them the right way. I enjoy the letters that are jolly and sensible at the same time, but fun and frivolity are different things. I believe many of the bachelors in the great West are strong and brave and kind and I know of ever so many nice girls in Ontario, but it is not a girl's place to make any advances at all (except perhaps with her eyes), and if the right boys don't find the right girls let them thank themselves, they don't know what they are missing. I wish some of the correspondents would tell us more of their work and how they spend their few leisure hours profitably.

"Goo-Goo Eyes."

Wants to Correspond with Giant.

Alberta, Nov. 15th, 1909.

Sir.—I feel sorry for the lonely bachelors in the West, but think it largely their own fault that they are lonely. With the W. H. M. to read, and assist them—the bashful ones—to obtain correspondents of either sex, and especially Ontario girls, I should think bachelor life in the West might become very interesting. I do not believe in choosing a life partner through a newspaper, and I have not decided yet whether I want one at all or not, but would not be adverse to corresponding for pastime. I think "Common Sense" has a very common sense letter in the September number, but would like to ask him what he would think of a girl who said she admired a man who would drink, smoke, chew and swear. I guess the easiest way to cure a man of those habits, is just to tell him to indulge in them to his heart's content. Would like to know whether "The Giant" in October number, has succeeded in finding a correspondent to meet his requirements. Have no accomplishments, the only wonder being that I have not been living with

my mother-in-law's son long ago. Should either of the above mentioned correspondents care to pen me a few lines and satisfy my curiosity, the editor will forward them to my address. "The Other Giant."

Scotia is Lonely.

Saskatchewan, Jan. 2, 1910.

Sir.—I have for some time been an interested reader of your correspondence columns but could never before make up my mind to write, letter writing not being one of my strong points. I am one of the lonely western bachelors and a homesteader, and would like to correspond with some nice, sensible, broad-minded girl. I would like to hear from "Blue Eyed Bessie" and would be willing to give her information about this part of the country and will answer the letters of any other girl who may be kind enough to write. I will describe myself as well as I can. I am 26 years old, height 5 ft. 11½ in., dark hair, weight about 160 pounds. Am fond of reading, music, and outdoor sports and outdoor life generally, am a smoker but not a drinker. I think your paper a great help to the farmer and homesteader out in the West and am enclosing subscription for another year. Hoping to hear from some of the fair readers of your paper, yours, etc., "Scotia."

From an Ex-Canadian.

England, Jan. 1st, 1910.

Sir.—I have received a copy of your magazine from a relation of mine in Canada, and wondered if you would find space for this letter in your correspondence page. I am an English girl, married, one little girl. My husband and I have both lived in Manitoba, in fact, that is where we got acquainted and married. My husband was out there for four years on farms and I for one year, so we are both experienced. We are anxious to come back to your fine country, as there is no chance in England for a working man. When my husband was out there, he used to get in summer time 35 dollars a month and all found, now he only gets 4 dollars (in your money) per week. My ambition is to go out and work till we have saved enough to buy a homestead. I wish we knew some farmer who would send my husband's fare and let him work for him till it was paid off. Then he would soon send for us and I know people out there whom I could go to work for. I can do all housework and milk cows. My husband can do anything on a farm, so we are not "tenderfeet". If there is any farmer who would correspond with me with a view (not to matrimony) to employing my husband, the editor has my address. I will close now, or else the editor will consider it too long to print. "Nil Desperandum No. 2."

Another Lonely Bachelor.

Manitoba, January 22, 1910.

Sir.—I have been a reader of your valuable paper for some years. In reading the letters over, I find some of them are very interesting and others are very amusing, and for my part, I think some of the girls are a little hard on us old bachelors, especially if they have the least thought of getting married, like myself. To read some of their letters would certainly drive a fellow clear off the notion altogether as they say they want a husband who neither smokes, chews, drinks, nor swears and to be a pure christian. Well, perhaps they will find him; but my opinion is that they will have to keep on hunting. I am fair complexion, have curly hair, blue eyes and am five feet eight and a half inches high. Please forward the enclosed letter to "Blue Eyes," of November number. Wishing the Western Home Monthly every success, and thanking the editor for the space which this takes. "A Manitoba Bachelor."

She Can Make Goo-Goo Eyes.

Manitoba, Jan. 27, 1910.

Editor.—I have been disappointed in trying to gain admittance to your charming club but I hope to be one of the lucky ones this trip. I have been an interested reader of the column for some time past and, like most of the girls and boys, would delight in seeing my letter printed. I am 5 ft.

5 ins., in height, weight about 120 lbs., have grey eyes and golden hair. I am 16 years old and can make "goo-goo" eyes to perfection. I notice some of the girls object to a man smoking. I like to see a man after his day's work sit down and smoke a pipe, but I cannot say much on chewing tobacco; if they keep it out of the house, that is all I ask. A man who will drink to excess is not worthy of the name of man. You will think I am a crank, but I am not. I feel sure you would think I was just the reverse if you were to know me. I am a post-card collector. If any of the boys or girls wish to correspond with me, I am sure to return the favor. I would also like to correspond with "Palenque," "Homesteader" and "Pineapple Pete" of the September issue, but you will have to write first, boys, as I am "oh so shy." I hope the editor will take pity on this poor little letter. As I live in a very lonely place reading is one of my favorite pastimes. I play the organ a little and also sing, dance, write letters, etc. I will close as I suppose others are like myself, waiting. "Only a Girl."

Would Like to Correspond with Pussy Willow.

Wilcox, Jan. 12.

Sir.—Having been a reader of your paper I would like to put a letter in your correspondence column. I am a farmer in the glorious West and like it far better than Ontario. I am 5 ft. 8 in. in height, black curly hair and dark eyes. I have a half-section, a splendid farm and a nice little house and would think myself a lucky man if one of your lady correspondents would write to me, for I should like to get acquainted with some little farmer's daughter. I think "Pussy Willow" would be the kind of a girl who would suit me, but I would not object to any other lady who would like to write to a farmer. Hoping to hear from some lady and wishing your paper every success. "Wooly Charlie."

"Red Wing" is Musical.

Bredenbury, Sask., Jan. 1909.

Sir.—I am an interested reader of the W. H. M. and like reading the letters. I am a farmer's daughter and like music and dancing but can't play much. I intend to learn to play the organ this winter. I want to correspond with "Lonesome" in your November issue or any others who will write. My address is with the editor. "Red Wing."

Wants to Hear from a Western Farmer.

England, Jan., 09.

Editor.—A friend who has relations in Canada lent me your magazine, with which I am exceedingly pleased. The correspondence columns especially took my fancy, as I think it tends to bring people together. I am not writing for matrimonial purposes, but I should like to correspond with some nice young man about twenty years of age, a Western farmer preferably, as I am greatly interested in Canadian farming and should like to know more about it, as I may go out there some day. I am eighteen years of age and have light brown hair and hazel eyes. I weigh 132 pounds and am 5 ft. 4 ins. in height. I am a farmer's daughter and can do most things. Hoping you will be able to print this in your paper. "Interested."

"Janet" Makes Irish Stew.

Alberta, Jan. 1, '10.

Sir.—The correspondence columns of your valuable paper seem to be so very interesting that with your permission I would like to be admitted to them for a few minutes. I am an eastern girl and have only been in this far West for a short time, but think that "sunny Alberta" is an ideal place to live. I would like to have a few correspondents of both sexes. I am five feet six inches, weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds, am nineteen years old, splendid physique, can swing a broomstick or a milk-pail with any Irish lassie, good cook, great on Irish stew. Have been brought up on a farm, so am much interested in dairy and poultry, am fond of music in any shape or form and all other innocent kind of amusements. Any gentleman who can claim not to know the taste of liquor or tobacco and who

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In All weathers

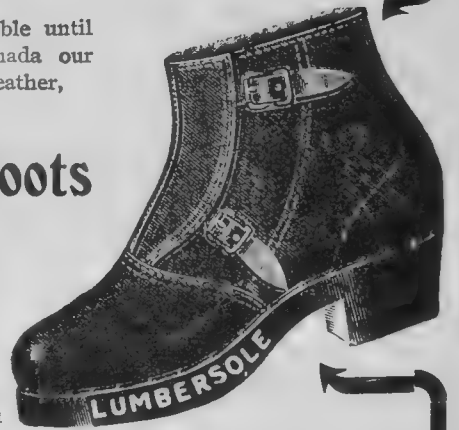
To do this has never been possible until we introduced to Western Canada our famous two-buckle, cosy, grained leather,

FELT LINED Wood-Soled Boots

Or "Lumbersoles"

We are receiving letters every day telling us how delighted our customers are—"they have never had anything to equal them in keeping their FEET WARM and DRY."

We want to do the same for you if you will send us



(Thousands of pairs now ready to send)

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Men's and
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Sizes

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Only for
Children's
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(Sizes Ready. Children's 620, Men's 125)

We will send you the size you want by return—you should write at once as you are sure to be delighted. We can also greatly add to your comfort with our

Scottish Hand-Knit Woolen Socks

3 Pairs for \$1.00.

6 Pairs for \$1.95.

Try a few in parcel with Boots—Splendid Wear and Value Send us your order with cash at once.

Scottish Wholesale Specialty Co.

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Send a Post Card for our "Eye Opener" Catalogue.

(Ask your dealer to get our boots.)

OUR READY-MADE HOME

IS SELLING LIKE HOT CAKES
AND GIVING STILL GREATER SATISFACTION



Absolutely Wind and Cold Proof is the

"WEIR" PORTABLE HOUSE

Made in any size, ready for occupation in a few hours after delivery at your station.

NOTHING SO CHEAP IN A BUILDING—THE MERE MATERIAL COULD NOT BE GOT AT THE MONEY.

Large stock always on hand—Standard size like cut, 22 x 22 feet—four fine rooms.

SIX thicknesses of material in walls with 4-inch air space, finished and painted for

\$400 f.o.b. WINNIPEG.

There are several surprising details you would like to know about this wonderful invention. These will be furnished (FREE) on request by the Selling Agents

William S. King Co., 232 Portage Ave, Winnipeg

is a good protestant, I would be glad to hear from.
"Janet."

A New York Correspondent. . . .

Rochester, N.Y., Jan. 22, '09.
Sir.—Have been much interested in reading your very valuable paper, especially the correspondence columns. Although not a Westerner and a Canadian, I am next door to the latter, having parents who were Canadian. Have spent some time in the Northwest, and think it is a glorious country, and am not afraid to predict that within the next ten years, the Easterners will have to "sit up and take notice" that they are left far in the rear of the procession. I think there is something delightfully personal in your contributions to the correspondence part of your paper, but think that the main thing necessary to a matrimonial contract is not whether the wife will milk the cows, etc., but whether the main requisite is there, namely, love. I think all these other things might be added if it was necessary. I would be pleased to receive letters from any who would care to write, and my address is with the editor. I will sign myself, your New York cousin,
"Viola."

"Samson" says he is O. K.

St John's, Newfoundland, Jan., '09.
Sir.—Through the courtesy of a friend of mine I have had the pleasure of looking through the columns of your esteemed magazine and have been greatly interested in perusing its contents, especially the correspondence columns. I am not at present a subscriber but intend to become one at once. I would like very much to start correspondence with some of the young ladies who subscribe to your magazine and would be pleased to receive letters from them at any time. Now that the winter months are coming on it would be a great source of amusement to have someone to write to and receive letters from other parts of the world, especially when they come from the fair sex. I am 18 years old, standing 5 ft. 4 ins. in my stockings and

weighing 130 lbs. I am of light complexion, good looking with blue eyes that are always smiling, and am an all round good fellow. I would be very pleased to receive letters from girls from 16 to 21 years of age and would exchange post-cards with any correspondent who would like to do so. I will answer all letters that I receive. I am very fond of outdoor sports and am a good footballer, cricketer and hockey player and in the summertime spend a great deal of my time whipping the water with rod and line. I sign myself "Samson."

A Critical Letter.

Saskatchewan, Jan. 14th, '09.

I am quite an interested reader of the W. H. M. and find the correspondence columns very interesting. For myself I think persons should become acquainted before giving their likes and dislikes. This is not my first attempt at sending a letter to the W. H. M. and I may not be any more successful in having this printed than before, but if the editor thinks fit to put it in with other correspondence well and good. I should like to have a few correspondents just for the fun of writing, I would also exchange post cards with anyone. I am not on the matrimonial market just now and if I were I think I would like to become personally acquainted with the one who was to share my future life. Now I hope those who read this will not think I am old and cranky, for I am neither as I always like to have lots of fun and see others having a good time too. I am very fond of dancing and can sing a little. Now, friends, if you care to write, my address will be with the editor. I suppose I should follow the rule and give a description of myself so I will just say I am an English girl, can keep the house clean and do the cooking, my other good and bad points I will keep a mystery for now. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable space and wishing the readers of the W. H. M. every success, I will sign myself—
"Iceberg."

One of the Despised (?) Race.

Souris, Man.

Sir.—Just another member to your charming club. I enjoy your correspondence column very much. I am one of the despised race—a school teacher. I will describe myself: I am fair, fat and twenty-one; red hair and beautiful green eyes, really refreshing to look into. I live in a good farming district, where the hum of the threshing machine may be heard on every other farm. I am not a firm believer in votes for women but I believe that every woman should use her influence against the traffic which is ruining our young men and boys. I must not intrude on your valuable time. Wishing your page every success, I remain,
"Jeanie."

Does Not Approve of Farmers

Meridian, Sask.

Sir.—Having had the W. H. M. brought to our house, I have had a good chance to muse over the letters which you have so generously published. Some of the letters are quite sensible, while others are (to my idea) quite out of place. I like to have a lot of writing to do but I do not like to write long letters. I am not pretty by any means; five feet seven inches in height; weight, about 135 pounds, and between 14 and 25 years of age. I have the prettiest set of curls you ever saw. I am the oldest of a family of five. I don't see how the girls can find fault with these western bachelors. They strive for years to make a suitable home for a partner, and what is the result?—A good calling down and "the bounce". I wouldn't be bothered with either a homestead or a girl if I had a good education—say the learning of a doctor. What is more honorable than caring for the sick? It would certainly be better than dragging our lives out upon the farm, especially so with a bachelor. Most of the young men want good-looking girls; but, alas, the fact is, I never saw such a girl. Some girls like fellows who dance, play cards, throw dice, and use profane language. What a change there would be

if they could only see themselves. I like all sorts of amusements but I do not think that the things aforementioned are either smart or noble. Nearly every young man and woman has a chance to learn a trade. The ladder of ability is long and slippery but an ambitious spirit is the only one which can ever attain the highest position. From the telephone exchange to the typewriter or nurse would be a honorable climb for a woman. For a man we have from the clerk to the bank manager, or the doctor. After years of worry and trouble the point can be reached when any man or woman can retire. Then away below we see our school-mate struggling with a team of oxen and an old breaker plow. Hoping that I have not taken up too much room in your valuable paper, I remain yours truly,
"The Doctor."

P.S.—Would some of the girls between 15 and 18 years of age please write to "The Doctor."

"Alberta Kid" is Lonely.

Alberta, Jan. 4, 1909.

Sir.—Kindly allow me a little space in your valuable paper, as I would like to join the circle of the jolly correspondents. I am not on the matrimonial list but would like some of the Eastern girls to notice that there is a shy young rancher in sunny Alberta who would like to correspond with some of them for pastime and fun. I am 19 years old, 5 ft. 10 ins tall, fair complexion, and don't believe in self-conceit so will not say anything about my looks just now. I do not indulge in strong liquors nor chew tobacco, but smoke sometimes. Now, girls, don't be hard on such a shy boy but just give me a try. I must close so as not to take up too much of your valuable space, hoping this will escape the waste-paper basket, I will sign myself—
"Alberta Kid."

There is no poisonous ingredient in Holloway's Corn Cure, and it can be used without danger of injury.

Hundreds Now Burn Straw for Fuel Why Don't You?

NO WOOD TO HAUL!
NO COAL TO BUY!
NO FUEL SHORTAGE!
NO DUST OR DIRT!

OUR Sterling Heater

SAVES MONEY!
SAVES LABOR!
SAVES TIME!

The Fuel Saved will more than
Pay for the Heater this
Winter

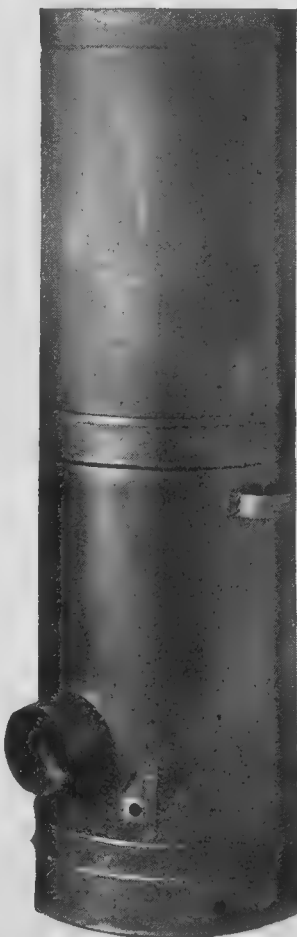
**THE STERLING
STRAW STOVE COY.**

413 SOMERSET BLOCK

Winnipeg

Manitoba

The Sterling Straw Heater



DIRECTIONS.

Take the cylinder out to the straw stack, pack it tightly with straw, put on the base, bring it into the house, connect it with the pipe, then light it, and it will burn for hours.

ONE FILLING OF—

Flax Straw will burn for from
8 to 18 hours
Prairie Wood - 6 to 12 hours
Oat Straw - 4 to 8 hours
Wheat Straw - 3 to 7 hours

Price \$9 at your station.

An extra Cylinder, when ordered with the Heater \$4.00.

Remit by Express or P.O. Money Order.

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Answers to Correspondents.

Answers to questions will be given, if possible and as early as possible, only when the question is accompanied by the name and address of the questioner. The name is not for publication but as an evidence of good faith. The problem in behavior printed each month may be answered by any reader on a postcard. The best answer will bring the writer the present of a book.

Problem in Behavior.

The problem for this month is as follows: Mrs. Brown and family have just come to Calgary. Her neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Xanthope, are vulgar people and their children are very objectionable. Mrs. Brown does not wish to have anything to do with the Xanthopes. At an "at home" one afternoon Mrs. Brown is introduced to Mrs. Banthope, who says: "I have been waiting to come and see you for a long time. May I call and bring my little girl?" What should Mrs. Brown say?

December Problem.

The December problem did not bring so many solutions as usual, probably because the readers of the Western Home Monthly are not accustomed to "family jars".

Problem

The father of a certain household is a very stern man and when vexed is unreasonably angry. His two young daughters indulging in a wild romp broke a valuable piece of furniture. They are full of terror and dread their father's wrath. Is the mother justified in evading the truth to screen the girls and leading the husband to believe it was broken in some other way, or what should they do?

The prize is awarded to Mrs. Telford Davis, Cheadle, S. Alberta, for the following reply:

"As the mother evidently fears the father will punish the children too severely, she should give them an adequate punishment herself. Then she should tell her husband the truth about the damaged furniture, and also that she has punished the children. She should refuse to allow any further correction, taking her stand firmly on that point, as a mother has as much right as a father to assert authority over the children. Her authority should be respected."

Is. Was and will be.

We say "To-morrow is Friday", why not say, "Yesterday is Wednesday"?

Simply because one expression is in accordance with established usage, the other not. Excepting the use of the "historical present tense" to make the narration of past events vivid, I know of no use of the present tense to refer to time wholly past; but the present tense was once regularly used to refer to future time, and it is still sometimes so used in sentences like "We leave Boston at six to-night and arrive in New York at eleven." "We sail for Europe on Saturday." "This year the Fourth of July falls on Thursday." The poet Cowper has "To-morrow is our wedding-day"; Byron, "To-morrow unites us no more to part"; Shakespeare, "Wednesday is to-morrow," "To-morrow is the joyful day," "Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day" and many other instances of the coupling of "to-morrow" with a verb in the present tense.

A Critic Wanted-

I have written a number of poems and would like a critic. Will one of your readers who is of a literary turn of mind kindly act in that capacity.—L. G.

A Good Book.

Kindly tell me from what book the following is taken: W. M., Winnipeg.

"We have already travelled far from the one man taken by rotation from the roll, and changed mechanically to convey 'the voices' of the whole body. We may in future leave equally behind the member to whom wealth, position, or notoriety secures, almost by accident, a seat in parliament, in which he can, in such intervals as his business or pleasure may leave him, decide what he thinks best for the nation. In his

stead we may watch appearing in increasing numbers the professional representative,—a man selected for natural aptitude, deliberately trained for his new work as a special vocation, devoting his whole time to the discharge of his manifold duties, and actively maintaining an intimate and reciprocal intellectual relationship with his constituency."

It is from "Industrial Evolution", a standard work on Economics, written by Sidney Webb, London.

Should I Love Beauty?

Is it wrong to love beautiful clothes? I am fifteen years old.

—Mary L.

No! it would be wrong not to love everything beautiful. Truth, beauty and goodness are all precious in God's eyes. It is as wrong to despise one as the other. They are all from God because they are all in Him. But we should not be vain because we wear beautiful things. Wearing the beautiful does not itself make the wearer beautiful. It is only the kind, honest, loving soul that is really beautiful in God's eyes, and the eyes of worthy people. The best prayer of all is "God make me beautiful within!" If you are beautiful within you will want the external to harmonize with the internal. Home, friends, dress, speech, and all the rest must be lovely in their beauty.

Anybody Elses.

Do you approve of the following criticism? — A. B.

"Anybody Else's or Anybody's Else? Either 'anybody else's' or 'anybody's else' is correct: the point is one on which authorities differ. Those who prefer 'anybody else's' say that 'anybody else' is to be regarded as a single expression, and that the possessive sign should come at the end of that expression. Those who prefer 'anybody's else' say that 'else' is a modifying word (some call it an adjective, others an adverb), and that the possessive sign should be added, not to the modifying word, but to the substantive. Since, then, usage is divided, it is well to choose the form which in a given sentence will be more agreeable to the ear. To most ears, 'anybody else's' would probably be more agreeable in such a sentence as 'You had better take anybody else's umbrella than John's'; 'anybody's else,' in such a sentence as 'Don't take John's umbrella, —take anybody's else.'"

Custom makes many things right, but it never justifies an unmusical expression if a musical one can take its place. We prefer to reject both expressions and to use an entirely new combination of words. For instance, say, "You had better take some other person's umbrella."

What Gifts to Take.

What gifts may a young lady take from a young man, or vice versa? — Edith J.

The only gifts which a young girl may accept from her men friends are flowers, bonbons, books or music—unless, of course, she receives some trifle of no real value, sent in the way of fun. There are endless variations and combinations of these things possible, so the selection is not as restricted as it may appear.

The choice of what a girl may give to her men friends is not as clearly defined, probably because she is not expected to make them presents at all. Her opportunity of showing them attention is to make them welcome in her home and to include them in its little festivities. It is often an embarrassment for a man to receive a present from a young woman unless its offering is warranted by a friendship of long standing, imposing, as it does, a sense of obligation to make her some return in kind.



Do you really want to get the very BEST RESULTS from your Home Garden and Field Crops? If so, send a post card for a 1910 EDITION of the

"WESTERN SEED ANNUAL" (Free)

Published by STEELE BRIGGS

This entirely new and beautifully illustrated catalogue is of special value to every WESTERNER. Back of it stands a 35-year business record of CANADIAN SEED SUCCESS IN PURE, FIELD TESTED, STANDARD AND NEW VARIETIES, with advanced methods in growing seeds, which has resulted in Steele Briggs introducing the only new varieties of vegetable seeds, bred and brought out in Manitoba. These varieties are in great demand—they can only be obtained through Steele Briggs.

Steele Briggs Seed Co., Limited
WINNIPEG, CANADA

BRANDON TANNERY CO.

Brandon, Man.

The year 1909 was a good one for us. It saw our business greatly increased and we thank our patrons everywhere throughout the West for their generous patronage. So great has been the rush of orders that our factory has been taxed almost beyond its capacity and many customers during the past two months did not receive as prompt a service as we would like.

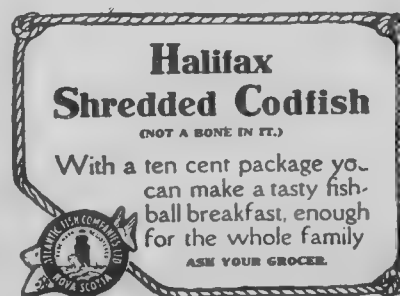
For 1910 our facilities have been greatly increased and we can not only promise the best possible value in everything in our line, especially sheep lined coats, robes, gauntlets, etc., but speedy delivery. Our new illustrated catalogue for next season, with everything complete, will be ready shortly.

Send us your name and address and we will mail you one.

CARRUTHERS & CO.

Proprietors Brandon Tannery

Brandon, Man.



Ladies Send \$2.75

receive ladies' Princess dress in lustre, all colors. Send \$2.75 receive ladies' Princess dress in Panama, all colors. Send \$3.50 receive ladies' wool Panama Coat Suit in all shades Pan-ma. These garments are all fall styles and were made up and used as sample garments in our show room, we now close them out at one-third their actual value. If gone when your order arrives, money will be promptly refunded. Standard Garment Co., London, Ont.

SEND \$1 receive 4 wool remnants suitable for boys knee pants. Give age and we will cut free. Southcott Suit Co., 10, Coot Block, London, Ont.

Miller's Sweet Pea Soap.

By Charles Battell Loomis



HE HAD been a variety performer, but a too frequent indulgence in the rosy had brought him to a state where life was a burden and he did not much care how soon it ended.

It was toward the close of a spring afternoon, and he sat on one of the benches in Madison Square, wondering why he had wasted his life, and wishing he could get him a quarter to buy him a meal, when a passer-by stopped and said:

"Hello, Bill Starkins."

He hadn't been called Bill Starkins for twenty years—on the boards he had been Billy Devoe—and he looked up to see who it was that had penetrated his disguise of dissipation and found the man beneath.

The passer-by was a well-dressed New Yorker, and while Billy gazed at him out of dull eyes he said:

"Don't know me, do you? and yet I haven't changed a little bit."

"Why, it's Zack Miller."

"Right you are. What's happened, Billy? Hasn't the world been treating you well?"

"Treated me too often, I guess," said the wreck with a half-smile as he accepted the outstretched hand of Zack Miller and shook it with warmth. Zack and he had been boys up in the same Vermont town, and the sight of the breezy, wholesome, boyish man was like a breath of new-mown hay from one

of the hillside farms of his native place. Life looked different to him already, and all on account of a pleasant word from a former friend.

"Doing anything?" said Zack.

"I've done pretty much everything from people up to time, but it's pretty near over now, Zack, for a fact. Can't leave the booze alone."

As Miller looked at him a fantastic idea entered his head, and he said impulsively:

"See here, Billy, suppose we make a fresh start—clean clothes and something to do. I think I can use you in my business—that is, if you have the same accomplishments you used to have. Come up to my house and I'll rig you out, and then we'll have dinner and talk it over and go to the circus together. Great show."

Billy looked in a dazed sort of way at the big electric-light sign on Madison Square tower that announced the one and only circus.

"What's eatin' yer, Zack? We ain't kids."

"Plenty of time to guess what I'm after when you've washed up and got into something decent and filled your inside. I live over here on Twenty-fifth Street, and we'll go right along and have something to eat and—no, not drink, but eat and bathe, and if you don't find I'm steering you to something pretty slick I'm a josh."

Wondering what was coming to him, Billy shambled along beside the spruce Mr. Miller, and in a few minutes he found himself taking a bath and really liking it, and later he was treated

to a decent suit of clothes from the skin out; and when he looked at himself in a mirror he felt there was some hope yet—only he did wish he could have a drink.

Dinner followed, and then the two walked up to where the crowds were going to the show.

Miller had explained to Bill what he wanted, and the latter had expressed not only satisfaction but delight in the scheme.

As they entered the lobby Miller said:

"We've got the best soap on the market, but I haven't enough money to advertise as I'd like to in the magazines. Still, I think that this is bound to make a go, and the rest will come after. Awfully glad you have a mustache."

"Oh, it wouldn't make any difference. I got my little \$100 per in the palmy days when me and drink were strangers, and I was smooth shaved."

And then the band struck up and the Congress of Nations entered, and Billy recollected the first circus that he had ever attended, a one-ring, tawdry affair, but a fairyland of delight to him and Zack. They had crept under the tent and had managed to secure the best seats in the place, and then and there Billy had made up his mind to become a slack-wire walker, while Zack had chosen lion-taming as his own profession.

And now Zack was interested in Miller's Sweet Pea Soap, while Billy was or had been next door to suicide.

In course of time the performing seals came out and did stunts that placed them easily at the head of intelligent animals. Where is the dog who can spin plates or perform the balancing tricks that these slimy creatures do with ease and zest?

After the smartest of them had been

treated to at least a dozen fish, which he bolted whole, his trainer said:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will ask my educated friend here from the frozen North to sing and talk. You may not be able to understand all he says, but he understands what I say, and there are many men and women getting salaries as singers today whose voices are not as good as his."

Then he went up to the seal and said: "Peary, speak to all these brilliant ladies and gentlemen."

"Go ahead," said Miller to Bill. They were sitting just in front of the ring in which the seals were performing. Bill nodded his head, and then the seal opened his mouth and gave vent to one or two hoarse barks which might have been more articulate but which were certainly amusing. And then with his fishy, yet dog-like, mouth he said, to great astonishment of every one in the mammoth hall:

"Miller's Sweet Pea Soap is the best in the market. Ten cents a cake, but worth a quarter."

The trainer jumped back at least a yard. Recovering himself in a minute, and realizing the enhanced value of the act, he turned to the audience and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, he astonishes me every time he speaks, often as I've heard him. It isn't every night he'll talk like this. Here, Peary, help yourself." And he handed the seal a dipperful of smelts which disappeared down the same throat that had, apparently, just given utterance to the important announcement concerning Miller's soap.

As for the audience, it was thunder-struck, and many were the ejaculations and queries passed from one to another. Of course, the majority supposed that the trainer was ventriloquizing. He himself wondered who the clever fellow was, but he was too keen not to make the most of it while it lasted.

Last Minute Guests

Not more than a family dinner in the stove and you do want to do something a little extra for them.

A dainty dessert somehow gives a finish and adds a formal touch to what otherwise would be an ordinary meal.

Pure Gold Quick Desserts

(Trade Mark Registered)

have the delightful quality of being quickly prepared yet with none of the taste or appearance of "hurry up." For example—

Try this Yukon Sherbet

Soak package Pure Gold Orange Jelly in cup cold water; soak cup icing sugar in juice of three oranges, add both together in a pint of cold water and freeze. Garnish with orange.

Same recipe for all other fruits.

Our Book of Recipes Sent Free

Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dainty desserts and delicious salads in very little time and almost no trouble at all. And the delightfully good part of it all, remember, is that the speed with which these results are obtained only serves to enhance the enjoyable flavor of the result.

1 A

Samples on Request

Send us 10c in stamps to pay packing and postage and let us send you generous samples of our Vanilla and Lemon Extracts and a small can of Baking Powder. Mention your own and your dealer's name and address.

MADE IN CANADA

PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO., Limited
Toronto

"Peary, do you feel like saying something else to the ladies?"

Peary opened his mouth and gave forth several hoarse yaps, and then said:

"Ask your druggist tonight for Miller's soap. I use it myself."

It was easy to call it ventriloquism, but the effect was intensely ludicrous, and the audience roared with laughter. The uncouth beast rolled his head from side to side, and then said:

"Ten cents a cake, and like a garden of sweet peas. Miller's is only ten cents. Talk of the town. See tomorrow's papers."

"Talk about something else," said the trainer, walking over to the seal and shaking him by the flipper. This talk was all right, but if he would tell about his experiences in the frozen North it would be more appropriate.

The seal swayed its sinuous body, and said:

"Can't think of anything but Miller's soap. It's the biggest value on the market. And only ten cents a cake. A garden for ten cents, and absolute cleanliness."

The seals concluded their act and went off, having made a bigger hit than ever before, and when the trainer had reached the greenroom all the talk was of the unknown ventriloquist who had for unknown reasons advertised an unknown article. For no one had ever heard of Miller's Sweet Pea Soap.

Nothing out of the usual run happened until the den of lions came in, and then, when the biggest lion of all had the keeper under foot in the thrilling act known as "At the Mercy of the King of Beasts," the great animal, whose mouth was wide open and his jaws slaving, said in a voice of thunder:

"If I had a cake of Miller's soap I'd

be perfectly happy. Only ten cents, but I haven't the ten cents."

And then the lion really roared, and another roar answered his: a roar of laughter. When the keeper had retired he sent a messenger-boy over to the nearest drug store to get a cake of Miller's soap, and the boy brought it back, and a pretty-looking, dainty cake it was, with a pictured sweet pea and the fragrance of an old-fashioned garden of the perfect flowers.

Whether the newspaper men did not mind helping along a thing that had been so cleverly advertised, or whether they did not know it was a real soap, is immaterial; but next morning every paper in New York had from a couple of sticks to a whole column devoted to the affair.

And at the matinee next day, there was a bigger crowd than ever, and Miller and Bill were there as before, and not only the seal and the lion but the elephant, too, sounded the praises of Miller's soap.

And it is a fact known to all that there was not a druggist in town who did not get calls for the sweet-scented soap. The wide-awake ones ordered more at once; those who had none sent down to the jobbers and bought it; the wisest of all sent direct to the works for it, and by the end of the week Miller felt in a position to advertise in the magazines, for he was able to interest a capitalist in the article.

And when the circus went away Miller got Billy back into good habits, and a few months later he got a position at a continuous house as a headliner on the strength of his great advertising act at the circus, and for all-round advertising of soap, circus, Billy and the continuous. I don't know of anything to beat Miller's happy idea.

The Evening and the Morning.

By ALICE BROWN



HERE!" said Mrs. Marvin, "I guess we're prepared." She limped to the rocking chair by the window, and stood beside it in the dusk. Annie, her daughter, who lived

alone with her in the old Marvin home—stead, was winding the clock.

"What you doin' that so early for?" asked Mrs. Marvin.

Annie's voice came with a flute-like cadence out of the dim corner:

"I thought I'd get everything done up, so there'd be nothing to think of. Then we can sit down by ourselves and talk."

Mrs. Marvin waited by her chair until both weights had been wound, and

"Let's not stay cooped up in here," said the mother. "Let's go out an' set on the steps."

Annie put a hand through her arm and the two went slowly out to the front-door stone and established themselves there, where honeysuckle was sweet and the garden threw back its blended scents. It was an old custom, this Summer-night's communion of a mother and daughter who had fallen into a concord of habit through their life alone together. It would not be the same again. Tomorrow Annie was to marry Franklin Blake. There was silence for a time, the girl looking off into the orchard across the road, and the mother with her gaze fixed on the young figure wrapped about by the dark, but visible to her consciousness through the eyes of love.

"You think we'd better whip the cream?" she asked, though the question had been settled twice over.

"For the chocolate?" asked Annie to carry on the specious dialogue. "Yes, I guess so. But most of 'em will take coffee anyways."

"Well," said Mrs. Marvin, musing into space, "I hope it'll be good."

Then again the talk dropped, and a whippoorwill called from the orchard. Mrs. Marvin shivered.

"He makes me as nervous as a witch," she said. "He sung every identical night the month before your father went away." She was not used to mentioning the girl's father in that tone. For years she had referred to him in a commonplace fashion, as if he had just driven to market, and now Annie started at the change. The night, her mother's altered voice, both gave her courage.

"Mother," said she abruptly, "do you know where father is?"

"Well, no," said her mother, without hesitation, "I don't know's I do."

"But Aunt Nabby asked you yesterday if you supposed he'd come to the wedding, you said you thought likely not. But you spoke as if you'd heard. Mother, you didn't hear?"

"No," said Mrs. Marvin, in a colorless tone; "I don't hear."

"I think it's a shame!" the girl burst forth.



Annie had given the pendulum that little tap she always accorded it, at the end, to make it swing the faster. It was a trick of her childish days, when she was first allowed to wind the clock, and her mother, after trying in a faint-hearted way to break her of the habit, had acquiesced in it as an irregularity likely to give a moment's pleasure and do nobody harm.

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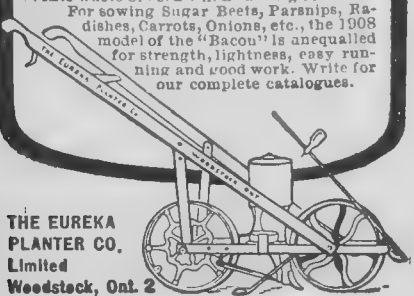
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The mother answered gently, like one directing an emotion into some safer channel.

"No, dear, it ain't a shame. You don't see how 'tis, that's all."

But a habit of years once broken, the girl dared what she never had before. Until now her mother had wrapped their lonely life in silence.

"I see what everybody sees," the daughter said. "Father went away when I was a little girl. He's never set his foot here since. He's sent you money; but what's money? Mother, what made him go?"

"I guess he got kind o' tired," said her mother. There was patience in her voice.

"What'd he get tired of?"

"Well," said Mrs. Marvin, with the air of one who, having abandoned caution, has not yet made up her mind which way to take, "folks are made up different. Your father had a kind of a rovin' disposition. He hadn't ever ought to settled down. But he did, an' he never realized how 'twas goin' to 'pear to him till 'twas too late."

"Seems 'if you made him out a kind of a gipsy," said Annie, with a distaste that seemed more than half partisanship of her mother.

"No," said Mrs. Marvin, "I shouldn't

"I certain would," said her mother. "Wouldn't you with Frank?"

The girl considered briefly.

"Well!" she said. In a moment she spoke more shyly. "Mother, there wasn't any trouble between you and father when he went away? Did you have words?"

"Your father was pretty still all that Spring," Mrs. Marvin spoke rapidly, as if, having launched upon her narrative, she found it hateful to her. "I guess he was thinkin' how dull 'twas just to do the chores an' read the paper. Well, one day, 'long towards Spring, he says, 'Sally, should you just as soon Hiram Means would take the farm to the halves?' 'Certain,' says I, 'if that's your wish.' Well, I couldn't help knowin' what was comin', an' I didn't feel any surprise when he begun to pick up his tools, an' made up a little bag 't he could sling over his back. One mornin'—'twas the twenty-third o' June—he shaved him an' took his bag. You was over to Aunt Nabby's, playin' in the garden. I remember you come home to dinner that day with your apron full o' poppy dolls. There wasn't no dinner. I didn't get any. But I'm runnin' ahead o' my story. Well, he come along to the window where I was puttin' bread into

couldn't say so much as this before; but now you're goin' to have a home of your own, seems 'if you ought to know how things stood, so, if your father ever come back an' I wasn't here, you'd take him in. You would, Annie, wouldn't you?"

The words were like shadows coming out of the night. They struck at the girl and hurt her, and she answered sharply:

"What makes you say such things? What makes you say you won't be here? Mother, where you goin'?"

Her mother's soothing hand was on her hair.

"There, dear, there," said Mrs. Marvin, as women comfort babies. "Don't you fret, mother's right here. Only, if anything should happen to me, you must be ready to see to ruther."

"I want to see to you," cried the girl in a passion of homesickness. "It ain't right to leave you alone in this house, anyways, even if you do say you'll spend nights over to Aunt Nabby's. Oh, mother, you're terrible obstinate not to come and live with us!"

"Well, now, you see, dear," she said tenderly, "I couldn't, could I, when father might be home? He's growin' older every year, an' the time'll come when his leg'll fail him, an' maybe then he'll think of us. So, you see!"

"Why, mother," she said in a whisper, "you've been mournin' him all this time!"

But her mother answered practically, "I've be'n real thankful his rovin' disposition never took him off to sea. 'Twould ha' been terrible in storms. But sometimes, Winter nights, I've laid awake—well, I've got faith to believe he ain't be'n snowed up yet."

Then they sat still for a time. There were more questions the girl longed to ask, but the atmosphere had changed between them.

Presently a woman's figure came along the path. Annie saw it first. "Aunt Nabby!" she said, rising. "Mother, I'll go in. I don't feel like seeing folks tonight."

Nabby came stalking through the path between the borders.

"Beats all how this mignonette does smell!" she said in a voice of soldier-like quality, as she reached the steps.

"Pick a sprig," said Mrs. Marvin. "You always was great on smells."

"No, I got some lemon verbena here," said Aunt Nabby, fanning herself with it and diffusing odors. "Twon't do to mix 'em. I harnessed up this arternoon an' drove down to the Junction to git a bottle o' cologne for Annie tomorrow, I thought maybe she'd like to scent up her handkercher."

"That's complete. Well, Nabby, tomorrow's 'most here."

"Yes. It don't seem more'n yesterday Annie was trottin' off to school with that little waterproof on, the hood up over her head."

"No, it don't," Mrs. Marvin impulsively put out a hand and touched her sister. "Nabby," she said, "what if I should tell you suthin'?"

"Yes," said Nabby comfortably, "so do."

"Well, sometimes I think Annie's weddin' ain't the only thing that's goin' to happen."

"What do you mean, Sarah?"

"I don't believe in signs and omens," Sarah went on breathlessly. But I've got it into my head suthin' goin' to happen right here. It's goin' to happen to me."

"Well, what kind of a thing is it?" Aunt Nabby spoke with abated curiosity, not yet knowing what form of sympathy was to be required of her.

"Nabby, I think I'm going to be called away."

"You think Stephen's going to send for ye?"

"No, oh, no! he never would. I think I'm goin' to die."

"Cat's grandmother. Sarah Marvin! What's got that into your head?"

Mrs. Marvin spoke solemnly now, as if she told the story to herself, regardless of her hearer.

"It's partly because my mind dwells so on the past. Grandmother Marvin always used to say that was a sign. She said when old folks got ready to go, there was a kind of a forerunner. Well, Nabby, that's how it's be'n with me this last week. I feel as if I was kinder preparin' to be gone."

"Cat's grandmother—" said Aunt Nab-



"Why, Mother," she said in a whisper, "You've been mournin' him all this time!"

call it that, either. But folks are different, Annie. The sooner you find that out, the better, so's to give 'em free swing."

"Who's let you have free swing?" asked the girl hotly. "Who's thought of you all these years?"

"Oh, I guess he's thought considerable," said her mother. "Your father's a real faithful disposition. He wouldn't ha' sent money if he hadn't been. No, your father's just be'n travellin' round over the country, clock-mendin' and tinkerin' an' workin' in factories, an' you've no call to be ashamed of him."

"You speak as if 'twas what you'd have picked out for him to do, if you had your choice," said the girl.

"I couldn't help pickin' it out, if that was the way he was made," said her mother, with the queer little tang of humor that sometimes brightened her. "If I'd ha' had any choice, I'd had my two good feet, an' then I'd ha' gone with him."

"You would, mother? Trailing round over the country for all the world like two tramps?"

the pans, an' he says, 'Well, Sally, I guess I'll set out an' see what I can find.'"

"What did you say, mother?"

"I didn't say anything. Oh, yes, I did! I says, 'You got a clean pair o' stockin's?' An' then, when he said he had, I says, 'Don't you want I should put you up some luncheon?' But he shook his head. I watched him 'most out o' sight, an' down under the old elm he turned an' waved his hand to me. Then I went in. That was the twenty-third o' June."

Her voice showed no emotion, except, perhaps, a little wistfulness.

"Mother," cried the girl sharply, her mind upon the man she loved, "I should think you'd have died!"

"Oh, no! I don't know how to put it, Annie, but when things are big enough they don't kill you. They just shut out everything else, that's all."

Annie moved a little nearer. She laid her hand on her mother's knee, and the mother put her own hand gently over it.

"You see," said Mrs. Marvin, "I

by again, in her comfortable bass. "You're all nerved up over Annie's weddin', that's the matter with you. You're all beat out, Sarah, with this frostin' cake an' packin' things an' losin' Annie an' all!"

But Mrs. Marvin shook her head.

"No," she said solemnly, "my time has come. But I've talked with Annie an' she knows what I want she should do if ever there's a chance. Annie wouldn't disregard it. She'd say 'twas mother's wish. Well, Nabby,"—Her tone changed to brisk alertness. "Le's we get to bed. There's lots to do in the mornin'. The school children are comin' early with brakes an' things to trim up, an' I've got to set out my

chiny. It's goin' to be fair. I'm thankful for that."

Aunt Nabby rose more slowly. She was vaguely troubled by her sister's confidence. It was as if Mrs. Marvin had taken off the mantle of her gloom and thrown it upon her. She turned away thoughtfully.

"Sarah," she hesitated. "Now, Sarah!" "No," said Mrs. Marvin brightly, "no, I ain't a-goin' to fuss no more. You needn't say it. I got kinder nerved up, I guess, Annie's goin' an' all. an' after tomorrer's over I can settle down again."

But that night in her own room, with Annie breathing at her side, she knew this for no spectre of the mind.

She lay there looking out into the moonlight, where the linden breathed from countless blooms, and thought anew that something was going to happen quite different from anything that had happened to her before. This did not seem to be one of the calamities forever attacking her husband in her dreams. They were less real. It was something very large and it was near. It was bringing with it, too, a strange beneficence, and she smiled into the night, remembering how she had been told that death itself is welcome at the last.

The next day went in an unbroken current of good fortune. Annie's school children came laden with spoils from

woods and meadow, and her girl-mater turned the house into a greenwood bower. The bride was still and calm, and the sun shon on her. The young husband looked all pride and strength. The cream was whipped precisely right, and there were no tears. And through it all the little mother, in her shining hair and her Summer silk, moved about with her halting step seeing that everybody was served and that nothing suffered lack. Nabby breathed freely, finding that her sister was herself again; but Nabby did not know. Cheerful as Sarah Marvin was turning here and there on her brisk errands, her mind was elsewhere. She was breathless with expectation of a summons sure

Mid-Winter Sale Catalogue (No. 118), 1910

25

1 M660. Heavy All Linen Semi-Bleached Damask Table Linen, will bleach pure white, assorted designs, 60 inches wide, 5 yard ends, enough for two cloths, weight 4 lbs., 1 ounce. Sale Price, 5 yards for \$1.56	2 M661. 23½-inch All Pure Linen Plain Homespun Crash Toweling, perfect absorbent, used for roller towels, tea towels, kitchen and oven towels, weight 3 lbs., 7 ounces. Sale Price, 10 yards for... \$1.29	3 M662. White Indian Head Suiting, the popular goods for white summer dresses, linen finish, yard wide, 10 yards in each length, enough for a dress, weight 2¼ lbs. Sale Price, 10 yards for... \$1.09	4 M663. All Pure Linen Silver Bleached Butchers' Linen, firm, strong cloth for aprons, children's dresses, etc., 36 inches wide, weight 2 lbs., 1 ounce. Sale Price, 5 yards for \$1.14	5 M665. Full Bleached Heavy Pillow Cotton, plain, round, strong, close thread, 44 inches wide, 6 yards in each piece, enough for 3 pairs of pillow cases, weight 2 lbs., 1 ounce. Sale Price, 6 yards for \$0.87	6 M666. Striped English Drill, soft, fine weave, dark colors, warranted fast, assorted neat stripes, 30 inches wide, for undershirts, 5 yards in each piece, enough for a good, full, durable undershirt, weight 1 lb., 12 ounces. Sale Price, 5 yards for \$1.13
7 M667. Heavy Unbleached Canton Flannel, soft, full, even nap, firm twilled back, 27 to 28 inches wide, weight 1 lb., 13 ounces. Sale Price, 6 yards for \$0.55	8 M668. A Blouse Length, 2½ yards, of very fine sheer pure Irish Linen, beautiful finish, the best thing possible for cool, perfect washing, dainty summer blouses, 36 inches wide, weight 5 ounces. Sale Price, 2½ yard length for... \$1.95	9 M669. Very Fine Heavy White Saxony Flannellette, perfectly pure, beautifully napped, best English manufacture, 36 inches wide, suitable for infants' garments, weight 8 lbs., 15 ozs. Sale Price, 10 yards for \$1.88	10 M670. English Apron Gingham, assorted checks, extra quality, pure indigo dye, 38 inches wide, weight 1 lb., 7 ounces. Sale Price, 5 yards for \$0.65	11 M671. 18-inch All Pure Linen Heavy Crash Roller Towelling, red border, made from long, clean, perfect drying flax. 9 yards in each piece, enough for 3 long roller towels, weight 2 lbs., 2 ounces. Sale Price, 9 yards for \$0.98	12 M672. Striped English Ceylon Flannels, suitable for men's shirts, morning sacques, pyjamas, etc., 28 inches wide, splendid range of stripes, weight 2 lbs., 9 ounces. Sale Price, 10 yards for \$2.29
13 M673. English Galatea, neat, dark, even and broken stripes, best indigo dye, fine strong weave, 27 inches wide, for boys' blouses, men's shirts, boys' and girls' wash suits and dresses, etc., weight 2 lbs., 2 ounces. Sale Price, 10 yds. for \$1.38	14 M674. Irish Glass Towelling, red or blue checks, firm, close weave, perfect drying, leaves no lint, good weight, 24 inches wide, weight 1 lb., 3 ounces. Sale Price, 6 yards for \$0.69	32 EVERY SQUARE A BARGAIN 32 STORE customers have hitherto got the benefit of these bargain ends. We now begin to share them with Mail Order customers. We want to make it just the same for you to buy from catalogue as if you visited the store. Although these ends may run a little over, we only for the less square		15 M675. Super - Bleached English Long Cloth, round, strong, fine thread, bright, permanent, pure finish, a beautiful long cloth for underwear or general household use, yard wide, weight 2 lbs., 15 ounces. Sale Price, 15 yards for \$1.43	16 M676. Bleached English Sheetings, plain or twilled, fine, closely made sheetings, pure and strong, 72 inches wide, 10 yards in each length, enough for pairs - "
17 0800. Best Scotch Zephyr, 32 inches wide, fawn, mauve, sky or green, with five 2-inch satin stripes running lengthways. weight 2 lbs. "	18 0801. 29-inch Striped Pongee Linen Suiting, pink, brown or white "	HERE IS A PIECE OF A PAGE FROM			

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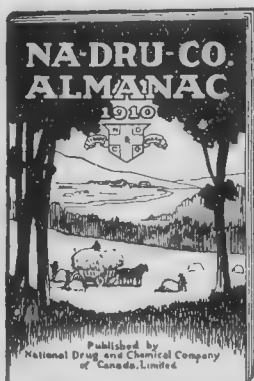
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to come. But it was not until Annie had driven off and the last guest dropped volubly away, that she found time to meet her mood and recognize it. Aunt Nabby had stayed to wash the china, and they talked excitedly over the sweet day.

"Now," said Aunt Nabby, when the last dish was put in place, "you come over with me an' we'll have a cup o' tea an' go straight into our beds."

A look of swift alarm flitted into the little mother's face. She put one small hand on Nabby's wrist.

"No, no," said she, "don't you ask me—not tonight. I'm goin' to stay right here. I'm goin' to have me a cup o' tea by myself, an' then I'm goin' to wind up the clock an' go to bed. You let me do it just that way tonight, Nabby. Seems 'if I must."

"Well," said Nabby, "well!" She rolled down her sleeves thoughtfully, and took up a pile of her own dishes, loaned for the occasion, "I'll be over'n

but with her own lost youth. As if she had stepped from this ceremony into a chamber of her own life, she found herself going over her first meeting with her husband when they were young. It was at a picnic, but she had forgotten who else was there only he seemed to be always beside her carrying her basket, picking flowers, and saying things the others must not hear. Then came their marriage and the first year of it, when there seemed to be nothing in the world but good fortune. Beyond that the invisible spirit that led her mind did not guide her. The years of slow understanding of her husband's nature, the years when patience had been born in her through sharp travail, had dropped away. A beneficent hand had wiped them out, as if their mission having been accomplished, she might turn from sorrow now to rest. So she dropped idly back into her courtship days, wondering again if, as Grandmother Marvin said, this ap-



"Sally," said he, coming to his feet and facing her, "you must ha' got pretty well wore out with me, all this time."

in the mornin'," she concluded, and went with her grenadier step out at the back door. "You'd better come here an' git a breath," she called from the garden. "Smells terrible good here. 'Cruit you right up."

But Mrs. Marvin wanted no tonic save that of solitude in her familiar place. She sank into the rocking-chair by the window with a sense of peace. The house was full of fragrance. Green leaves were everywhere, and the ferns in the next room diffused a damp deliciousness like their own color. She hardly new her house it was so sweet. The dusk was falling and the Junction clock struck eight. This was not the way she had expected to feel on the night of her girl's wedding; but, strangely, her mind was not on Annie,

parition of the past were a forerunner of the end.

"Sally," came a man's voice from the darkened doorway. "Sally, you there?" "Yes, Stephen," she answered out of her dream. "Come right in." But she rose, in speaking, and hastened to the door. "I guess that screen's ketched," she said practically. "Sometimes it is."

Her husband stepped inside and set his bag down on the floor. Then it was that she found her heart was beating wildly, and her mouth grew dry.

"Well, Sally!" said he. It was the same voice. Kind and sad, kind by nature, sad for no reason, and it was like a call from that past which seemed at once so far away and meagre compared with the moment's vividness.



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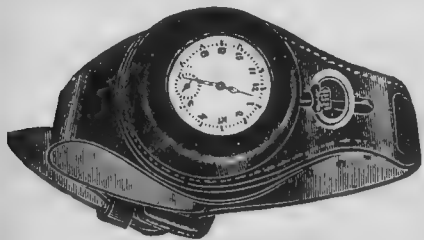
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"I see in the paper Annie was goin' to be married today," he said.

"Yes," answered the wife. "It was a real pretty weddin'!"

"That why you got all this green up? I looked in through the window."

"Yes. Her mates trimmed up for her."

"I don't know 's ever I see anything quite so pretty."

Then he added with some awkwardness, "I was over thirty miles away. I thought I'd come."

"Yes; Annie spoke about you last night." She was shaking now so that she was afraid her feet would tremble on the floor.

"Maybe she thought I'd come. Did you think so, Sally?" Some eagerness had crept into his voice.

"No," she said gently, "I didn't s'pose you would Stephen, here's your chair." She drew it forward from its place beside the hearth, but he only laid his hand upon it.

"I did come," he said quickly, like a boy making confession. "I got here 'long about eleven, but I hadn't the face to come in. I didn't know who'd be here. So I cut down across the woods and set there by the spring till now."

"You ain't had a thing to eat," said the wife tenderly. "You let me get a light."

"No." His hand was on her shoulder, checking her. "Do you wish I'd come to the weddin'?" he asked haltingly. "Should you be'n pleased to have me here?"

She was silent for a moment while they followed the clock's tick, and he wondered at feeling her trembling so under his hand.

"Yes," she said; then gently, "I should ha' be'n pleased to have you. So would Annie. But—" her voice broke there, and with it her hardly won control. "No! no!" she sobbed, "it don't make any difference when you come, so long as you're here now. Do you s'pose I care whether folks see you or not—or wether they think you've done right by comin', or or anything in the world, so's you're here livin' and breathin' in this room?" She had laid both hands upon him and was clinging to him heavily. Her words came breathlessly. When he bent to her he saw that there were tears upon her face.

"Why, Sally," he spoke slowly and in wonder, "I never knew you set by me like that."

"Oh, me!" she was sobbing. "Oh, my soul! I ain't died while you've be'n gone, but I guess I can't live through anything like your comin' home. Oh, me! Oh, me!" Stephen put his arms about her and stood there, his cheek upon her hair. For the first time he understood his life, and the pang of it was so great that even a woman's mercy could not save him from it. Only by his homecoming could he learn what it had been to go away. But Sarah Marvin was not so unlike the young Sally who had chafed and bantered him those years ago. She withdrew herself from him and put up her apron to wipe her eyes.

"There!" said she with a little broken laugh, "I should think I wa'n't more'n three year old. Now, you le' me light a light, Stephen, an git' you a bite o' suthin' to eat."

Stephen sank into his chair, as if the weight of thought were heavy for him, and sat there looking straight in front of him, while she struck her match with trembling fingers. She turned up the wick, and he wheeled about in his chair and looked at her. She was changed since the day he left her here. Now she was, perhaps more a mother than a wife, a soft brooding bird who had protected and counselled and set herself aside. Yet her cheek was smooth and fair, and the gloss of her brown braids was something he remembered. This was the sweetness of maternity, and it moved him.

"By George!" he broke out, under his breath.

"What is it, Stephen?" she asked him softly, and standing with one hand upon the table, she looked at him in turn. He was, to her faithful woman's eyes, almost as she remembered him. His outdoor life had kept him strong and well. An unfretted existence had helped disguise his years. He was clean and wholesome, and she felt in her heart that she was proud of him.

"What is it?" she asked again.

"Sally," said he, coming to his feet and facing her, "you must ha' got pretty well wore out with me, all this time."

Her hand went to her throat, as she felt the accumulated wearying of the years. "I never did once," she said, with the simplicity of a child.

"Didn't you want I should come back?"

"Not till you got ready."

A shade of perplexity crossed his brow and wrinkled it.

"Sally," said he, "did you understand what made me want to go away?"

"Yes," said Sally, in that same instant loyalty, "'course I did."

"Well, that's more'n I do. What was it?"

"You wanted to because you wanted to," said Sally. "You was made that way."

"Well, mebbe I was. But it's a mighty poor way, an' I'd ought to be'n kicked out on't. Now, you look here, Sally." He crossed the space between them at a stride, and put his hands upon her shoulders. "You wan't me to stay now I'm here?"

A look of terror wrung her face. He knew it for what it was, and wondered again that any man could be so dear to any woman. But she spoke with moderation.

"If you feel to, I want you should."

"Then you listen to me. I ain't done a thing that I couldn't tell you. An' we ain't so terrible old. We've got a good deal o' time before us. An' what's left on't, we'll settle down here together, an' I'll see what I can do."

His wife flushed slowly. The delicate reddening of her cheeks was pretty to him. She laughed a little with a sudden thought. It was a merriment not far from tears.

"Mebbe I ain't goin' to die after all," she said. "I've be'n possessed thinkin' over what was past an' gone. Now I see what 'twas. You was on your way, an' I got news on't somehow." She turned back to him from the pantry where her cookery awaited him. Her eyes were shining. "Now, you only think," she said. "I guessed 'twas death, an' so 'tis, a kind of death—for death's the passin' away of things that was. It's a kind of beginnin', too. Now I'm goin' to make a cup o' tea an' we'll set down an' drink it. Mabbe we'll eat a piece o' weddin' cake."

At Eventide.

In boyhood days, beneath the forest shade,
Through which the waning sunlight faintly gleams,
Oft would I watch to see the daylight fade,
While all the west was purpled with my dreams.

From every rippling murmur of the brook,—

From every wayside flower that burns in flame,

From every errant breeze that softly shook

The swaying boughs, some whisper to me came.

What though anear I saw the toil and strife,

The grief and care, that rack human life?

Glory and gladness made the sum of life,

While dream and whisper still attended me.

In manhood days, amid the ceaseless din,

The rabble's clamor with its sordid ways,

The toiler's fight for bread, the want of the sin,

The wild, mad race for wealth, night turned to days.

That man might work and scheme and grasp for more

And grasping thrust his brother to the dust,—

Still, still the dreams their freighted visions bore,

And still the whispers breathed of faith and trust.

But now as shadows lengthened, and the chill,

Crisp breath of evening steals across the day;

As fades the sunlight on the eastern hill,

And on the valleys falls a somber gray

No more the whispers come my soul to cheer

With wayward Fancy's buoyant color bright;

Less and more less the purple dream appear;

And thus in saddened silence comes the night.

Then falls the darkness. Stars are in the sky,

And fainter splash the ripples on the shore.

Ah, well-a-day; 'tis surely time to die
When dream and whisper visit me no more!

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Sally in Our Alley.

HENRY CAREY.

Andante.

1. Of all the girls that are so
2. Of all the days that in the

smart there's none like pretty Sally; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And
week 1. dearly love but one day, And that's the day that comes be-tween A

she lives in our alley There's nee-a la-dy in the land That's half so sweet as Sally; She is the
Sat-ur-day and Monday, For then in dress all in my best, To walk abroad with Sally; She is the

dar-ling of my heart, And she lives in our alley.

2. Her father he makes cabbage nets, And thro' the streets does cry them, Her mother she sells lace
3. When Christmas comes a-bout in. O then I shall have money, I'll hoard it up, and box and

long, To all who need to buy them, But can such folks the parents be Of such a girl as
all, I'll give it to my honey, And would it were ten thousand pounds, I'd give it all - to

Sally She is the dar-ling of my heart, And she lives in our al-ley.

5. My master and the neighbors all Make game of me and Sally; And but for her I'd better
be A slave and row a galley, But when my sev'n long years are out, Oh then I'll marry
Sally, And when we're wed we'll blithesome be But not in our alley

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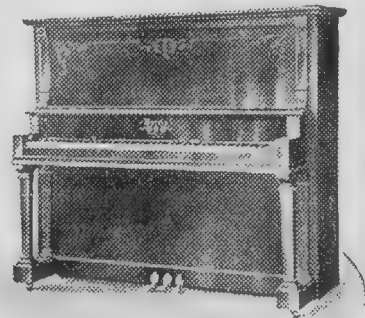
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Music and the Drama.

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Don't be content to sing by ear. Try to read music as easily as you do a newspaper. It is easy if you learn the right way. A musician should be able to hear with his eyes and see with his ears. To hear with the eyes is not at all difficult. Don't you do it every day? When you read a story can't you hear the various characters talking? Of course you can. You may say that it's only imagination—if it is, it is very near reality. Can't you hear your friends speaking and recognize their voices when they are not near you? It may be imagination or perhaps recollection, but it is very real.

In the same way we hear music when we see it. We hear how it would sound if it were played or sung. It is not at all clever. You can, with practice, become just as accustomed to hearing music when you see it as you are to hearing your friend's voice when he talks to you in a letter.

This is an accomplishment easily acquired by anyone with a musical ear. And when you can do this, it is very easy to sing at sight for of course you can sing with your voice what you can hear with your eyes.

Seeing with your ears is much more difficult. It means that when you hear a tune you can see the music written down on paper. Every composer has to do this or he could never write down his ideas. But doing this is only the same as seeing on paper what anyone is saying to you. If anyone is talking to you, can't you see the words he is saying written down? It is just the same with music, but it is more difficult to you, because you are not so conversant with music as you are with words—if you were it would be just as easy.

It is very easy to train a musical ear, but you must go the right way about it. Singing a tune you have picked up by ear won't help you to read music. You must be thoroughly conversant with all the scales, intervals and chords, then you will find no difficulty. The scales are easy to learn and distinguish. Intervals are not quite so easy, and chords and their progressions can only be learnt by studying Harmony. Many people think that Harmony is dry. So it is if you don't understand it. Reading Harmony books is not much good, and often confuses the would-be learner. You must begin at the beginning and work at the exercises in chord-progression, and never go on to a new chord until the old ones are thoroughly mastered. In this way you will soon learn, and the study will be a constant delight to you.

When you have worked a harmony exercise, look at it and try to hear it—then play it on the piano, and see if it sounds the same as you thought it would. This will cultivate the faculty of hearing with your eyes.

The study of Harmony is much more useful than is generally thought. First of all it enables you to analyze the works of the great masters, and to know why they have done certain things. Then it helps you to write correct music yourself, and if you play the piano, it is the greatest help in reading music you can have. When you try to read a new piece, it won't be all new to you. Nearly all the chords, scales, passages and progressions you will see, are old friends—you have made their acquaintance before. You know what and where they are, and can play them at once. Isn't this a help? Isn't Harmony worth studying when it brings about such splendid results?

Harmony is a delightful study not only for its own sake, but because it helps you to understand and appreciate the immortal works of the great masters better than you ever could before, and its study is so fascinating, that when you have thoroughly mastered it, you will want to know all

about counterpoint, form, etc., etc., and music will become such an enjoyment that you will be able to realize as you never did before, why it is called "The Divine Art."

It is good news to hear that Melba is coming to Winnipeg in the Autumn. Surely all musical Winnipeg will turn out to hear her.

Melba has a glorious voice; and she is one of the greatest, if not the greatest soprano singer of the present day. We should be especially proud of her, for she was born in Australia, and is British like ourselves. Her great talent is acknowledged all the world over, and Winnipeg will be fortunate if she comes. No one should miss hearing her.

The Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic Competition, which was held in Ottawa in 1907 and 1908 and in Montreal last year, will take place this year in Toronto, the Royal Alexandra Theatre having been secured for the week of April 4th. Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Grey and party from Ottawa will be present during the entire week. The number of competitions has been considerably extended. In addition to the trophy event, for which large amateur musical bodies are eligible such as choral societies, orchestras, church choirs and opera companies, individual competitions are given for young singers and instrumentalists. Three medals, gold for the first; silver for second and bronze for third, will be given for amateurs under 23 years of age in the following contests:—(1) best male voice; (2) best female voice; (3) best pianist; (4) best violinist.

These individual contests have been carried on with much success in the North of England, and will doubtless interest musical teachers, as well as students throughout Canada and Newfoundland.

Prizes of \$100 and \$50 each are given for the best original two-act play.

The chairman of the Toronto Committee is Hon. J. M. Gibson, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, and the honorary secretary, Major J. Fraser MacDonald, Government House Toronto.

Mme. Schumann-Heink has taken up the cudgels in defence of the national music of her adopted country. Ethelbert Nevin's "The Rosary" is the special composition upon whose detractors she wages war. She says in part:

"One trouble with us here is that we are not sufficiently loyal to our own composers. We do not think half enough of Nevin, and we have only the mildest appreciation for George Chadwick, one of the greatest of living composers. How many people know who Chadwick is? If he were a German the whole world would know of his works and his songs would be sung everywhere. But we pay scant attention to him because he is an American. We think 'The Rosary' is a good song, but it is only an American song. And if some comedian in a vaudeville theatre sings a vulgar parody on it, we laugh and applaud. If we realize how great an art work it is we would hiss down any and every attempt to cheapen it.

"When I went to Europe last winter I was honored with an invitation to sing privately for the Kaiser. He was entertaining the Queen of England, and I was asked to the Palace to sing while they had tea. There were present only His Majesty and the Empress and Queen Alexandra. I sang several German songs.

"Then, I sang 'The Rosary.' The Kaiser is not only a good musician, but a composer, and he liked 'The Rosary' immensely, and asked me to sing other songs. I was happy to be able to sing him Chadwick's 'Dianza.' How he did enjoy the lift of it! He asked for more Chadwick, and I sang him 'O Let Night Speak of Me.'

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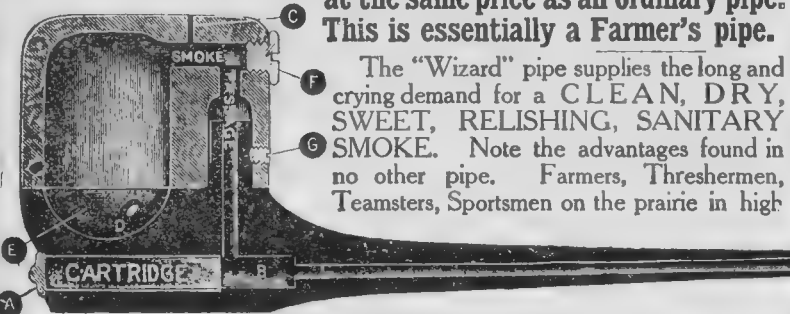
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WINNIPEG, MAN.

The Fate of a Ring.

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH



ABOUT to start a business letter, Mr. Teddy Yates glanced at the big calendar over his roll-top office desk and said, under his breath: "By George, so it is." Which, being interpreted, means that the big blue-figured calendar has reminded him of his wife's birthday, and he was glad that the reminder had not come too late.

"Annabel" was a great stickler for anniversary observances, especially those which made for tribute, such as Christmas, birthdays and the like. Also, being young and handsome, she was not averse to the glitter of a diamond ring or the seductive charm of pearls.

This time it must be something particularly fine. Something which would combine the merits of a peace offering with the dignity of a rite.



"Mrs. Yates, handsomely gowned and coiffured, glanced petulantly at the mantel clock."

He would be glad to wipe out that little episode about Jack Pingree. Of all the asses in the world the jealous ass was the most ridiculous. With a sense of recurrent temper he turned resolutely from contemplation of Mr. Pingree as an irritant to fix his mind on the selection.

His offering should be one of those novelties in gems which the shops were making such a blatant boast of—an olivine set about with diamonds, or a combination of beryl and pink sapphire. Annabel laid tremendous stress on being up-to-date.

The matter of purchasing and of marking the little morocco case made him late in getting home. He had only a margin of ten minutes in which to dress for dinner. He went directly to his dressing-room via the children's nursery, as was his custom.

Two little mouths were to be kissed before he went downstairs to his dinner, two little hearts to be made glad. The little mouths were sticky, so were the twenty small fingers which clutched recklessly at every available inch of his person.

"You have been eating candy," he said with a severe frown. The frown was for the white-capped diety who presided over cratically over the sticky little mouths and the twenty small fingers. "Nurse, you know I have prohibited their eating the stuff."

Nurse smiled vaguely at the small offenders as she shot a barbed arrow into their father's warm heart:

"Mr. Pingree, sir, gave it to them when he came at lunch time to go a-wheeling with Mrs. Yates."

Teddy was a loyal gentleman, not to be thrown off his balance by the insolence of a hireling. He disengaged the clinging sticky little fingers with infinite gentleness:

"So, then, if mama knows about the candy, it is all right."

He was on his way down to Annabel a few minutes later with the red morocco case in his breast pocket. He would lay it on her plate before dinner was announced. Pingree should not spoil the evening for him—if he could help it.

As he reached the level of the lower floor the butler had just softly closed the front door on the bringer of a superb bunch of roses.

"For Mrs. Yates, sir, with Mr. Pingree's compliments and congratulations," the man said explanatory as Teddy glanced casually at the flowers.

Mrs. Yates, handsomely gowned and coiffured, glanced petulantly at the mantel clock as Teddy entered the room.

"Of all nights to keep dinner waiting, to-night, Teddy!"

The butler's appearance immediately behind his master cleared the atmosphere. Annabel stretched eager hands towards the flowers. A luminous smile chased the frown from her pretty face.

"Oh, the beauties. Who did send them?" She took the card that was attached to the roses between her slim jewelled fingers. A soft pink came into her cheeks. "Compliments and congratulations of J. B. Pingree. Aren't they lovely? And isn't it nice, Ted, to have one friend in the world who is not too much taken up with money-grubbing to remember one's birthday? So thoughtful of him."

"I am sorry to be late," said Teddy with a chill in his voice. "Anything particular on hand?"

"Lohengrin. The Gilders are to call for me. They were so sorry they could not include you in the invitation, but their box only holds six, and they had invited the Rickarts and Jack Pingree before they thought of me."

Pingree was in the atmosphere. The red morocco box grew heavier against Teddy's bosom every moment, although it held nothing more ponderous than a glittering jewel for a slim white finger.

"I should not have cared to go under any circumstances," he said languidly, and applied himself in silence to his soup.

Annabel's airy assumption of jealousy jarred on him.

"No, I could never educate you up to opera. You would much rather go to see that horrid creature in short skirts and satin slippers, I presume, Nellie Gilder says half the men in town are raving over La Cigale. Disgusting!"

"La Cigale is, I believe, the idol of the music halls for the hour; but I had not thought of going to see her to-night."

He did not care to tell her that he thought of spending the anniversary of her birthday quietly at home, with, perhaps, the little ones treated to a whole evening downstairs—so far, the most exciting function they had ever participated in. Yates had an old-fashioned streak in him which Annabel had not yet educated him out of. But of what he had intended doing he never said a word. Then the Gilders came and Annabel went. So did he, later on, after sulking over a good cigar, made bitter by unpleasant reflections. Life had its compensations, he supposed, and in watching La Cigale's wonderful performance he could find distraction, if nothing better.

When he entered the crowded music hall he had in his hands a big bunch of roses not unlike those which Jack

Pingree had sent to Mrs. Yates earlier in the evening. To the stem of the centre rose was tied a ring—an olivine set about with diamonds. At a carefully selected moment roses and jewel fell at La Cigale's pirouetting feet.

Later on, as he stood on the curbstone, waiting for an upward bound car, he flung the morocco case into an ash-receiver. He laughed unpleasantly as it left his hand. As a peacemaker the olivine ring had miscarried.

Nothing so slow-moving as a street car could contain La Cigale and her emotions that night. With a long, dark ulster buttoned closely over her gaudy stage costume, she went home in state in a cab. The dancer had suddenly come into a fortune. An in-exhaustible fortune, tied to the stem of a rose.

After the cabman had deposited her on the sidewalk of a shabby cross-town street, she had still quite a journey to make before she was really at home.

"At home." in a stuffy little flat at the top of a five-story tenement house. At home after she had opened the door very softly and tip-toed, in her spangled slippers, up to a lounge plated in front

you another thing until I have fixed supper. I expect you are starved, and I know I am."

"Had enough?" she asked, as Tom leaned back on the lounge with a satisfied sigh.

"More than enough. But I haven't heard your knife and fork, Katy."

"Oh, Tom, I'm entirely too happy to eat. I wish you could see it. My fortune, I mean. The fortune that came to me tied to the stem of a rose. Such a beautiful rose among its fellows, lying perishing this moment on the floor in my dressing room. For, oh, Tom! how could I give the roses a thought when I was so full of you? When I saw it, glittering among the roses, I snatched at it with the one thought. Now, Tom can go to the best eye-doctor in town."

"But I thought we were never to take presents from men, Katy? You promised me."

"So I did, Tom—so we won't, dear; but this time it just came from the skies, and I couldn't send it back to the good Lord. Now, Tom, you are not to fly in the face of Providence. Providence put it into the heart of some rich simpleton to throw this ring at



"Tom, dear, wake up. I've something great to tell you!"

of her one window so that the stars could shine upon it.

A stifling smell of kerosene oil filled the small room. La Cigale turned the lamp up higher and bent over the lounge. In a voice as soft as a cooing dove's she called a name:

"Tom!" then passing a caressing hand over the head of the sleeper, she knelt by his side. "Tom, dear, wake up. I've got something great to tell you."

A hand went out to meet hers.

"I'm not asleep, Katy. I was just lying here thinking what a cursed burden I was on the best of wives. It would have been better for you if the falling brick that dashed enough lime in my eyes to put them out, had fallen on my skull instead and knocked my brains out."

"Now you are talking like a fool, Tom, and I've a great notion not to tell you my good news."

"Salary raised?"

La Cigale got up from her knees with a gay laugh.

"Better than that. But I shan't tell

La Cigale's feet. Your little grasshopper has brought it home to pay your doctor's bill with it, Tom. I couldn't send it back if I wanted to. And I wouldn't wear it for all the olivines and diamonds in the wide world."

She was glad he could not see the tears that were shining on her long lashes.

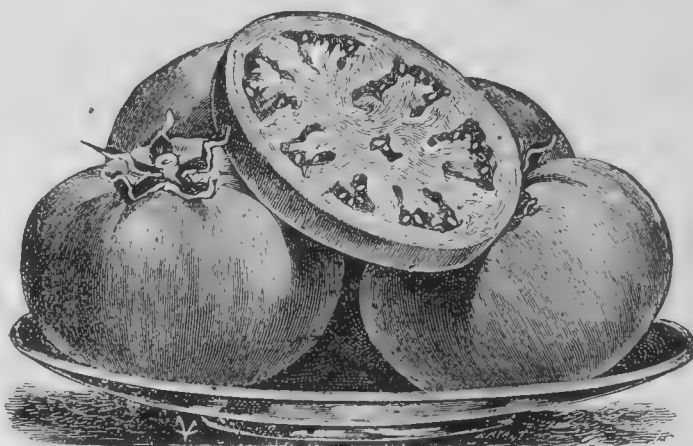
"Tom, old boy, if the ninny who tied this lovely ring to that rose-stem and pitched it at my feet could have known how much good it would do my husband, do you suppose he would want it back?"

"Not if he knew La Cigale for what she is, Katy. The dearest and most unselfish woman in the world struggling honestly under a heavy load."

"Only temporarily, Tom. Only for a little while, dear."

And, perhaps, if Teddy Yates could have looked into the home of the disabled book-keeper and seen the happiness his olivine ring had brought to two devoted hearts, he would have been reconciled to the fate of the olivine ring.

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The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Annual Meeting of Shareholders.

The forty-third annual meeting of the shareholders of the Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in Toronto on 11th January. After the Directors' report had been read to the meeting, the President called on the General Manager to address the shareholders. He spoke in part as follows:

General Manager's Address.

As has been foreshadowed by the easy position of the money market during the greater part of the year under review—the outcome of a general disposition to continue the liquidation of old obligations and of a lack of desire to engage in new undertakings, which resulted in a large accumulation of funds at important centres—the profits of the Bank show a decrease of \$116,636.92, as compared with the figures of the previous year. They are, however, somewhat in excess of 15 per cent. on the paid-up capital, and we believe that you will not consider this an unsatisfactory showing. Had it not been for the quickening in general trade which occurred during the last three months of the year, and which was no doubt accelerated by the bountiful harvest reaped in the Western Provinces, the decrease would inevitably have been much larger. The surplus of funds not needed for the ordinary commercial requirements of the country, and the large amounts which came to us through the sale of securities abroad, were temporarily loaned in New York; and as rates ruled low for a long period, the resulting profit was not entirely satisfactory; but the result of the policy we have pursued in regard to holding a considerable amount in reserve on quick call, even at low rates, has again justified the wisdom of such a course.

The year has been one of gradual recovery in trade, accompanied by a general appreciation of values, and we have been fortunate in this respect in recovering from assets in connection with which appropriations had previously been made the sum of \$300,000. This sum added to the ordinary earnings of the year has enabled us, after paying the usual dividend and providing for the annual contribution to the Pension Fund, to write \$419,801.72 off Bank Premises Account, and to carry forward \$722,139.02 in Profit and Loss Account.

This autumn we have for the first time made use of the provisions of the Bank Act amendment of 1908, which empowers the banks during the grain-moving season to issue circulating notes in excess of their paid-up capital to the extent of 15 per cent. of the total of paid-up capital and surplus combined. At the close of our year the Bank's circulation stood at \$10,327,415, an increase of more than \$686,000 over the figures of the previous balance sheet. The highest amount of the excess circulation of this Bank during the past two months has been \$934,000. The wisdom of this provision for additional circulation has been signally demonstrated by the ease with which the necessary circulating medium has been provided for the movement of last year's abundant harvest, and we had no hesitation in exercising our right to take advantage of this provision, although it entailed a loss which might have been avoided by withholding our own circulation and paying out sundry notes of other banks. It is clear that unless arrangements are shortly made for additional circulation by increase of capital, a situation may arise in which a struggle to reduce the amount outstanding at the end of January to within the limit of paid-up capital will become inevitable, and if this becomes at all general, it is not likely to be accomplished without considerable disturbance to business.

The increase in deposits during the year amounted to \$25,449,182, the largest annual increase in the history of the Bank, and an amount exceeding the total of its deposits only eleven years ago. An important part of this sum, however, consists of deposits known to be temporary, this class of deposits having probably reached a higher level than ever before. Concurrently with this large increase of deposits our loans have in-

creased \$21,500,689, and we have nearly \$10,000,000, in excess of the figures of last year employed at call or short notice. We also hold \$3,388,571 more cash than a year ago, but this increase is only in proportion to the addition to our liabilities.

In view of the remarkable prosperity with which this Bank has been favored during the past few years, we must reckon with the question as to what our duty is to those who have entrusted us with the investment of a large capital. During what may be called the formative period of the Bank we have asked the shareholders to accept a reasonable dividend while we endeavored to lay the foundations of a safe and permanent business. In the management of our Bank we have had a two-fold purpose: first, the permanence and continuity of a service to the country which must bear some relation to our duty, and, second, the successful administration of your property, looking to its earning power now and in the future. With these purposes in view we have had the courage to adopt a policy of erecting a large number of branch buildings, for the time being taxing your profits. It cannot in justice be said that what we have done has exceeded our requirements, or that we could safely have delayed this important work.

Nevertheless, we should not forget that you have been exceptionally patient with us in the working out of our plans, and we think the time has now come when the increment from your investment should be larger. It is our purpose to recommend during the coming year an increase of dividend to nine per cent. per annum, with the earnest expectation that our prosperity will before long justify a further increase.

President's Address.

The statement we have laid before you, the General Manager's comments thereon and his suggestions as to our future, strikes the keynote for most things that can be said about Canada during the past year. We are recovering from the world-wide stringency of 1907 almost too rapidly, and in marked contrast to the years following the panic of 1893. We certainly are not able to discover all the reasons for the remarkable difference between the two periods, but prominent among them, doubtless, are the celerity with which the trading nations of the world now act together when a money stringency arises, the continued large production of gold, and the fact that there has been no general readjustment of prices, and therefore comparatively few failures. In the case of Canada there are some additional reasons. We are now fairly well advertised in Europe, and still better in the United States, and we represent Opportunity to many of those who have energy out of proportion to their surroundings. This is attracting the immigrant as fast as we can settle him, the capitalist seeking industrial ventures, and, still more, the capitalist seeking securities. The first of these two classes of capitalists still comes mainly from the United States, and the second from Europe, but they are not quite so sharply divided as heretofore. With a very large number of new settlers, many new industries and abundant capital, we need only good crops and the prevailing high prices for foodstuffs to accelerate our usual rate of progress.

The total value of the field crops of Canada, at local market prices, is placed by the Census Department at \$532,992,000, gathered from 30,065,556 acres, as compared with \$432,534,000 gathered from 27,505,663 acres in the previous year.

The basis of our trade relations with Great Britain has been improved, leaving out of account the abnormal year ending March, 1909. Taking the years 1901, 1902 and 1903 together, for every \$35 of products exported to Great Britain we received \$15 in goods and \$20 in cash. During the years 1906, 1907 and 1908, for every \$39 of products exported we received \$25 in goods and only \$14 in cash. As we look to England to buy almost all of the securities,

with the proceeds of which we pay for our surplus of imports, and as practically all of the cash received both for surplus exports to Great Britain and for securities sold goes to pay the United States, any improvement in our imports from Great Britain at least tends to make the situation less one-sided. When we turn to our trade with the United States there is no improvement in the proportion between exports and imports. In the years 1901, 1902 and 1903, for every \$38 of goods imported from the United States we sent to that country \$21 in products and paid \$17 in cash. During the years 1906, 1907 and 1908, for every \$62 of goods imported we sent them \$31.50 in products and paid them \$30.50 in cash. It is well also to note that the increase of our exports to Great Britain in the short period used for comparison is as \$39 to \$35, while the increase of our imports from the United States is as \$62 to \$38. It would, undoubtedly, be wise for the United States to take payment to a greater extent in products, and we can afford to smile at threats of disturbance to such a total of trade as they enjoy with us. The discussion in the United States of the Payne Tariff Bill shows no disposition on their part to take a broader view of their relations with us; indeed, quite the reverse, if we are to judge by the power to annoy us given to the Executive of the United States. But the fact that we intend to manage our natural resources in our own way, to favor Great Britain in our tariff relations, and to make such trade arrangements as we choose with other countries which are disposed in turn to treat us well, will be accepted, and the great and rapidly growing trade between Canada and the United States will not be seriously checked, as it was in other days of tariff manipulation, when we were not so important as trading neighbors.

The Maritime Provinces.

The varied interests in the Maritime Provinces, taken altogether, have provided another year of reasonable prosperity, although the protracted coal strikes have curtailed the general trade of the communities directly concerned. In most parts farmers have had good crops with high prices. More attention is being paid to dairying and cattle-raising, which latter has been neglected of late years, and more intelligent methods of farming are being generally introduced, while keener interest is being shown in farmers' associations, agricultural colleges and similar means of improvement. Large yields of grain per acre can be obtained in many parts; and great fodder and root crops and good grazing areas could be secured by a more intelligent direction of energy. The value of the field crops of the Maritime Provinces is as yet very small, being for the past year only \$49,684,000. The apple crop, both in yield and prices, has been unusually satisfactory, and in some parts the growing of other fruits is becoming an important and profitable feature. Fishing, although, as usual, very uneven as to the catch of different kinds and as to the fortunes of different fishing areas, has produced a more profitable result than the average. As might be expected from the conditions of foreign trade, the cut of lumber has been kept down; stocks, however, have been nearly cleared out, and, in consequence, the outlook for the trade is again satisfactory. Manufacturing interests have had a moderate revival and the prospect for a still larger volume of sales is good. In general trade the note is one of distinct hopefulness; orders are plentiful and prices have a tendency to advance. The most important industrial incident of the year has been the settlement of the long-standing dispute between the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company, and this has been followed by a partial but substantial union of interests which should ensure the maximum of prosperity to the two companies. Both companies have done well during the past year, although the profits in both cases have naturally been affected by the prolonged coal strike, which began in July and lasted several months. The Steel Company is making extensions and improvements to its plant, which must naturally increase its output, and apparently the demand for its products is

such that the enlarged production could be readily sold. The Coal Company, as a result of the strike, reduced its output about one-quarter, say, from 3,300,000 tons to about 2,500,000. It has now nearly a full complement of men. The output of coal for the whole Province of Nova Scotia available for sale, which was about 5,500,000 long tons in 1908, decreased over 1,000,000 tons in 1909.

Ontario and Quebec.

This year has been a prosperous one for the farmers of Ontario and Quebec. Despite unfavorable weather, the crops were, on a whole, above the average and brought excellent prices. The agricultural areas, the weather conditions and the nature of the crops vary so much in these provinces that the yield has ranged from scanty to abundant, but there seems to be no district in which general prosperity among the farmers is not admitted, and in which this is not shown by their power to buy and to pay debts. The value of the field crops of Ontario and Quebec for 1909 as given by the Census Department was \$290,461,000. In some districts steady improvement in farming is clearly evident. More attention is being paid to tile-draining, the destruction of weeds, rotation of crops, good seed and manuring than ever before, and where the farming is at its best, the yield per acre of grain is not only increasing, but puts shame to most other parts of North America. In other districts, however, the profits of farming are not what they should be, and it is hard to keep the young men from going to the West. Notwithstanding the world's high prices for wheat and the large yield per acre in these provinces, the quantity of wheat grown in them will, doubtless, lessen in proportion to other products, and even now there is very little to sell. The farmer finds his profit more and more in dairying, the raising of cattle, horses, hogs, fruit, vegetables for canning, poultry, etc. We do some things, however, badly. We could supply the world with the finest apples, and well-ordered orchards pay an unusually handsome return, but as a rule, everything in the apple business, from the care of the trees to the landing of the fruit in Europe, is done in a more or less shiftless manner. On the other hand there are districts where direct attention is given to fruit-growing, and in these there is a marked improvement and the great value of these products is being realized. We have in our West and elsewhere great markets for horses, but we do not try very hard to improve the breeding, although we know everything in the end depends on that. And as to breeding, the same may be said of those who rear cattle.

Because of the great increase in Western and other home consumption of articles produced on Eastern farms, our exports of certain articles—noticeably dairy products—are falling off. This falling off is much to be regretted, as greater energy would apparently have enabled us to supply both markets more completely. It seems, indeed, true that in very many parts of Eastern Canada, while the money result makes the farmer comfortable, the land is not being worked to the best advantage, and the product must be less in quantity than in the past. Where the farming represents the high intelligence of our agricultural colleges, conditions are better than ever before and the outlook is excellent; but where intelligence is not so great, and especially where the land does not respond readily to cultivation, conditions are not improving, and we fear this statement applies to a larger area in Eastern Canada than does the more favorable one. From the less prosperous districts men are still going to the West, and in all parts of Eastern Canada an ever-present trouble is the lack of sufficient farm labor. This causes many kinds of difficulties, besides the obvious effect on the volume and cost of production. Indeed, we cannot have the best possible farming even where intelligence is at its highest, because every farmer finds himself forced to adjust his scheme of farming to the labor he can secure. Intensive farming would be the best for the country as a whole, because by it the largest gross value per acre would be produced, and the farmer would thus have more to spend on labor and supplies; but scarcity of labor makes him turn grazier, so that he may get

a satisfactory net profit with the least outlay possible for labor and supplies. On the other hand it has brought about an extraordinary advance in labor-saving farm machinery.

Partial drought and high prices have apparently lessened the number of animals on Ontario farms. As compared with 1908 the Government returns to 1st July show diminished numbers in milch cows and other cattle, sheep, swine, and poultry, and only in horses is the number larger. The shipments of apples from Montreal were 581,000 barrels the average for ten years being 445,000. The export of butter has nearly ceased, the shipments from the same port being 39,000 packages, against 573,000 in 1905, the collapse in 1907 being clearly maintained. A very largely increased home demand will hardly explain this. In cheese the shipments were 1,872,000 boxes, worth \$17,225,000, the average for five years being 1,996,000 boxes, worth \$18,417,000. We used to explain the fall from the high figures of 1903 by the development of the production of butter, but now we must admit that we have less dairy products to export than formerly, whatever be the cause. At the same time, Great Britain does not need our dairy products as much as formerly. New Zealand, which five years ago supplied only 4 per cent. of the cheese exported from the colonies, now supplies 20 per cent. Notwithstanding improved facilities, grain exports are smaller than in 1907 and 1908, being 27,950,000 bushels, against an average for five years of 28,143,000 bushels. In flour, however, there is a large increase, the shipments being 1,713,000 sacks and 210,000 barrels, against 1,128,000 sacks and 167,000 barrels in 1908. Live stock shipments are smaller than in any recent year, but for several reasons the figures do not illustrate the trade as a whole. The Harbor Commissioners are steadily improving the facilities of the port of Montreal, with the hope of making it the foremost port on this continent. The volume of shipments from Montreal and of inland shipments through the Lachine Canal both show a gratifying increase over 1908.

In manufacturing the conditions are very satisfactory, having regard to the recent check. As the year advanced, there was a steady increase in orders, with an improvement in price. Not many new factories were built, but additions to existing plants were quite numerous. There are, of course, exceptions, but at the close of the year the majority of the factories in Ontario and Quebec were working at full time, many had increased their output over all past records, and nearly all have the promise of a larger volume of business in 1910 than ever before, orders from the West being unprecedentedly large in many lines. There has been great expansion in the volume of trade in steel, iron and metal goods of all kinds, with a considerable increase in prices. Flour milling has been abnormally profitable. In lumber the cut of pine for this year has apparently been completely sold, and higher grades of lumber sell readily, but in box lumber and in lower grades the market still needs some improvement. The outlook as a whole is very good. The new cut of logs will be dearer than that of the previous year, because of a recovery in the wages of the men. The most important event of the year in connection with our forests was the action of the Government of the Province of Quebec in connection with the export of pulpwood, with a view to the preservation of the great forest areas of that province. Much activity in building is general throughout the greater part of Canada, and in the smaller cities, as well as the larger ones, business properties are being sold at prices which would have been very surprising a few years ago. To a satisfactory extent these sales represent investments of capital unaccompanied by mortgages for part of the purchase money.

The mining business of Ontario centres at Cobalt, and here the production is the largest on record. The growth of this mining camp is sufficiently remarkable to make the figures for the last six years interesting. The value of the production has been as follows:—

1904	...	\$ 136,217
1906	...	3,573,908
1907	...	6,155,391
1908	...	9,133,378

1909 (estimated)	...	12,000,000
		\$32,484,464

Taking into consideration the ore reserves in sight and without reference to the effect of the price of silver, the output of Cobalt alone may maintain this high level, or thereabouts, for a few years. Of the various other areas being either prospected or developed, little of a definite character can be said. Many millions have been spent in the work but as yet practically no shipments have been made, although a moderate supply of ore awaits shipment at Gowganda. Lack of transportation facilities and the other great physical difficulties of work in the north country must make development slow, but eventually other camps of importance besides Cobalt will, doubtless, arise. There have been apparently important discoveries of gold in the Townships of Whitney and Tisdale, about 150 miles north-west of Cobalt. In the meantime silver has become the mineral of second importance in Canadian production, having displaced copper, nickel and gold, and standing, according to the figures for 1908, in relation to coal as 13.5 does to 29.3. On the basis of our figures for 1908, we have now moved to the third position among the world's producers of silver, having displaced Australasia. This is the highest position we can hope to hold, as our production is still small beside that of Mexico and the United States. While the silver market was rather uncertain during the year, the price remained about the same until December, when the market showed a hardening tendency. The world's production has increased from 43 million ounces in 1868 to 109 millions in 1888 and 200 millions in 1908. This is not remarkable in comparison with other products, but the price has fallen from \$1.32 per ounce in 1868, to 94 cents in 1888, and 52 cents in 1908. The total value of all minerals produced in Canada in 1908, as shown by the preliminary Government report, was \$87,323,000.

At the end of 1909 business generally in Ontario and Quebec, whether in manufacturing, ordinary trading in merchandise, building, dealing in real estate, mining, selling of bonds and securities, or otherwise, is distinctly active, and accompanied by increasing prices and larger volume in most articles. The legitimate basis for this state of affairs is our excellent crops and an easy money market. But the very activity of business will cause the easy money to disappear, and the high prices are already causing a speculative tendency, which is sure, as usual, to end in loss and disappointment to many.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

We have, as you already know, another year of great prosperity to record for the Prairie Provinces. The spring in Manitoba was cold and backward, but good weather in May and June gave the crops as good a position at the end of June as in 1908, when the spring was early and favorable. In Saskatchewan and Alberta the spring conditions gave everything a good start, but July and August were very dry, and the yields suffered because of too quick ripening. Southern Alberta suffered greatly from winter-killing of wheat—as high as 60 to 75 per cent. in some parts—but this loss was largely repaired by reseeded in the spring. In August there were further losses by frost and hail, and this part of the province did not bear out the first crop estimates, although the total results were fairly good. In August we published the estimate of our Superintendent of Central Western Branches, based upon reports from nearly 400 correspondents. This was as follows:—

	Bushels.
Wheat	113,979,000
Oats	157,537,000
Barley	24,324,000

In this estimate allowance was made for shrinkage by rain, heat, hail, frost or other adverse conditions. The country, however, had ideal autumn weather, and some carefully made estimates now put the wheat yield as high as 120,000,000 to 125,000,000 bushels. Our estimates for other grains seems likely to be confirmed. The flax crop, to which we do not always refer, is this year about 3,500,000 bushels, and because of the abnormal price will bring the farmers about \$4,500,000. The grain crops are high in

quality, 90 to 95 per cent. being suitable for milling. The grain crops altogether are the largest in quantity and in value ever harvested in these provinces, and the total result in money will be from \$155,000,000 to \$160,000,000. The Census Department's estimate of the value of all field crops, cereals, roots, grasses, vegetables, etc., for the three provinces is \$192,839,000.

We cannot report very good prospects for the next season. It has been dry in the West for three or four months, and in consequence the ground is hard, making fall plowing difficult. Unless the spring is early and favorable, we cannot expect as large an increase in acreage as would otherwise be the case. These conditions should result more adversely in Southern Alberta and Southern Saskatchewan than elsewhere, because of the greater need of moisture in these parts of the West.

As we have tried to emphasize regarding Eastern Canada, the country as a whole is deeply interested in the largest gross product from each acre of land, because every dollar not saved by the farmer is spent in Canada in labor and merchandise. The average farmer, however, will not adopt new methods beyond the point which gives him comfort, financially and otherwise. And so, because the pressure of population is slight and the rest of the world at the moment pays high prices for foodstuffs, we do not, except in a few isolated districts, raise from each acre nearly as much as we would if the pressure of necessity were upon us. When this means neglect of the land, as, indeed, it generally does, we may be sure that some day we shall be punished for it. Few farmers in the West take enough trouble in preparing the ground for the crop, weeds are getting a hold upon the country which will in the next generation cause the children to say harsh things of their fathers, the land is not rested by changing crops or restored by fertilizers to any reasonable extent, and as yet the side profits from such useful adjuncts to grain crops as cattle, horse, sheep and hog raising, dairying, poultry farming, etc., are little in evidence, except in particular districts, where marked success has attended dairying and stock raising. Even if the present money result was no greater, mixed farming, in which the crops are partially used on the farm to feed stock, would so sustain the value of the land for grain-growing as to pay handsomely in the long run.

An adequate system of hail insurance should be devised at once, and some plan should be worked out by the Provincial Governments which will afford some reasonable assurance of a sufficient supply of harvest laborers. The increase in the number of elevators and the improvement in facilities for handling the grain crops after they leave the farmers' hands should be very satisfactory from the farmers' point of view. Certainly competition was never so keen before, and profits to the grain dealers are likely to be disappointing in consequence. In the Prairie Provinces, and including the small number in British Columbia, there were in 1909 1,763 elevators, 37 warehouses and 769 stations, 2,569 in all, with a capacity of 54,234,900 bushels, as against 2,086, with a capacity of 43,037,400 bushels in 1908. Including the Ontario terminals handling Western grain, the total growth in capacity is from 63,190,000 bushels in 1908 to 77,550,000 in 1909. The capacity of the Western flour mills, including those at Fort William and Keewatin, is now over 41,000 barrels daily, and, as indicated elsewhere, they have enjoyed a year of unusual prosperity.

Cattle came through the winter in good condition, and practically without loss. Prices have been from \$5 to \$12 per head over the previous year. The number of export cattle passing through Winnipeg up to the middle of November was 61,638, the number of cattle for local consumption was 18,491, and of hogs, 113,139. These numbers are considerably smaller than last year, but the prices realized by the producer are much better, and hides are selling for the highest price ever known in the West.

Ranching is probably doomed by the incoming of the grain grower, and this emphasizes what we have said regarding mixed farming in the West. The demand for beef is growing, indeed the price of all meat food is very high throughout the world, and it would be a ridiculous state of things if a country

which is now actually importing sheep from the United States and Australia, and which is buying two-thirds of the bacon it consumes in the United States, instead of improving this very unsatisfactory state of affairs, should make it worse by the importation of beef, a possibility not at all too absurd to consider. The number of cattle in the West is smaller this year than last, and there is really no time to lose. The situation cannot be improved in a year, and the basis of stock raising by farmers on a larger scale should be laid at once. In any event, it will take several years to produce a satisfactory situation. The prices paid for hogs and cattle in Winnipeg during the past few months should tempt any farmer to take up this branch of farming.

The prospects for the lumber market in the Prairie Provinces, which, in addition to the increasingly important stocks of spruce and poplar, produced by their own mills, consume large quantities of pine, fir and cedar from Northwestern Ontario and British Columbia, are quite good. During the early part of the year the retailers, after their experience in 1908, were slow to buy until the crops were assured, and prices were therefore unprofitable to the manufacturer, so that the year as a whole is not likely to be very satisfactory, although much better than 1908. Since the assurance of good crops, both the volume of sales and the prices have so improved that an active and profitable business is already being done.

It is thought that the population of the three provinces is now nearly 1,250,000. Even based on the Census Department reports to 31st March, with estimates for foreign immigration since, but not for movement from Eastern Canada, the figures are 1,162,000. It is evident that our estimate of last year, namely, 975,000, was too low. In addition to the unusual movement from the United States, there has also been a large number of immigrants from Europe, but the decrease from Europe as compared with 1908 is pronounced. The character is, however, so much better, and their declared possessions in money and other values so much greater, that these considerations more than compensate for the loss in numbers. The outlook for immigration next year is exceedingly good in all directions.

Such prosperity has naturally excited real estate speculation, and the pace at which prices are rising and the tendency of ill-informed people to invest their money in suburban schemes in which the adjacency to solidly settled parts is often in inverse proportion to the claims of the dealers in this respect, is again apparent enough to warrant a caution on our part. There is, of course, a great legitimate increase in values both in the farm and in the cities, but those who buy on margin, or who buy without knowledge of surrounding conditions, are sure to be punished in a majority of cases. Winnipeg has now a population of about 150,000. The building permits to the end of November covered 2,904 buildings to cost \$9,152,000, as compared with 1,740 buildings in 1908 to cost \$5,427,000. It is the third city in Canada, and although we think of it mainly as a great market, it has already 180 factories, employing 11,000 people. Like Chicago in earlier days, it may astonish us in this respect before many years have passed. In any event, when in 1912 the centenary of the landing of the Selkirk Settlers is celebrated, it will have a record of growth to show which will be worth much to Canada as a general advertisement of the whole West.

Extensive new mileage has been built by the three railway corporations, particularly in Saskatchewan and Alberta. Great improvements in the way of double-tracking and to roadbeds and terminals have also been made, and again the crop has been moved to the head of the lakes in a satisfactory manner.

The plans of the several companies formed to supply water to the dry lands of Southern Alberta are now beyond the experimental stage, and great success is attending their efforts to obtain settlers. Of the western section of the Bow River area, being developed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, only about 15 per cent. is still unsold, and the energy and intelligence of this great corporation in establishing demonstration farms, in discovering new kinds of crops, supplying good seed, making first improvements

and breaking the land for settlers, limiting the holdings of individual settlers, and advertising the country in Europe and the United States, quite apart from the great irrigation works themselves, should command the admiration of every Canadian.

Doubtless few people in the East realize the extent to which our western and north-western lakes have been supplying fish to the United States markets. The value of the catch this year is from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000, and it includes seven important species of fresh-water fishes. The lakes of three provinces are being fished, namely, Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, Winnipegosis, Dauphin, Lake of the Woods, Rainy River, Lake Athabasca, and other large bodies of fresh water north of Edmonton and Prince Albert. The supply of fish in these waters is practically inexhaustible if properly protected, and as a result of the findings of a commission appointed by the Dominion Government, it is hoped that every necessary step will be taken. It will be a great calamity if their history is like that of the Great Lakes in Eastern Canada.

Summing up the trade conditions for these provinces, it may safely be said that, as in the East, the volume of

trade has increased as the year progressed, and that the level of 1906 has doubtless been reached by almost all trades, while many are doing a larger business than ever before. The extent to which retail trading is being done on a cash basis is gratifying, and in marked contrast to the early years of settlement in the Eastern Provinces.

The scrutineers subsequently reported the following gentlemen to be elected as Directors for the ensuing year:—B. E. Walker, C.V.O., LL.D.; Robert Kilgour, Hon. George A. Cox, James Crathern; John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D.; J. W. Flavell, LL.D.; A. Kingman, Hon. L. Melvin Jones, Hon. W. C. Edwards; Z. A. Lash, K.C., LL.D.; E. R. Wood; Hon. J. M. Gibson, K.C., LL.D.; William Master, Robert Stuart.

At a meeting of the newly-elected Board of Directors held subsequently Mr. B. E. Walker was elected President and Mr. Z. A. Lash Vice-President.

The Room Setting For Pianos.

One going to the large cities, is wonderfully impressed with the changes which are being adopted for displaying merchandise. The country store idea,

where everything is jumbled together, is almost a thing of the past. Every up-to-date merchant realizes the importance of displaying his goods so that the customer is able to judge them as they would appear in their own home, or for the purpose which they intend using them.

One of the most notable examples of this progressive movement yet seen in Winnipeg is the piano and gramophone showrooms of Messrs. Cross, Goulding & Skinner, Ltd., which is located beside the Standard Bank, directly opposite Eaton's, on Portage Ave. This enterprising firm have built into their spacious store a number of rooms about the size of the average parlor, and these rooms are furnished in different styles and colors and are made sound proof, so the customer has the opportunity of hearing and seeing an instrument under the same conditions as it would appear in their own parlor. The furnishings in each room have been planned so as to harmonize with the new designs and latest finish of pianos.

Any intending purchaser will quickly realize what an advantage this would be in helping them to make an intelli-

gent selection. It is very difficult for a customer going into a large warehouse where a great many pianos are together, to make a selection. Very often, the instrument they would choose in the warehouses is one that they will not be so well pleased with in their own parlor, but when they hear it in about the same sized room as their own, with similar furnishings, they are able to judge how it would look and sound at home.

In addition to these smaller rooms, this firm have a large concert room where they keep their Grand pianos, and this room is also used for their monthly recitals which they have planned to give with the Player Piano, and at times prominent vocalists and violinists will be secured to assist, in order to demonstrate the possibilities of the Player Piano for accompanists.

The monthly gramophone retail will also be a feature, and customers will have an opportunity of hearing the new lists each month, which will insure a very enjoyable evening to owners of machines and at the same time enable them to keep in touch with all the latest records produced and to hear them over before making a purchase. The gramophone parlors which will be located in the basement, are not yet completed, but will undoubtedly surpass anything of their kind in Western Canada.

They represent such excellent makes as New Scale Williams, Weber (New York), Ennis & Co, Krydner, Kauffman, Doherty Organs, Edison and Victor Phonographs and Gramophones, Player Pianos and electric pianos.

Messrs. Cross, Goulding & Skinner are to be congratulated on their splendid new warehouses, and we feel that they will be more than repaid by the increased business which will come to them as a result of their endeavor to give the public better service, which is the keynote of the success of this institution.

Training Children.

"We are starting at the wrong end. Too many of us are bringing up children without any moral training at all, and in so doing we are poisoning our supply of good citizens at the source. Every good citizen ought to know that 95 per cent. of the evils that we suffer from social disorder, contempt of law, petty and large commercial dishonesty was practically beyond the reach of legislation."

We will someday learn that we must have something besides prohibitory laws in order to stop any kind of evil doing. A new atmosphere must be created with regard to what is the honorable thing and the willingness to do the honorable thing. Too many women do sneer their delight at having beaten the street car company out of the five cents for which, or without which, its fifteen cents' worth of transportation may be had, according as the woman is honest or dishonest. Our children may be whipped for deceiving respectable parents, but certainly not with propriety when they know that we are doing all we can to get out of society and the dry goods store and the church as much as we can for as little as we dare to pay. We have got down on all fours to smartness and we yet worship the policy of "get there anyhow."

The result is that the little immoralities which sap the life of a nation are more to be dreaded than the wholesale plunderers who are simply doing on a large scale what smaller people think is no sin to do on a small scale. As Lowell says:

In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing,

The ten commandments will not budge
And stealing will continue stealing.

There is no doubt that disobedience of law upon the part of those of us who are in the thirties and forties and have been most largely learned when we were capable of receiving better instruction from our parents. This moral slump has been a long time in coming. But let the past go. There is still less doubt that obedience to law in liberty-loving Canada needs to be taught just now by the parents whose only serious relationship to the future of Canada must be felt through their children.

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Will be interested in this Article and should Read it Carefully

Do you know that you can learn to prepare, mount and stuff the fine GAME HEADS, BIRDS AND ANIMALS that you secure? Do you know that you can mount them as well as a professional taxidermist, and that you can learn the wonderful art right in your own home at very small cost? Such is the case. It is now possible for every hunter, trapper and nature lover to be his own taxidermist, and save the splendid trophies that he secures by his skill with the gun and rod.

There is a SCHOOL FOR SPORTSMEN, by sportsmen, at Omaha, Nebraska, U.S.A. This school teaches TAXIDERMISTRY only. It teaches by mail the very latest and best methods, and reveals all the secrets that have been so carefully guarded by taxidermists for the past century. This school has done great things for the sportsman, and everyone who has not already done so should write for their fine new prospectus and full particulars about learning this fascinating and profitable business.

LEARN TO MOUNT BIRDS AND GAME HEADS

also whole animals, fishes, to tan hides, make rugs, robes, etc. Our school can teach you these things easily and quickly right in your own home. We teach Taxidermy in all its branches BY MAIL. By taking our course of 40 lessons you can save all your fine trophies, decorate your home and den, and make splendid money mounting for others. Men, boys and women, all over the world are members of our school and endorse the course in highest terms. WE HAVE SEVEN THOUSAND STUDENTS IN CANADA ALONE.



Photo of our student, D. W. Morden, Pilot Mound, Man., Canada, mounting a snowy owl. He is one of our thousands of successful students in Canada.

BIG PROFITS FOR YOU

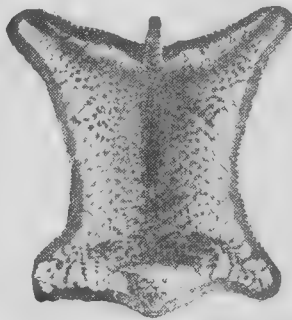
This wonderful business is a big money-maker, whether you work at it in your spare time only, or go into it for a life profession. By selling your mounted specimens and doing work for others you CAN EARN FROM \$20.00 to \$50.00 PER MONTH FROM YOUR SPARE TIME, or if you open up a Taxidermy shop you can make FROM \$2,000 to \$5,000 PER YEAR. These are facts. No other line of work is so profitable, or can be learned so quickly. It will pay you to investigate.

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You will be delighted with the study of Taxidermy. You will enjoy mounting the fine moose, deer, wolf, bear, ducks, grouse, and hundreds of other animals and birds you secure. You will be proud of a collection as fine as found in any museum, and to know that you have done the work yourself. YOU CAN LEARN THIS ART BY STUDYING JUST A FEW HOURS EACH WEEK THIS WINTER. Will you try it? Are you interested? If so write to us to-day for our FREE BOOKS and full particulars.



Deer head, mounted by our student, E. Wallace, Carson, Ia.



Wild cat rug, tanned and made by our student, Chas. Donart, Klamath, Ore.

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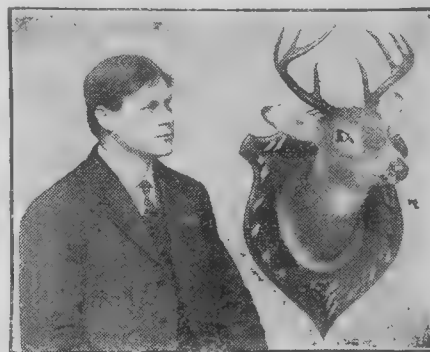
To all readers of the Western Home Monthly we will send FREE AND PREPAID our beautiful new illustrated prospectus, a copy of the Taxidermy Magazine and sample Diploma. Remember, you can have these free, no obligation on your part. Simply write us a letter or postal card to-day and you will receive them by return mail. We want every sportsman, hunter, trapper and all others interested in Taxidermy to write for these free books. Don't delay, but send now.

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Our student B. C. Shabolin, Orangeville, Ill., and deer head mounted by him.

THE NORTHWESTERN SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMISTRY, 501P Elwood Building, Omaha, Nebr., U.S.

The Month's Bright Sayings.

Agnes C. Laut: Temper is a good, honest fault, once you get it in hand.

The Bishop of London: If we go on saying the country is going to the dogs, it will go.

Rev. Dr. Bland: No man is self-sufficient; he depends upon his fellows and his environment.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox: Happiness is not that which you are doing, but the motive at the back of the doing.

Rev. Dr. Aked: There is nothing in man to be compared to the energy of women, once it has been set to work.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier: Canada is destined to be more and more a magnet to thrifty, industrious home-seekers.

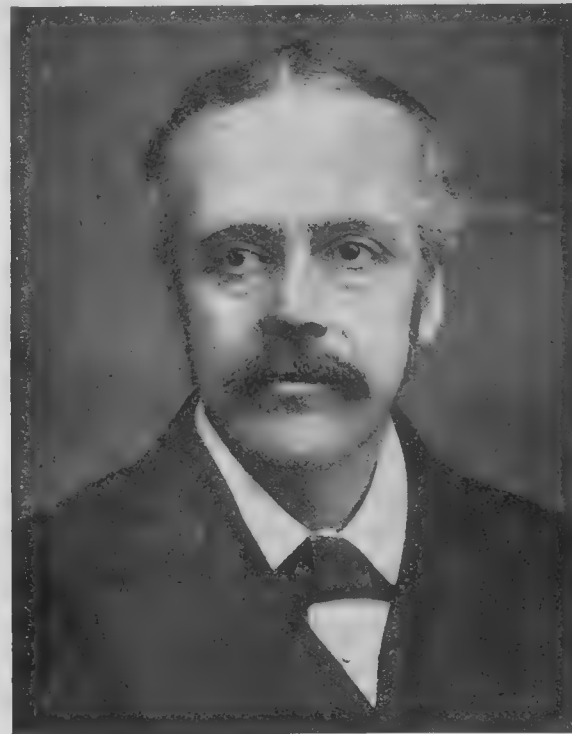
Col. Denison: Policemen are expected to combine the courage of the lion with the wisdom of the serpent, and the patience of a Job with the justice of an Aristides.

Mark Twain: The four essentials for good buckwheat cakes, all of which can be bought, are good flour, good molasses, good yeast, and know how. The last named item is the scarcest and comes the highest.

Lord Strathcona: The belief in the value of learning and education has been a real thing in Scotland—not simply talked about—for generations, and they have been prepared to make sacrifices for it.



RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH,
Leader of the Liberal Government Forces.



RIGHT HON. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR,
The Unionist Chieftain.

The political struggle now closing in Great Britain, which has been fought with unprecedented energy and bitterness, leaves both great parties without any decisive majority and presents a problem of unusual interest. Whatever the outcome, the wisdom of British statesmanship can be relied upon to safely guide the ship of state.

H. Rider Haggard: Let every man remember that he has his own success to make; and that success lies more or less within his own reach; and then he will be upon the safest of all grounds.

R. L. Borden, M.P.: The market value of the field crops of Canada last year was nearly \$533,000,000, an increase of \$100,458,000 over the year before. And still we are only at the beginning of the

agricultural development of Western Canada.

Rev. Dr. Gordon: Kingston's memorial to Sir Oliver Mowat will be a hospital for tuberculosis. This is better than spending the money in brass, bronze or granite, as it will accomplish much good while paying tribute to a great man.

Lord Northcliffe: Canada is not only a wonderful country, but it has a won-

derful population, full of energy, courage, and hope. What I mean, is that out in Canada men force the pace with perfect confidence in the country itself and perfect confidence that their neighbors will also play up, and so there is a go-ahead community all working together. Nobody sits down content to wait for a year or so in order to see whether his neighbor is going to make a fortune.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

The Cost of Living.

The Dominion Government would do well to take a leaf out of the book of the Government of the United States and follow the good example set by the head of the Department of Agriculture at Washington in entering upon a complete and thoroughgoing investigation of the cost of production and the returns of sales of all sorts of food products. Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture in President Taft's Cabinet, has instituted this investigation because he is "convinced that the public is compelled to pay a great deal more for nearly everything it eats than it should." The idea is to set side by side the figures showing what the farmers get for what they sell, and the price charged for the same products in the cities. Mr. Wilson promises that they will show some surprising contrasts. A like investigation in Canada would show some contrasts, too. Mr. Wilson points out that because of freight and terminal charges, good apples and other fruit rot within a short distance of New York city. The orange growers of California demanded higher protection from Congress, and got it; the railway monopoly promptly raised its freight rate to correspond, so that the consumer pays more, but the orangegrower gets no more for his oranges. The New York World comes to the aid of the inquiry with evidence that a monopoly which paid great profits on thrice-watered capital by selling milk at eight cents a quart has now raised the rate to nine cents, of which the farmers, with their vast aggregate investment, who supply the milk get much less than half. The inquiry which is afoot in the United States is, as noted above, an inquiry into food prices. Our Government should not be content with instituting an inquiry into food prices alone. There should also be a searching investigation, with a view to discovering why anthracite coal, rubbers, and a hundred and one things we do not eat, but which are necessities nevertheless, are so dear, and why those who traffic in them flourish so exceedingly, if not excessively.

Lord Strathcona's Use of Wealth.

The past month has added one more to the already long list of splendid public benefactions which stand to Lord Strathcona's credit and prove him a man who knows how to make a nobly wise use of his wealth. Characteristic of his ready generosity and public spirit was his action in enabling \$25,000 to the emergency fund in Montreal made necessary by the typhoid visitation, which caused many deaths and compelled the provision of improvised hospital accommodation on a large scale. In the same message he announced that he would gladly contribute \$100,000 to a fund "for immediate action towards eradicating the causes of the epidemic, as has been done so satisfactorily in other great centres, thus saving thousands of precious lives." Wealth in the hands of such a man is power used wisely for the public good.

To Carry Western Wheat to the Sea,

Last year the Erie Canal carried 15,000,000 bushels of Western Canadian wheat through New York State from Buffalo to the sea. It is announced that Mr. H. B. Herbert, the chairman of the Canal Association of Greater New York, has notified Major Stephens, the chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commission, that wheat will this year be carried from Lake Ontario to New York city by the improved Erie Canal at a rate three-eighths of a cent per bushel cheaper than by the St. Lawrence route to Montreal. Which makes it plain that Uncle Samuel hasn't yet given up the fight for supremacy in water routes, and also adds to the interest of the news that Sir Robert Perks, who has been identified with some pretty big undertakings in Great Britain, is coming to Canada to devote all his attention to pushing the Georgian Bay Canal project. Sooner or later, the digging of this new ditch will have to be undertaken; and when it is finished, it will give the West a water route to Atlantic tide-water very considerably shorter than any other.

What a Canadian Looks Like.

A Neepawa reader of the Western Home Monthly writes: "I always take great interest in your columns in the W. H. M., and noted your amusement at some old country people knowing a Canadian on the street in London by his 'appearance.'" After discussing several of the unmistakable signs of their nationality which natives of other nations carry, this Neepawa observer and thinker continues:

"Now, listen. Out in our country we have a Scotchman and like others of that country, he is proud of it. He has been here a number of years, and last year took a notion to see his native land and accordingly visited it. Anyone meeting this man knows what country he belongs to. Yet when he was 'Home,' he could hear

the people saying amongst themselves, 'A Canadian—that man's from Canada,' or to him, 'Ye're frae Canada.' I begin to think, Mr. Philosopher, that if you were to take your stand somewhere in Glasgae or Edinbro and watch the crowds, you would be like the other man, pick out the Canadians even if they weren't carrying a beaver in their arms or a maple leaf in their hats."

The Neepawa man is right. A Canadian, including in the term such individuals as the Scotch-born Canadian referred to in the Neepawa man's letter, unquestionably have something in their appearance and look which denotes them as Canadians—something indefinable, it may be, but unmistakable. The reason of it is that this is, above all other lands, the land of opportunity. How could such a land fail to imprint some distinguishing mark upon its people.

Two Hundred Years from Now

In an article in the New York Independent, written by Thomas A. Edison, occurs this prediction:

"In two hundred years, by the cheapening of commodities, the ordinary laborer will live as well as a man does now with \$200,000 annual income. Automatic machinery and scientific agriculture will bring about this result."

This prophecy of the great inventor is roseate and inspiring. But let us test it by the results of the past few centuries. The Elizabethan era in England, three hundred years ago, was an era of prosperity for all classes. Every one had food in plenty, and clothes and shelter. Even the pauper defectives were humanely provided for. Woollen manufacture was thriving, and as Green puts it in his History of the English People, "farmers' wives began everywhere to spin their wool from their own sheeps' backs into coarse homespun." There was mining and manufacturing activity in the south and west. The friezes of Manchester, the cutlery of Sheffield, the coverlets of York commanded a great sale. There was no unemployment. England no longer sent her fleeces to be woven in Flanders and to be dyed in France. London became the great commercial metropolis of the world, "where the gold and sugar of the new world were to be found, side by side with the cotton of India, and the woollen stuffs of England herself." If anyone could then have foretold to Bacon, or Burleigh or any of the wisest men of that age, the railroad, the steamboat, the reaper, the telephone, the machinery by which ten men with power make as many hats, or shoes, or suits of clothes as two hundred men could have made by hand, would not Bacon, or Burleigh, or any other of the wisest of the Elizabethan era have prophesied for the present time what Edison prophesies for two hundred years from now? Edison's prediction may come true. To say that the future cannot be judged except from the past may appear the avowal of merely a deplorable lack of optimistic confidence like Edison's. Of course his prediction is right in its spirit. But it probably needs a little toning down in its terms.

Velvet for Electioneering

In the fashion notes of a leading London paper there appeared at the time when the active work of canvassing was becoming general in the recent political campaign, there appeared the following:

"As the important period of the general election is quickly approaching, our women, anxious to help and work for their friends, for their country, are busy ordering costumes for the campaign. Velvet is the prevailing note in these charming creations, which seem ideal gowns for the occasion."

This ministration of fashion, and it may have been to frivolity, forthwith drew a protest from Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the novelist, whose book, "On the Face of the Waters," rivals Rudyard Kipling's best work of portrayal of the lives and minds of the races of India. Mrs. Steel's protest took the form of a letter written from her Welsh castle of Machynlleth and published in the London Times. Thus wrote Mrs. Steel, with burning pen:

"Velvets! and we women ask for votes. Velvets! when for Liberal and Conservative alike the fate of Britain quivers in the balance. It seems to me, sir, that it is time for men to put some check upon that canker of womanhood, the passion for dress, which has already eaten out the heart of our council school girls and sapped the sanity of our society women. If proof of this were wanting, what better could we desire than the fact that ten years ago statistics showed that there were eleven times as many drapers' shops in London per mile of the population as there were in the London of fifty years ago?"

And she suggested a tax on extravagance in dress, which she declares as being, if not the vice, at

any rate the luxury of not a few women why, she asked, should extravagance in dress go untaxed, when alcohol and tobacco, the vices or luxuries of men, were taxed? To the mere average man the passion for dress which Mrs. Steel attacked as dominating some women would be, considered apart from its financial aspect, more pardonable, perhaps, if it were always expressed in beautiful and becoming fashions. Velvet, for instance, strikes the ordinary male mind of the Philosopher as singularly inappropriate for electioneering, however suitable and becoming and beautiful it might be on stately and solemn occasions.

Like the Dog Under the Wagon.

A picturesque detail in the newspaper dispatch describing one of Wilbur Wright's latest aeroplane flights was that of a seagull—one of the few birds capable of keeping pace with an aeroplane going at full speed—followed the air navigator, persistently circling when he circled, diving when he dived, now under, now above the big flying machine. The dog under the wagon is a familiar feature of terrestrial travel; many a man does not consider a trip with horses perfect unless he has a dog as his companion by the way. From Wilbur Wright's experience with the seagull it might seem that the companion of the man of the future on his aerial travels will be a bird trained to follow and circle about the soaring vehicle of the time to come.

The Garden of Eden.

Sir William Willcocks, the British advisor to the Turkish Department of Public Works, thinks he has solved one of the problems of the ages by geographically locating the site of the Garden of Eden. He places it at about a hundred and thirty miles northwest of Bagdad, at the Oasis of Hairlah, through which runs the River Euphrates, and in which that great stream is divided into four streams, which unite again farther down. Four rivers are mentioned by name in Genesis: the Euphrates, the Hiddekel, the Pison and the Gihon. Common consent seems to have accepted the Hiddekel as the Tigris. Josephus thought the Pison was the Ganges and the Gihon the Nile. From early in the Christian era there have been writers who have assumed that the Garden of Eden was symbolical—a state of mind rather than a geographical location that could be located on the world's map. Calvin felt confident that he was right in locating the site of the Garden in Lower Babylonia. Luther gave up the research, on the ground that the Deluge had changed the course of all streams making it impossible to know where the garden had been. Sir William Willcocks isn't worried by that, for he announces that the Deluge was only a flooding of the country between the Tigris and the Euphrates, a merely local affair, and not of much importance. His chief argument seems to be based on the expression in Genesis, ii, 10: "And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted and became into four heads." The Oasis of Hairlah fits this description. It is to be doubted, however, whether there will be any strong disposition among those of us who accept Genesis as literal history to adopt Sir William Willcocks' theory, Martin Luther's theory presenting itself as a more reasonable one on that point.

The Naval Rivalry.

The newest of the United States battleships, the Utah, which was launched recently, has a length of 521½ feet over all, and a displacement of 21,825 tons, completely outclassing all other vessels in the United States navy. The largest of the battleships in the war between the United States and Spain had a displacement of only 10,000 tons. In all the great navies there are marked differences in many respects between the new and the old types. Two vessels for the German navy, upon which was begun a few months ago, have a length of 570 feet each, and a displacement of 23,000 tons each, while the British naval building programme calls for a battleship 600 feet long, with a displacement of 26,350 tons. Some naval authorities claim that the limit in respect of size has been reached in the plans for the super-Dreadnought, but there is no certainty of that. Nor is it at all certain that any of the great warships launched, and to be launched, early this century will be fit when needed for war. It is fifty years since Great Britain was engaged in hostilities with a great power. The only tests which have been made of modern warships in actual war have been in the engagement off Santiago in which the United States vessels destroyed the Spanish vessels, and the sea-fight in which the Japanese under Admiral Togo demolished the naval strength of Russia. There are world-wide forces making steadily for universal peace, and it is not at all improbable that all the floating monsters of stupendous destructive power which are costing the nations money enough to feed and clothe all the starving wretches of Europe and America, may go to the scrap heap without a scar of battle upon any of them.

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DESCRIPTION OF DRESS

J4041. Ladies' Tailored Dress. Exactly as above illustration. Made of all wool Imported Panama. Sample of Material used will be mailed on request. The noted Gibson Tuck running over the shoulders and down the back gives the greatly desired broad-shouldered effect. The front has a cluster of tucks set in on both sides, finished off with a cluster of oval buttons and silk soutache; detachable collar, the collar and belt being trimmed in a very suitable manner. The skirt has the same effect carried out—the tucks running into deep pleats as shown in cut. Dress all finished in strictly tailored style. Colors black and navy. Size 34 to 42. Special value, express prepaid to any address in Canada.....\$8.75

Size over 28 ins. waist or 42 ins bust, express prepaid to any address in Canada.....\$9.75

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The Mail Order News of the day is the great sale of Infants' wear; see Special Values below. Never have such lovely qualities been offered for so little money. Every line is sold under the Hudson's Bay guarantee.

Do not Forget the Quality.

EVERY LINE IS MATCHLESS VALUE.

B470 **B451** **B454** **G.515** **B457** **B400** **B475**

B484 **B478** **B481** **B405**

B465 **B435** **B425** **B410** **B415** **B494** **B500** **B460** **B444** **B438** **B448** **B498** **B490** **B502** **B420**

INFANTS' VEILS
B400. Infants' Veils—Made of fine Shetland wool, each.....25c.
B402. Infants' Veils—Made of pure silk, each.....40c. and 50c.

HEAD WEAPS
B405. Infants' Head Wrap—Made of extra fine French Flannel. Draws up to form a hood. Hand embroidered. Price.....\$1.50

INFANTS' JACKETS
B410. Infants' Soft Wool Jackets—In white, with pink or blue finishings, good value.....60c.
B415. Infants' Dainty Butterfly Jacket—Made of soft, white wool, edged with white, pink or sky, special.....\$1.00
B420. Dainty Hand Made Jacket—Yoke of silk and wool, in all white or yoke of pink or blue, open sleeve finished with bows of ribbon to match. Price.....\$1.25
B421. Dainty Hand Made Jacket—Made of silk and wool, as cut B420, price.....\$1.75

OVERDRAWERS
B425. Children's Fine Wool Overdrawers—Knee length, white only, size 1, 40c.; 2, 45c.; 3, 50c.
B430. Children's Soft Wool Overalls—Without feet, white only, 12 months, 55c.; 18, 65c.; 2 years, 75c.
B435. Children's Soft Wool Overalls—With feet, 12 months, 70c.; 18 months, 80c.

BOOTEES, MOCCASINS AND SHOES
B438. Infants' Silk Finished Bootees—White only, per pair.....20c.
B439. Infants' Bootees—Prices 25c., 30c., 35c., 45c., 50c. and 75c.
B441. Infants' White Felt Moccasins—Hand made, feather-stitched in silk, price per pair.....40c.
B444. Infants' Soft White Kid Shoes—Trimmed with white or blue ribbons, two sizes only, price per pair.....45c.
B448. Infants' Dainty Soft Shoes—Made of quilted Roman satin, in white, pink or pale blue, two sizes only, price 50c.

BIBS
B451. Infants' Cotton Honeycomb Bib—Trimmed with lace, each.....5c.
B454. Dainty Hand Made Bibs—Well padded, honeycombed edges, price each 25c. and 30c.
B457. Hand Embroidered Bibs—Each 45c., 50c., 60c., and 75c.
B460. Good Strong Turkish Feeders—Each 15c. and 20c.

DRESSES
B465. Infants' First Shortening Dress—Made of fine quality lawn, yoke trimmed with dainty embroidery and fine tucks, skirt has three fine tucks, sizes up to 1 year only, price.....85c.
B470. Infants' Long White Dresses—Made from good quality lawn, dainty embroidered yoke, trimmed fine tucks, price.....95c.
B475. Infants' Long White Dresses—Made from good quality lawn, skirt and yoke trimmed with embroidery, special price.....\$1.65

PETTICOATS
B478. Infants' Short White Petticoats—Made from fine lawn, deep hem and fine tucks, sizes 1, 2 and 4 years 45c.; sizes 6, 8 and 10 years, price.....50c.
B481. Infants' Short White Petticoats—Made from fine lawn, trimmed fine tucks and embroidery, sizes 1 and 2 years, price.....75c.
B484. Infants' Long White Lawn Petticoats—Trimmed with rows of fine tucks, price each.....85c.
B485. Infants' Long White Lawn Petticoats—Trimmed with lace or embroidery, prices from \$1.35 to.....\$2.75
B487. Infants' Fine Flannel Barrowcoats—Price \$1.00, \$1.25 and.....\$1.50

INFANTS' VESTS
B490. Infants' All Wool Vests—Buttoned front, all seams on the outside, sizes up to 9 months 50c., 12 months 55c., 18 months 60c.
B491. Infants' Silk and Wool Vests—Buttoned front, sizes up to 6 months 75c., 9 months 80c., 12 months 85c., 18 months 90c.
B494. Infants' All Wool Vests—Rubens, sizes up to 9 months 60c., 12 months 65c.; 18 months 70c.
B495. Infants' Silk and Wool Vests—Rubens, sizes up to 6 months 65c., 9 months 70c., 12 months 75c., 18 months 80c.
B498. Infants' Fine French Flannel Binders—Hand made, each.....20c.
B500. Infants' Soft all wool Bands—All sizes up to two years, price.....40c.
B502. Infants' Waterproof Diapers—Envelope shape, price.....35c.
B503. Infants' Turkish Diapers—Each 15c., per dozen.....\$1.35
B504. Infants' Canton Flannel Diapers—large size Each 10c., per doz. \$1.10
B505. Infants' Dainty Silk Finished Bootees—White only, price per pair 15c.
G515. Babies' Toilet Baskets—Containing powder box and puff, hair brush and comb; also antiseptic pick, price complete.....\$1.25

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Do not overlook sending for this little Booklet of Womens' Apparel for Spring and Summer. As a style guide alone, it is worth its weight in gold.

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The Young Man and His Problem.

BY REV. JAMES L. GORDON.

I'll Marry Her.

There are certain mistakes which can be rectified, or if not rectified make little if any difference in the total effect on life. If the suit of clothes does not fit, you can exchange it. If the book does not answer, it may look well on the shelf. If the chair proves weak and frail, it can find a safe place in an obscure corner. If the collar does not fit, you can give it to a tramp—but there is one mistake which can only be rectified by death, and it is hinted at in the following sentence. "Landor, in the spring of 1811, met a young lady at a ball, and in his characteristic manner said, 'By Heavens! that's the nicest girl in the room, and I'll marry her.' He did so, but the marriage was not happy. The lady's name was Julia Thuillier."

Your Vote.

A vote! Men are neglecting it and women are fighting for it. A vote!—a divine privilege—a modern prerogative—a God-given opportunity—a sign of citizenship—a mark of manhood—an expression of conviction—a manifestation of personality—a symbol of civilization's progress. A vote! Your vote! Only a vote! Just one vote! Nobody can measure the power of one vote. Oliver Cromwell was sent to Parliament by one vote. A certain exchange says:—

"On the eve of important political elections we remind citizens again that dangerous men have captured high public office and done great mischief through neglect of men to vote for trustworthy candidates. One hundred years ago last month the treason of Aaron Burr was discovered, and he was arrested and his followers scattered. Yet he missed being made President of the United States by only one electoral vote.

Take Care.

It is safer to make a speech before a thousand people in the city—even if you speak your whole mind—than it is to utter one unwise sentence in the village. Country life is a test of character. The folks in the country have long memories. They know the value of a sentence. They treasure up "a cutting remark." They photograph "a burning thought." There it stands ready for use or misuse ten years after you have uttered it. Be careful, ye country folks! Acts and words count in your neighborhood. From an open volume in my hand I cull the following:—

"Sensitive natures, like lambs are wretched under the social microscope. Hawthorne, nearly alike sensitive, wrote of the Eternal City, 'Rome is not like one of our New England villages, where we need the permission of each individual neighbor for every act that we do, every word that we utter, and every friend that we make or keep.'"

Your Tongue.

The doctor says, "Let me look at your tongue." I am a preacher, but I always begin, in forming a judgment upon a man's character, by taking a good look at his tongue. If my neighbor's tongue wears upon its surface the white, or yellowish white, coating of slander, I regard it as a sure sign of a disordered, unnatural and unhealthy condition. The lying tongue will not lie about itself. Let me look at your tongue. Is it a pale looking little lying rascal or it is a rosy-hued saint and citizen. Your tongue, my friend, your tongue! Talmage says:—"What damage some people do with their tongues! Nature indicates that the tongue is a dangerous thing, by the fact that it is shut in, first by a barricade of teeth, and then by the door of the lips."

Stand Forth.

Study to be frank! I don't mean by that to suggest the cultivation of bluntness. Some people who mean to be frank are simply "blunt." They blurt out, ever and anon, some mean unnecessary sentence and then add: "I call a spade, a spade," and whenever you are in their neighborhood you can look for a due allowance of spades, shovels, pitchforks and other moving instruments. They are always "pitching" into something or somebody. No, I mean frankness. If you have a thing to say—say it. Sign your name to it. Stand for it. Never deny your own child in the realm of thought.

"I hold all such persons in supreme contempt," said a bishop before an annual conference as he tore an anonymous letter to shreds before the members."

The Next Thing.

The year 1910—I will plan for it—arrange for it—anticipate it—bear the range of it in my thoughts, and seek to make it a glorious year, the best year of my life, the first year of true progress, a landmark in my earthly pilgrimage. Ah, noble resolution. But a month seems so long, and a week seems so heavy, and after struggling along for three weeks in the new year I have concluded that the burden of a day is about all I care to carry at one time. And finally I have reduced the day to a single duty—the next duty:—

"To do SOME thing
To do ONE thing
And then to do THE NEXT thing."

One Glass.

Why should not a man do that which seems to be natural to do? Why worry forever about "personal influence" and "example" and the general effect of personal conduct upon the character of youth and childhood. "Have a glass?" "Why certainly." "Have a smoke?" "Why of course!" "Play a game of cards?" "Well I should guess!" How easy to drift. How pleasant to study only the pleasure of the present moment. And yet there is a nobler part: In the earlier days when "everybody" drank, Charles H. Spurgeon took his stand. From a British journal we reprint these words:—"One day the great Spurgeon was much fatigued, and some one said to him, 'Wouldn't you like a glass of beer?' He answered, 'Yes; but some poor beggar to whom drink is a temptation might hear of it, and feel encouraged to take a dozen glasses. I abstain for the sake of such men.'"

Managing The Universe.

Science and theology have agreed in one particular—namely—there is only one God in the universe. The universe is vast but there is only room for one God. So far as we can ascertain by a wise use of the telescope, microscope, and spectroscope, God is running the universe to His own personal satisfaction. It is not, therefore, necessary for me to worry about the "Universe." I can select some lighter burden. And yet most people who are nervous are people who are "trying to run the Universe." Edward Everett Hale lived to eighty-four and lived a great life. His biographer says concerning him:—"One is not surprised to learn that in youth Hale was intended for a divine, which determined the character of his education, and left its imprint upon the bent of his mind later in life when the law superseded the gospel. Two of the rules rigidly observed by him were that, in the interest of religion in everyday life 'not to overlay myself with more business than I can bear,' and, 'mingle somewhat of God's immediate service in this day.'"

Make it Plain.

Learn to write. Learn to write not long articles but short sentences. Put your thought in a short sentence. Then put your sentences into their logical order. There you have conciseness. There you have logic—and in a true combination of conciseness and logic you have the secret of a true philosophy and the power of a simple, direct and winning style. That was Lincoln's achievement and the secret of his marvelous power as an orator. A recent writer says concerning an American editor:—

"Mr. Chase was an able journalist, carrying at the head of his weekly Chronicle the legend, 'Easy reading for plain people.' He was a winning public speaker of the Yankee type. 'I tried,' he said, 'to make my argument so plain that those who had not much time to read could understand, and so that those who read much would have hard work to answer me.'"

Person Vs Principle.

"Principles for the intellect and persons for the heart." Let your religion centre in a person and let that person be Jesus—the Man of Galilee—the Crystal Christ. The world has made up its mind about Jesus. The world's hope and desire are centred in Him. Creeds seem unnecessary when He is near and the grandest system of theology grows dim in His presence. Hall Caine asks a vital question. Let your own heart answer it. "Is Jesus only a legendary figure in history, a saint to be painted in the stained-glass of church windows, a sort of sacred fairy not to be approached and hardly to be mentioned by name? Or is He still what He was when He was in the flesh, a reality a man of like passions with ourselves, an elder brother, a guide, a counsellor, a comforter, a great voice calling to us out of the past to live nobly, to die bravely, and keep up our courage to the last?"

Mental Savings.

The measure of your strength as a preacher or a lawyer or doctor is not the knowledge which you possess but the knowledge which you can command. You may have a thousand books but how many of them have you analyzed? You may have preached hundreds of sermons, but how many of them could you preach again with force and power? As a lawyer you may have had scores of cases but how many of them have you "in hand" as to the master of details and the grasp of facts? The advice of Dr. Osler is to the point:

"I wish I had time to speak of the value of note-taking. You can do nothing as a student in practice without it. Carry a small notebook which will fit into your waistcoat pocket, and never ask a new patient a question without notebook and pencil in hand. After the examination of a pneumonia case two minutes will suffice to record the essentials in the daily progress. Routine and system, when once made a habit, facilitate work, and the busier you are the more time you will have to make observations after examining a patient. Jot a comment at the end of the notes: 'clear case,' 'case illustrating obscurity of symptoms,' 'error in diagnosis,' etc.'"

The Under Dog.

Stand by your friend when he is in the wrong. Don't stand by the thing which is wrong, but stand by your friend even though he has made a mistake. I can stand alone when I am in the right, but I can dearly appreciate a friend who will stand by me when the world is against me. There are few infallible people in the world. Soon or late we all "take a tumble." In an unexpected moment we slide. A black spot darkens the sun of our glory and then our friends begin to scatter. False friends go, but true friends remain. The *Youths Companion* says:—"The Foraker incident of the week, on which we comment elsewhere, may, after all, be best remembered by the words of Candidate Taft, who said, in refusing to demand Foraker's retirement from the campaign: 'If it would win me every vote in the United States, I cannot hit a man when he is down.' That has the true manly and kindly ring of the one whom his Yale classmates call 'Our Bill.'"

Character.

Character in business is better than cash. Character in religion is better than radium. Character in the home is better than gold. Character in society is better than culture. Character in politics is better than brilliant statesmanship. Character is the crown-jewel of citizenship. No man has such privileges granted to him as the man of character. The *Chicago Advance*, in commending Thomas Brackett Reed who was for some time "Speaker of the House" in the American Congress, says:—"But Reed himself excused all his arbitrary conduct on the same ground—that it was good for the country. It is the plea of all despotism. In Reed's case it was the more effective because of his sterling honesty and clean character. He did have the public welfare at heart and he left his position of power and vast opportunity, a poor man. 'Never once did the breath of scandal touch him!'"

The Kind Word.

When people declare that the village preacher is "no good," point out to them the fact that he practices what he preaches. When Jones remarks that that man Smith is "a slow-coach" and ought to go back to Ontario, inform him that Mr. Smith always speaks well of his neighbors. When Mrs. Grundy remarks, suggestively, that she was acquainted with Mrs. Welltodo in her early days when she could afford no servant and did her own housework, kindly remind her that Mrs. Welltodo is sincerely loved by her domestics. When Mr. Know-it-all remarks that the editor of the "Daily Programme" ought to drop the pen and return to the plow, call his attention to the fact that said editor has had the moral courage to drop "fake" advertisements out of his columns. Stand up for your neighbors and when your turn comes the whole neighborhood will fight for you. With reference to the strong friendship existing between the great English non-conformist, Dr. Clifford, and the famous American preacher, Dr. Aked, an exchange remarks:—"Dr. Clifford made a characteristic statement in announcing Mr. Aked: 'He is coming because of our friendship, because I stood by him in the days of storm and attack. I love to fight for and with men who are fighting for freedom.'"



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Offer

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SHIPPED FREE

The Great New 1910 Offer on the Genuine Edison. The most marvelous offer—the offer which eclipses all others. This offer is for everyone who has not yet heard our Edison in their own home. This offer is for **You**. For you to hear concerts and entertainments by world famous musicians—just such entertainments as the metropolitan theatres are producing.

MY OFFER:

I will send you this Genuine Edison Fireside Outfit (the newest model) complete with one dozen Edison Gold Moulded and Amberol Records, for an absolutely free loan. I don't ask any money down or in advance. There are no C. O. D. shipments; no leases or mortgages on the outfit; no papers of any sort to sign.

Absolutely nothing but a plain out-and-out offer to ship you this phonograph together with a dozen records of your own selection on a free trial so that you can hear it and play it in your own home. I can't make this offer any plainer, any clearer, any better than it is. There is no catch about it anywhere. If you will just stop and think a moment, you will realize that the high standing of this concern would absolutely prohibit anything except a straightforward offer.

All You Need Do: All I ask you to do is to invite as many as possible of your friends to hear this wonderful Fireside Edison. You will want to do that anyway, because you will be giving them genuine pleasure. I feel absolutely certain that out of the number of your friends who will hear your machine there will be at least one and probably more who will want an Edison of their own. If they don't, if not a single one of them orders a Phonograph (and this sometimes happens) I won't blame you in the slightest. I shall feel that you have done your part when you have given these free concerts. You won't be asked to act as our agent or even assist in the sale of a single instrument. In fact we appoint no such agents and at the rock-bottom price on this wonderful new outfit we could not allow any commission to anyone.

If You Want to Keep the Phonograph—that is if you wish to make the Phonograph your own, you may do so but it is **not** compulsory. This is a free trial. You may send it back at our expense if you wish. I won't be surprised, however, if you wish to keep the machine after having it in your own home. If you do wish to keep it, either remit us the price in full, or if you prefer, we will allow you to pay for it on the easiest kind of payments.

Our Easy Payment Plan So many people really want a phonograph who cannot pay all cash that I have decided on an easy payment plan that gives you absolute use of the phonograph while paying for it. \$2.00 a month pays for an outfit. There is absolutely no lease or mortgage of any kind, no guarantee from a third party, no going before a notary public, in fact, no publicity of any kind, and the payments are so very small, and our terms so liberal that you never notice the payments.

OWNERS OF EDISONS, NEW FIRESIDE MODEL NOW READY! All those who already own an Edison phonograph can wonderfully improve their old machines, making them almost like the new Fireside, and can also get the **SUPERB** new 1910 Edison **AMBEROL** records, the loudest, clearest, most beautiful records ever made, playing **TWICE AS LONG** as any of the records heretofore made.

OWNERS OF EDISONS—write for **FREE** circular AA, describing all this.—**F. K. BABSON, Manager.**

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I know that there are thousands and thousands of people who have never heard the Genuine Edison Phonograph. **Nearly everyone** is familiar with the screechy, unnatural sounds produced by the imitation machines (some of which though inferior are very expensive). After hearing the old style and imitation machines people become prejudiced against all kinds of "Talking Machines." Now, there's only one way to convince these people that the Edison is superior, and that is to let the people actually see and hear this remarkable instrument for themselves. **That is why I am making this offer.** I can't tell you one-twentieth of the wonders of the Edison. Nothing I can say or write will make you actually hear the grand, full beauty of its tones. No words can begin to describe the tender, delicate sweetness with which the genuine **Fireside** Edison reproduces the soft, pleading notes of the flute, or the thunderous, crashing harmony of a full brass band selection. The wonders of the **Fireside** Edison defy the power of any pen to describe. Neither will I try to tell you how when you're tired, nervous and blue, the Edison will soothe you, comfort and rest you, and give you new strength to take up the burdens of life afresh. **The only way to make you actually realize these things for yourself is to loan you a Genuine Edison Phonograph free and let you try it.**

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Just sign your name and address on this coupon now, and mail it to us. I will send you our superbly illustrated Edison Phonograph Catalogue, the very latest list of Edison Gold Moulded and Amberol Records (over 1,500 of them) and our Free trial Certificate entitling you to this grand offer. Sign this Coupon or send postal or letter now. No obligation just get the Catalogs. Write now—to-day—sure.

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Name
Address
Sign and Mail this Coupon to-day.

What the World is Saying.

Let It Stay There.

The seven-day evening newspaper has come to stay on the other side of the line.—Calgary News.

The Prospect of a Prosperous Year.

Record bank clearings, bank deposits, building permits, railway earnings and customs receipts point to a prosperous 1910.—Journal of Commerce.

His Winning Western Way.

A Westerner visiting the Capital married a girl here nine hours after he met her. But then she was an Ottawa girl. That explains everything.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Temperance Progress in Ontario.

The process of wiping out the bar continues to steadily progress in Ontario, and places which try the experiment of becoming dry are seldom found in the wet column again.—Guelph Herald.

Right Kind of Grafting.

Lord Strathcona says that Canadian fruit is just as good as any in the world. This is another tribute to the success of Canadian grafting methods.—Calgary Herald.

One of Canada's Many Big Things.

Not many Canadians know that a Copper Mining and Smelting Company in British Columbia has the largest plant in the British Empire, and the second largest in the world.—Toronto News.

This is a Country That Keeps Growing.

The Canadian census bureau announces that the population of the Dominion is 7,500,000. The country is filling up fast, and Illinois is not likely to pass it this year.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Campaign That is Succeeding.

The decline in the number of deaths from tuberculosis shows that the educative campaign carried on for some years past is bringing results.—Toronto Star.

The Progress of the West.

Mr. B. E. Walker places Winnipeg's population at 150,000, and that of the Prairie Provinces at 1,250,000, with excellent prospects for a heavy influx of immigrants this year.—Montreal Shareholder.

Toronto Women and their Votes.

The visit of Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Snowden have not converted the women of Toronto to a serious view of female suffrage. Only 25 per cent. of the women entitled to vote at the municipal elections took the trouble to go to the polls.—Toronto Telegram.

Is the Climate Changing?

Is the winter climate of Saskatchewan changing? The query is based on the unusual amount of dampness in the air coupled with white frost on trees and shrubs which reminds us of an Ontario winter.—Saskatoon Capital.

Lord Strathcona's Noble use of Wealth.

Lord Strathcona has given \$25,000 for the relief of the typhoid fever epidemic in Montreal, and will add \$100,000 more if it is necessary. Providence knew what was what when it permitted Lord Strathcona to accumulate a princely fortune.—Hamilton Herald.

The Prairie Provinces' Growth.

Better considerably than even the 284 per cent. increase in the population of Canada's twelve western cities in the past nine years, is the fact that the farm population of the West is increasing at a similarly big rate.—Halifax Herald.

The Bishop of Montreal on Millinery

Bishop Farthing says that he has known of women paying \$250 for a hat and that this is wickedness rather than vanity. It would help the regulation of many domestic budgets if the Bishop would develop this thought to the extent of putting a definite financial limit to moral millinery expenditures.—Montreal Star.

They Can Answer the Question.

There were 71,988 Americans came into Canada in 1909, which is 68 per cent. more than the number the previous year. If Uncle Sam is very anxious to know he can get the answer from these people to that troublesome question: "Why go to Canada?"—Edmonton Bulletin.

Canadian Fire Victims Last Year

No less than two hundred and thirteen people were burned to death in Canada last year, largely through the careless use of matches and lamps. Owing to New World recklessness the property waste through fires is ridiculously high as compared with the European record.—Monetary Times.

Heated Language in Election Campaigns.

There was a time when we were of the opinion that we in Western Canada could make a few remarks about the enemy at election time, but since reading over the reports of meetings across the pond, we are convinced that we do not know the rudiments of going to and dressing down the other fellow as he should get it.—Saskatoon Phoenix.

Blasting Operations at Prince Rupert.

When a rock whizzed through the window of the Premier hotel dining room this morning and hit Mrs. Miller, the lady gave a faint cry of dismay and vanished beneath the table. Moreover, when a couple of smaller rocks landed in Lionel Sidney Crippen's plate, that gentleman elevated his eyebrows and said, "I asked for bread, but they gave me stones."—Prince Rupert Empire.

The Chinese Way with Doctors.

The Director of the Department of Health and Charities in Philadelphia has charged that many physicians in that city prolong cases to make large bills. This suggests the introduction of the Chinese system in which the physician is paid while the patients are well, but receives nothing while they are sick.—Montreal Witness.

Canada's Unnumbered Northern Islands.

Can. Bernier has coined a new descriptive phrase for Canada. Sovereign of all northern islands by virtue of Capt. Bernier's discoveries and explorations; Canada has now been recognized by the United States as "Mistress of the Northern Islands." Time will doubtless prove that this is not an empty title, for we are learning that Canada possesses riches even in the Polar North.—New Westminster Columbian.

Asphalt and Oil in Athabasca

Some Winnipeg people are organizing a company with a capital of \$5,000,000 to exploit the asphalt and oil sources of the Athabasca country. Seven or eight wells have already been sunk, and it is said that the oil region has been proved to be the greatest and best on the continent. It is time for Canada to hang out the sign, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it."—Montreal Gazette.

The World Wide Empire's Interests

A Washington correspondent expresses surprise at the inclusion of Great Britain in a conference with the United States and Brazil, regarding conditions in Central and South America. Great Britain was a power on the North American continent long before the Republic came into being. She is such still. Consequently she has to be consulted.—Hamilton Spectator.

The Revenue from Drink and Tobacco

The Dominion treasury's receipts on account of inland revenue taxes in December were \$1,522,000, \$182,000 more than in the same month of 1908. The increase is 12 per cent. Inland revenue taxes are levied chiefly on what people drink and smoke. This new temperance movement seemingly did not come before it was needed.—Montreal Herald.

A German Prophecy about Canada.

A leading German newspaper prophesies that in ten years' time the Canadian market will rank alongside that of the United States. This surpasses the expectations of the most optimistic Canadians, but undoubtedly the Dominion has a future which the average man's imagination fails to grasp.—Vancouver World.

Greater Things Yet to Come

A man is soon to be released from the Connecticut penitentiary after having been for fifty years a prisoner. He will see for the first time the trolley, the automobile, the electric light, the skyscraper, the telephone, and perhaps the airship. It will be a world transformed. But there will be greater wonders within the next fifty years unless all signs fail.—New York Herald.

An Evil Not Restricted to Ontario

The educational department will have to take some severe steps to penalize teachers who resign their positions whenever a higher salary is offered them somewhere else. Their sense of business honors appear to be such that they consider a

written contract a one-sided affair, only binding on the trustee board. The complaint comes from all over the province.—Brantford Expositor.

We and Our Neighbors.

In the course of a very few years the United States will drop out of the list of countries doing an export trade in food products. It is said that this can be prevented by resorting to intensive cultivation; but people cannot become intensive cultivators in a single generation. Meanwhile Canada will take the place which its neighbors have occupied so greatly to their advantage. We ought to be careful in the Dominion not to be as prodigal of our resources as they have been of theirs.—Victoria Colonist.

An All Water Route.

The project of a waterway from the Rocky Mountains across the prairies to Lake Superior takes definite shape. Application is being made to parliament for an act to incorporate "The International Waterways, Canal and Construction Company," with power to link up the Saskatchewan River with Thunder Bay. Advantage is to be taken with such existing streams and bodies of water as Lake Winnipeg, the Winnipeg River, the Lake of the Woods and Rainy Lake.—London Advertiser.

A Man Who Refused to Work.

That able-bodied individual sentenced in the local court this week for persistent refusal through eight years past, to do any work, is about the most contemptible case imaginable. No matter how dissipated or unworthy a man may be in other respects, if he daily performs a man's share of the world's work, a rough dignity attaches to him, and this one fact gives him a place and a right to raise his voice when men talk to men.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Little Sermon on Contentment.

A number of Canadian lives were lost yesterday on the fishing banks off Nova Scotia in an unexpected storm. These fishermen go out day after day amid a temperature far below zero, while the freezing spray from the rough winter sea, coats them with ice, and thus daily earn a living, that at best is none too generous. Some Ottawa men who daily complain of their share of life, if given one voyage similar to these—like the boy in Kipling's "Captains Courageous"—would, on a safe return, reverently thank Heaven that their lot was as good as it is.—Ottawa Free Press.

In Regard to Divorce

One marriage in every twelve in United States, according to latest statistics, ends in divorce. Seeing in some states divorce is as easy and about on a par with obtaining legal dissolution of a business partnership, the only wonder is that divorce is not even more frequent. Even though Canada's method of dealing with this problem may be open to the reproach of being archaic, there are a number of pertinent arguments in its favor that immediately suggest themselves when American and Canadian divorce statistics are compared.—Kingston Whig.

British Empire Trade.

In discussing the future of British trade, no less than that of British power, we have to deal, not with the very limited conception expressed in the word "England," but with the much larger expression known as the British Empire. The King of England and Emperor of India rule over a territory comprising nearly one-fifth of the land surface of the globe, and fully a fifth of its population. It is an empire including every climate, from the arctic to the tropics, and it yields every variety of product which is grown on the earth's surface or extracted from its mines. While it is true that Great Britain cannot become weak without impairing the strength of the empire, it is also true that the rest of the empire cannot grow strong without adding to the strength of the United Kingdom.—New York Journal of Commerce.

The Greatest Public Need.

Is it not true of some Canadian communities as it is of New York or Philadelphia, that the public conscience is aroused only at intervals, that the people are too inclined to think they have discharged their full duty when they have elected one set of candidates in preference to another, and that they are liable to forget, if they have ever properly realized, that democracy is criticism, is control, is an alert and informed public opinion, and is really not machinery at all? The people of the United States have already tried various systems and are still experimenting with others and can any system be expected to be permanently successful that has not the support and guidance and control of an enlightened, energetic and ever-watchful public sentiment? Is not this the supreme question for the people of both Canada and the United States?—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

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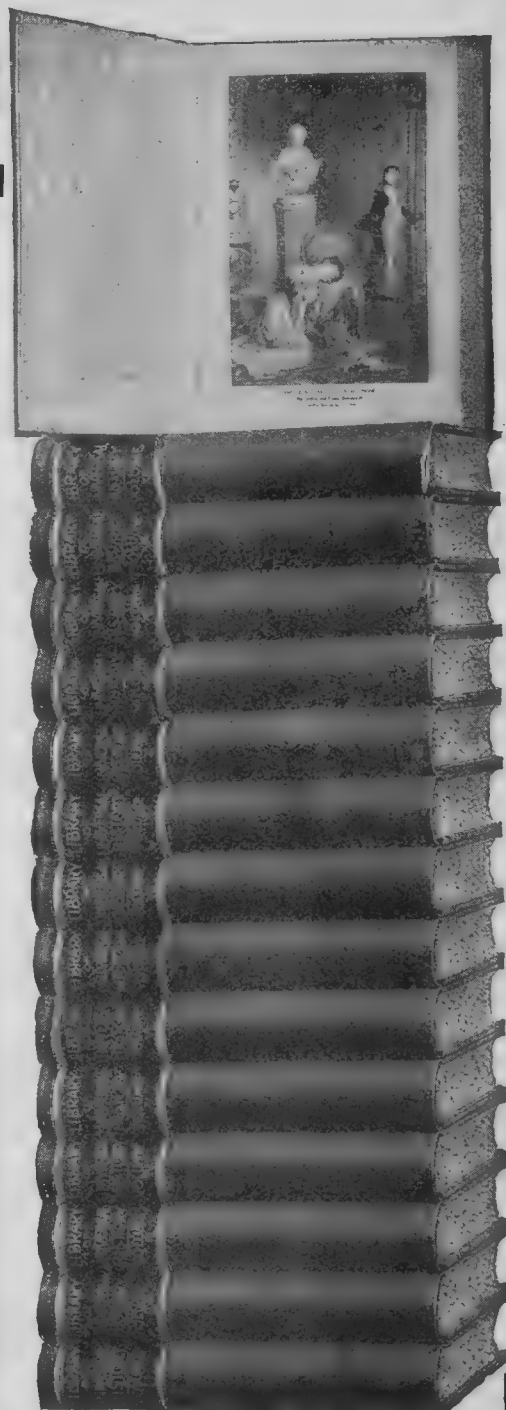
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The Home Beautiful.

By W. A. McNlytre, LL.D., Principal Normal School, Winnipeg.

The Home Library.

Every home that considers the happiness and prosperity of its children will endeavor to set up a little library of books. It is the purpose of this article to indicate with some degree of definiteness what might be chosen. For convenience the books are classified as, Books to be read to children; Books to be read by children; and Reference books for the whole family.

Books to be Read to Children

Any father who wishes to be an influence in the lives of his children, any mother who wishes that in later days she shall be remembered with gratitude and kindly feeling will make it a point to read to the children such books as they delight to hear. These books should be selected with great care. First and foremost, of course, stands the Bible with the stories that never grow old. Yet, at the risk of being proclaimed unorthodox, I would like to say that for very little children the stories of the Bible should be presented in another language than that of the Holy Scriptures. Books like: *Old Stories of the East*, Baldwin, or *Endicott's Stories of the Bible*, are suitable for this purpose.

There are books specially prepared for mothers. Two of these are *Mother's Stories*, by Lindsay, and *More Mother's Stories*, by the same. *Twilight Stories*, by Foulke; *Kindergarten Stories*, by Hammett.

Then there are nature stories such as "*Cat-tails and Other Tales*," by Howlinson. For parents who feel unable to read stories or tell stories to children (and telling is always better than reading in the primary grade) there is nothing better than Miss Bryant's "*How to Tell Stories to Children*."

Parents should also have suitable poetry to read to children. Nobody can measure the effect of the reading of good poetry to children under eight years of age. Some good books for this purpose are: "*The Children's Garden of Verses*," Stevenson; "*Lullaby Land*," Eugene Field; "*Heart of Oak Books No. 1*," Norton.

All these books referred to are for junior grades. As they grow older pupils become more independent but parents should not give up the habit of reading some. Some good books for the senior grades for reading aloud are: "*Little Lord Fauntleroy*," Burnett; "*Black Beauty*," Sewell; "*Ways of Wood-folk*," Long; "*The Iron Star*," True; "*Mrs. Wiggs*," Hegan; "*Sarah Crewe*," Burnett.

For Little Children to Read.

The first book to put in the library for the very little children should be one or two of the standard primers and First Readers. These are the cheapest and best books on the market. Some of the best are: "*The Wheeler Primer*," "*Aldine Primer*," "*The Sunbonnet Babies*," "*The Hiawatha Primer*."

Next there should be works on hand for children between 7 and 8. The following are suggested: "*Nature Studies for Young Readers*," Bass; "*Tale of Bunny Cottontail*," Smith. There should also be stories of people for children of the same age, such as: "*Stories of the Red Children*," Brooks; "*Around the World*," Carroll. Children of this age should have story books such as: "*The Story of Bow Wow and Mew Mew*," Pratt-Chadwick; "*Little Stories for Little People*," McCulloch; "*Little Red Ridinghood*" and companion stories—Educational Publishing Co.

For children from 8 to 10 the following books are very suitable, among fairy tales and fables there very better than: "*Hans Andersen Stories*"; "*Classic Myths*," Judd. In the field of Nature there are several suitable books such as: "*Fishing and Hunting*," Dutton; "*Prairie Dog Town*," Bancroft; "*Merry Animal Tales*," Bingham. The stories of people will include the "*Stories of the Mapleland*," Young; "*Little People of the Snow*," Mullen; "*Big People of Other Lands*," Shaw; "*Each and All*," Jane Andrews. Then for other reading these children may take: "*Alice in Wonderland*," "*The Little Lamé Prince*," "*Peter Rabbit*," "*Black Sambo*," "*King of the Golden River*," "*Fifty Famous Stories*," "*Aunt Martha's Corner Cupboard*."

The parent who wishes to add song books suitable for children up to this age might include the *Song Primer*, by Bentley; *Eleanor Smith's Music Course, No. 1*; *Favorite Songs and Hymns*, by McCaskey.

Children from 9 to 13. Some suitable nature books at this stage are: "*Wild Animals I Have Known*," Thompson Seton; "*The Jungle Book*," Kipling; "*Sharp Eyes*," Gibson; "*Seaside and Wayside*," Wright.

Among the books dealing with history and biography are: "*Highroads of History*," published in six volumes, Nelson; "*The Stories of the Greeks and Romans*," Guerber; "*Stories of Great Artists and Musicians*, Horne & Scobey; "*Abbotts Stories of*

Great Heroes"; "*Myths of Greece and Rome*," Guerber; "*King Arthur and His Knights*," Radford; "*Romance of Canadian History*," Parkham; "*Our Empire Story (Canada)*," Marshall; "*Famous Men of Greece, Rome and Modern Times*."

Among the books of geography and travel there are included: "*Carpenter's Geographical Readers*," in six volumes; "*Among Stories of Invention and Discovery*"; "*Heroes of Industry*," Cook; "*Discoverers and Explorers*," Shaw; "*How it Works and How it is Made*," Williams; "*Stories of Invention*," Hale; "*Boy's Book of Invention*," Baker.

Poetry at this age should not be overlooked. Some suitable volumes are: "*Poems Every Child Should Know*," Burt; "*With Trumpet and Drum*," Field; "*Young Folk's Book of Poetry*," Campbell.

The story books suitable here include such well known volumes as: "*Water Babies*," "*Hans Brinker*," "*Swiss Family Robinson*," "*Robinson Crusoe*," "*Bird's Christmas Carol*," "*Capt. January*," "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," "*The Days of Bruce*," "*Treasure Island*," "*Jackanapes*," "*Little Women*," "*Tanglewood Tales*," "*Dog of Flanders*," "*Five Little Peppers*," together with books of Henty, Ballantyne, Kingston, etc.

It is not necessary to give a list of books beyond this period as children will make their own selections after this age.

Reference Books.

There should be in every home a good dictionary. It should be consulted regularly for spelling and pronunciation. The art of reading aloud is almost a lost art and any parent who is anxious for the welfare of her children will see to it that they read aloud for a short time, if not every day, at least every week. She will see to it that the speech is as correct and finished as possible, and this is why the dictionary should be in constant use. It is wonderful to note how our children and often the grown people mispronounce such common words as creek, instead, get, just, squirrel, mirror, drowned and a thousand other words, and how they carelessly run words together, such as: "What are you saying?" "What did you say?" A young person's position in society is frequently determined by the character of his speech—not only his choice of words but his pronunciation and enunciation.

The second book of reference should be an encyclopedia such as "*The Student's Reference Work*," or perhaps better still, "*The New Practical Reference Library*," published by the Dixon-Hanson Co. This list may seem pretty ambitious to most parents but probably the whole thing except the reference works will not total up to the price of a cow, or the savings of a month. It is all a question as to what children are worth.

The Ideal Woman.

As a psychologist, penetrated with the growing sense of the predominance of the heart over the mere intellect, I believe myself not alone in desiring to make a tender declaration of being more and more passionately in love with woman as I conceive she came from the hand of God. I keenly envy my Catholic friends their Maryolatry. Who ever asked if the Holy Mother, whom the wise men adored, knew the astronomy of the Chaldees or had studied Egyptian or Babylonian or even whether she knew how to read or write her own tongue, and who has ever thought of caring? We cannot conceive that she bemoaned any limitations of her sex, but she has been an object of adoration all these centuries because she glorified womanhood by being more generic, nearer the race, and richer in love, pity, unselfish devotion and intuition than man. The glorified madonna ideal shows us how much more whole and holy it is to be a woman than to be an artist, orator, professor, or expert, and suggests to our own sex that to be a man is larger than to be a gentleman, philosopher, general, president or millionaire.

But with all this love and hunger in my heart, I cannot help sharing in the growing fear that modern woman, at least in more ways and places than one, is in danger of declining from her orbit; that she is coming to lack just confidence and pride in her sex as such, and is just now in danger of lapsing to mannish ways, methods, and ideals, until her original divinity may become obscured. But if our worship at her shrine is with a love and adoration a little qualified and unsteady, we have a fixed and abiding faith without which we should have no resource against pessimism for the future of our race, that she will ere long involve a sphere of life and even education which fits her needs as well as, if not better than, those of man fits his.

Meanwhile, if the eternally womanly seems some-

what less divine, we can turn with unabated faith to the eternally childlike, the best of which in each are so closely related. The oracles of infancy and childhood will never fail. Distracted as we are in the maze of new sciences, skills, ideals, knowledges that we can not fully co-ordinate by our logic or curricularize by our pedagogy; confused between the claims of old and new methods; needing desperately, for survival as a nation and a race, some clue to thread the mazes of the manifold modern cultures, we have now at least one source to which we can turn—we have found the only magnet in all the universe that points steadfastly to the undiscovered pole of human destiny. We know what can and will ultimately co-ordinate in the generic, which is larger than the logical order, all that is worth knowing, teaching or doing by the best methods, that will save us from misfits and the waste ineffable of premature and belated knowledge, and that is in the interests and line of normal development in the child in our midst that must henceforth ever lead us; which epitomizes in its development all the stages, human and pre-human; that is the proper object of all that strange new love of everything that is naive, spontaneous and unsophisticated in human nature. The heart and soul of growing childhood is the criterion by which we judge the larger heart and soul of mature womanhood; and these are ultimately the only guide into the heart of the new education which is to be, when the school becomes what Melancthon said it must be—a true workshop of the Holy Ghost—and what the new psychology, when it rises to the heights of prophecy, foresees as the true paradise of restored intuitive human nature.—Stanley Hall.

The Good Old Way.

I would file my protest against parents objecting to discipline for their children in school, having had experience as a teacher, as well as a parent, with three almost grown up children.

My parents enjoined strict obedience at home—which has been called the "Bulwark of the Nation"—and we were taught to respect and obey our teachers, and as we numbered eleven boys and girls, they had a good reason to exert their prerogative of judicious training.

We suffered some ridicule and aversion at the hands of school-mates for being "non-conformists," if you please, but I being the youngest, speak for myself, and thank my parents for rigid discipline.

When I took up school teaching, I found that the lack of obedience at home, with unwise counsels from the parents, proved the cause of what cases of trouble I had with refractory pupils. After visits from the irate fathers, in attempts to "suppress" my regulations had met defeat in my calm welcome of their visit together with plain statements of facts, the children became tractable and my staunch friends.

One girl of 16, who began to show unruliness and was verging on downright mutiny, but who was redeemed through determined effort on my part, took the greatest interest in all school and literary work. After I was the happy mother of my first boy she came to me for advice and help in composition, and in a burst of confidence, told how much that winter's work meant to her. This was actual proof of "Bread cast upon the waters."

My message is to the fathers and mothers. Teach your children rational obedience at home, in firmness and kindness and you will not be ashamed of their deportment at school. Another thing, acquaintance with with the teacher and entertaining him (or her) at your home makes for a fellow feeling all around.

In the love I cherish for the "good old times" of the district school, I deplore much of the so-called advancement in the centralized system of schools obtaining largely in our state. It may be called rank heresy, but give me the individual district school and the all-round teachers, who with her scholars may walk a good mile to and from school and not suffer the questionable "Kid Wagon" experiences, which tend to laziness, if nothing more.

Children of the present do not expect to do much if any work mornings and evenings, but the idea prevails of "having a good time," "putting in the time," etc. That last remark always hurts me, "for life is more than just for fun."

"Squander not Time for that is the stuff Life is made of."

I do not advocate all work by any means, but see that each child has some task to perform, for idleness makes for general shiftlessness always.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

We cannot do too much for our home and children. Let us ever search for "some Light" to guide us in this most sacred of life's privileges.—Mrs. S.

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Borax, Powdered 1 " "	1.40	1.45	1.50	1.50
Bacon, Smoked 1 " "	25	27	30	30
Candy, Mixed 1 " "	5	5	5	5
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Canned Goods—	13	13	13	13
Corn 2 lb size, 1 can	9	10	11	11
Peas 1 " "	1.05	1.15	1.25	1.25
Beans 1 " "	1.20	1.30	1.40	1.40
Catsup 1 " "	1.05	1.15	1.25	1.25
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Sea Lion 1 " "	11	11	11	12
Horseshoe 1 " "	1.20	1.30	1.40	1.40
" " " " " "	15	16	17	17
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Chicory, best quality 1 " "	1.35	1.45	1.65	1.65
Cheese, choice 1 " "	43	45	48	48
Chocolate, Cowan's 1 " "	1.90	2.05	2.25	2.25
" Baker's 1 " "	53	56	60	60
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" " " " " "	8	8	8	8
" " " " " "	12	12	12	12
" " " " " "	45	45	45	45



Seeded Raisins, 16 oz. pkgs., very choice, remember that the price is going higher on this line.

Price quoted under "Dried Fruits."

	PRICE	Deliv'd in Man.	Deliv'd in Sask.	Deliv'd in Alta.
Evap. Pears, choice.....	25	3.10	3.25	3.45
" Apricots, choice.....	5	90	95	1.00
" Apples, choice.....	25	4.35	4.50	4.70
" " " " " "	10	1.10	1.15	1.20
Prunes 90-100.....	50	5.20	5.50	5.90
" " " " " "	10	65	70	75
" " " " " "	25	1.55	1.70	1.90
" " " " " "	10	75	80	85
" " " " " "	25	1.85	2.00	2.20
" " " " " "	10	1.00	1.05	1.10
" " " " " "	25	2.45	2.60	2.80
Egg Cases, 12 doz. size.....	each	35	40	40
" 30 doz. size.....	each	55	55	60
Extracts Lemon, Vanilla, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pine-apple, Almond, Orange, etc.				
Double strength, 25c. size.....	each	20	20	20
" 8 oz. size.....	each	40	40	40
FISH—				
Holland Herrings, keg 10 lb net	65	68	70	70
Salt Herrings, 1/2 bbl. (about 200 fish)	4.35	4.60	5.00	5.00
Smoked Herrings, per 4 wood bxs.	80	85	90	90
Cod-fish, blocks, per 20 lb box	1.70	1.80	1.90	1.90
" whole.....	3.50	3.70	3.90	3.90
Finnan Haddie.....	80	2.80	2.95	3.10
Halibut, whole.....	per 20 lb fish	1.95	2.05	2.20
Ham, smoked, 13 lbs each.....	per lb	21	22	23
Gelatine, Coxes.....	1 pkg.	10	10	10
Knoxes.....	1	15	15	15
Glue.....	1 lb	17	17	17
Hops, Pressed.....	1	25	25	25
Honey, Pure clover.....	5 "	70	72	75
Icing, Choc., Lemon, Pink.....	1 pkg.	8	8	8
Icing Sugar.....	1 lb	8	8	8
Jam, Royal, 5 lb pail.....	1 pail	38	40	42
" Ass't flavor.....	12 "	4.00	4.25	4.60
" White Star, 7 lb pail.....	60	62	65	65
" E. D. Smith's, 5 lb pail.....	70	70	75	75
Jelly Powder, Blue Ribbon.....	6 pkgs.	45	45	45
Lard, Pure Leaf.....	per 20 lb pail	3.70	3.75	3.85
" Compound.....	3.00	3.05	3.15	3.15
Lye, Royal Crown.....	per tin	9	9	9
Gillet's.....	10	10	10	10
Macaroni.....	per 1 lb pkg.	11	12	12
" " " " " "	per 10 lb box	75	80	90
Maple Syrup, Imperial.....	gal. size	95	1.00	1.10
" " " " " "	qt. size	30	32	35
Marmalade, Upton's.....	7 lb pail	60	62	65
" Robertson's.....	4 lb tin	50	50	50

Sunflower Salmon, fresh, pink, a winner at the price.



Prices quoted under "Canned Goods."

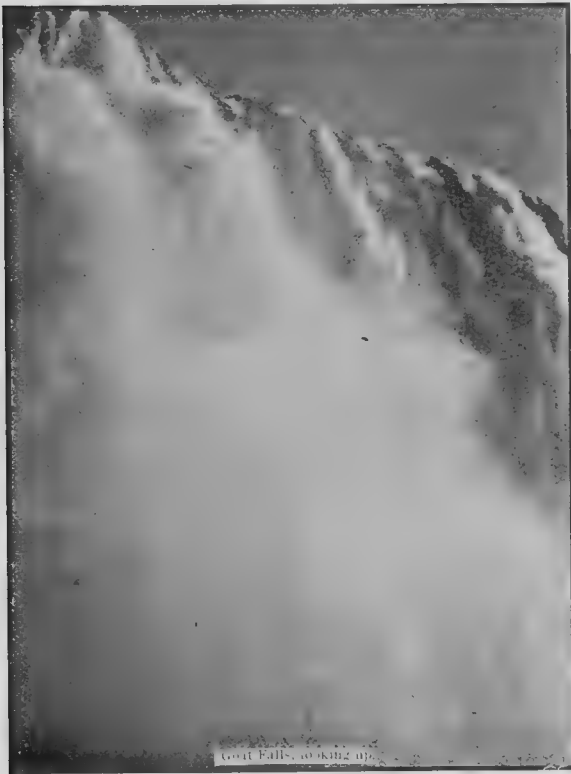
Crosse and Blackwell's 7 lb tin	75	77	80
Matches, Telephone.....	15	15	15
Headlights.....	12	12	12
Mince-meat, Wetley's.....	1 lb pkg.	10	10
" White Star.....	7 lb pail	85	90
Molasses, New Orleans.....	3 lb tin	16	17
" " " " " "	12 lb pail	70	75
Mustard, Keen's D.S.F.....	1/2 lb tin	13	13
" Keen's 2nd quality.....	1 lb	25	26
Nuts, whole.....	per lb	16	17
" Shelled.....	33	33	33
Nutmeg, whole.....	per doz.	5	5
" ground.....	per 2 oz.	5	5
Soda, Washing.....	per 25 lbs	50	60
" Baking, bulk.....	per 3 lbs	10	11
" Cow Brand.....	per 1 lb pkg.	8	8
SPICE—			
Black Pepper, Pure.....	per lb	22	22
White Pepper.....	"	25	25
Cinnamon.....	"	25	25
Ginger.....	"	25	25
Mixed Spice.....	"	25	25
Salt, Dairy.....	per 50 lb sack	60	70
" " " " " "	per 250 lb bbl.	3.10	4.10
" Rock.....	per 200 lb sk.	3.20	3.85
Starch, Corn.....	per 6 pkgs.	50	52
" Laundry, bulk.....	per 7 lb	55	57
" Acme Gloss.....	per pkg.	3	3
SOAP—Laundry, Palm Oil.....	12 bars	3.80	4.00
" " " " " "	144 "	43	45
" Royal Crown.....	144 "	4.05	4.85
" Sunlight.....	100 "	4.20	4.30
" Fels Naptha.....	10 "	65	68
Toilet—			
French Castile.....	10 "	23	24
Old B. Windsor.....	10 "	25	26
Oat-meal.....	3 "	12	13
Witch-hazel.....	3 "	20	20
Shaving—			
25c. sticks.....	20	20	20
10c. cakes.....	5	5	5
SUGAR—Granulated.....	50 lbs	2.85	3.05
" " " " " "	100 "	5.75	6.00
Yellow.....	20 "	1.15	1.20
SYRUP—Crown, pails.....	5 "	28	30
" " " " " "	20 "	1.00	1.10
WASHING POWDER—			
Royal Crown.....	3 lb pkg.	20	20
Yeast cakes, Royal.....	6 pkgs.	25	25

Jam, a compound to be sure, but with a flavor equal to pure fruit and containing nothing more harmful, usually sells for 25¢ more under different name.

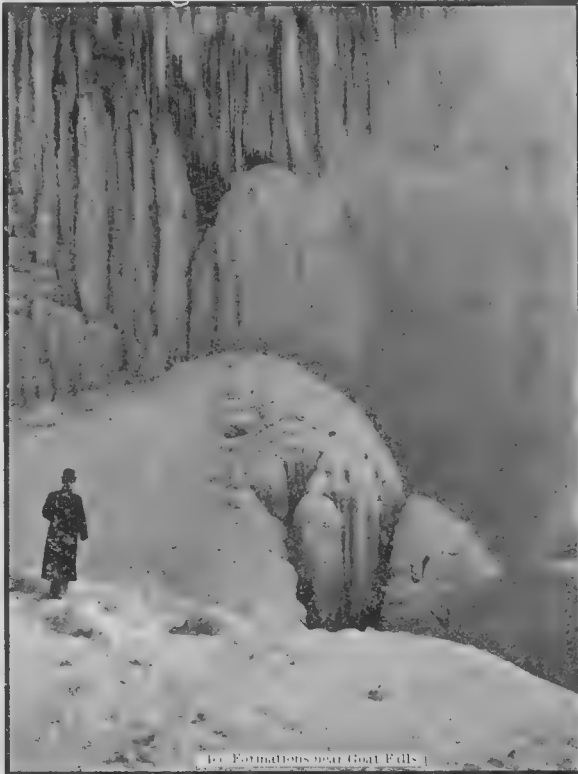
See price under "Jams."



See Coal Oil Special on Page 52



Goat Falls, looking up.



Ice Formations near Goat Falls.



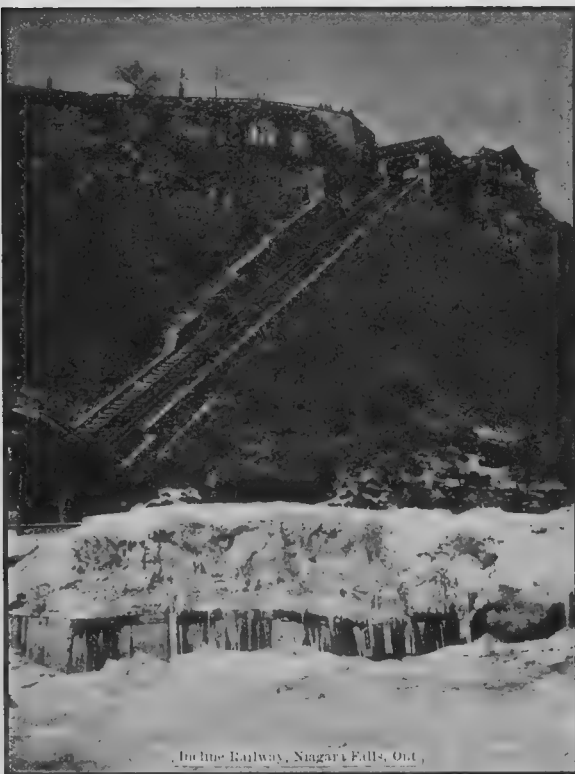
Goat Falls, looking down.



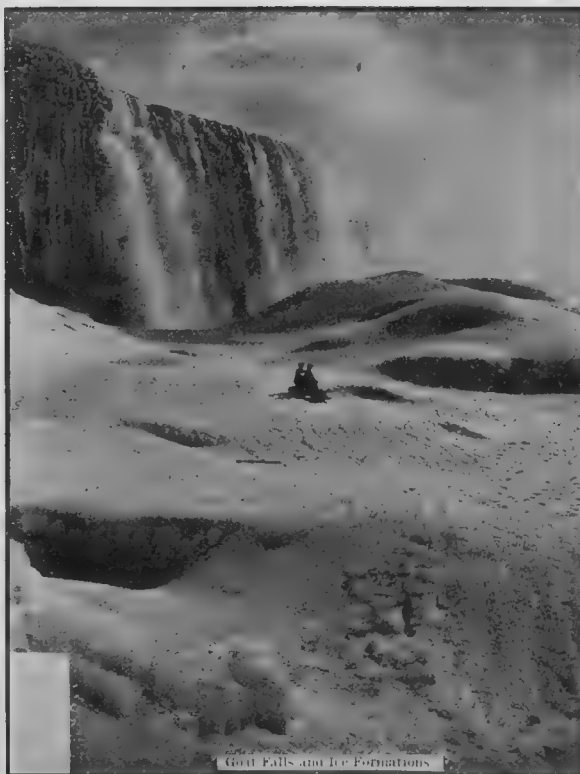
Evergreen, N.Y., looking up.



Ice Bound at Niagara Falls, Ont.



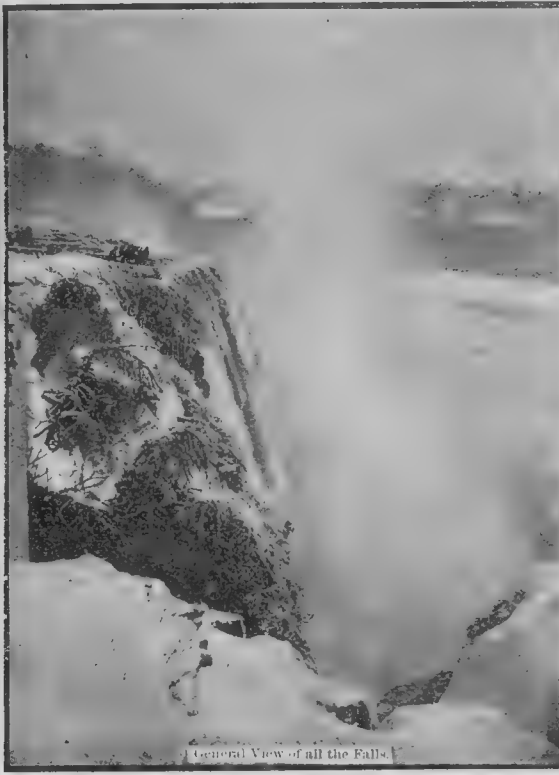
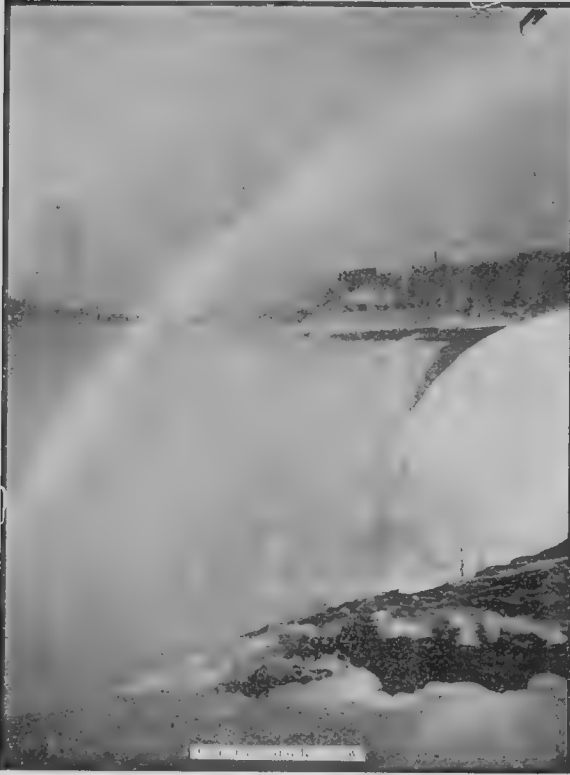
Incline Railway, Niagara Falls, Ont.



Goat Falls and Ice Formations.



Evergreen, N.Y., looking down.



Niagara Falls.

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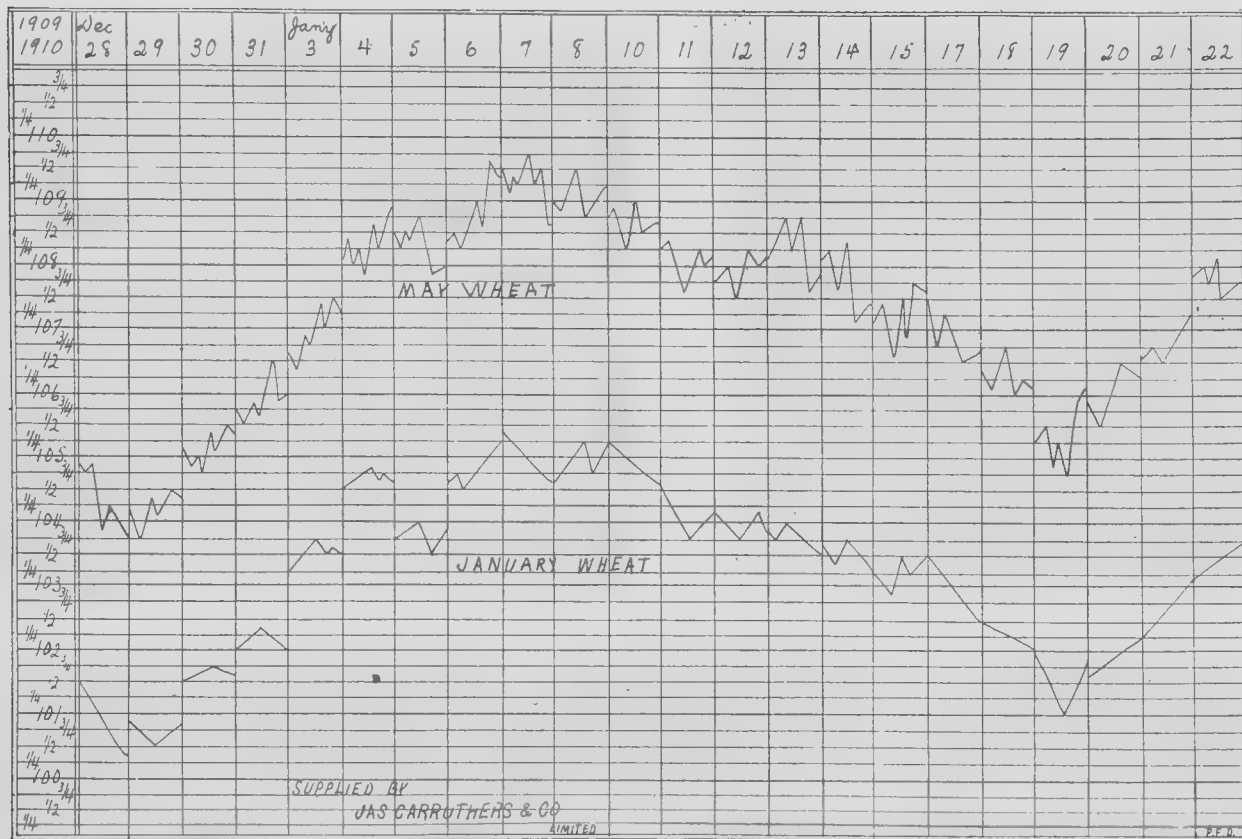
714 GRAIN EXCHANGE

WINNIPEG

COMMISSION RATES—Wheat, Flax and Barley $\frac{1}{2}$ c. per bushel; Oats $\frac{1}{4}$ c. per bushel

Comparative Chart of Winnipeg Wheat Prices

Supplied by Jas. Carruthers & Co., Ltd., Grain Exchange, Winnipeg.



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206 Grain Exchange

Winnipeg

References--Union Bank of Canada, Royal Bank of Canada.



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WINNIPEG, MAN.

Domesday Book.

The Record that Beat All Records.

Everyone knows something of it. We are continually hearing it quoted as a great historical evidence. It seems, indeed, to lie at the very roots and foundation of modern English history. And yet, how many of us are there who could say precisely of what Domesday Book consists, what it contains, or where it is at the present time?

Undoubtedly it is one of the most remarkable compilations that has ever been undertaken, and, certainly, few equal it in completeness of detail and accuracy of fact. For it has been said that "there was not a single hide of land, no, nor even a yard of land, which was not set down . . . not even an ox, or a cow, or a swine that was on the land, was left out of the record." But, unfortunately, the record is not complete. Intentionally, no doubt, it contains no mention of the larger towns in the country. One may search in vain for any entry relating to London, Winchester, and similarly important cities. Invariably they were passed over, and thus it is that the familiar phrase "according to Domesday" is not met with in their histories.

It was not until the year 1085, when he was keeping Christmas with his Court at Gloucester, that William the Conqueror ordered a full survey to be made of the whole of England. The Country was but newly conquered, it was imperative for purposes of taxation, policy, and military discipline, that the wealth and resources of every parish and manor should be ascertained. And the order for the survey is strong evidence of the wise statesmanship and excellent government of a king whose character and place in history are only of late years beginning to be properly appreciated.

He selected, amongst others, Walter Giffard, Bishop of Lincoln, and Henry de Farrars, men of marked ability and organizing power, to supervise the "justiciaries" in their work of compilation. And arduous and incessant the work must have been. The justiciaries visited the whole of England--with the exception of the three northern counties, then ceded to Scotland, and Durham, over which the Bishop held independent jurisdiction. Committees were appointed in every shire, and these supplied the necessary information to the actual compilers. Sheriffs, priests, manor-holders, "reeves," and the bailiff and six free-men from every "vill," attended before the committees and rendered a strict account as to the area of the manors or parishes; the character of its land, whether wood, meadow, arable; its fisheries and mines; the number and character of its tenants and inhabitants, the names of the holder of the demense in the time of Edward the Confessor, and its gross value then, and at the time of inquiry.

And so expeditious were the officers that, notwithstanding the vast amount of travelling, organization, careful inquiry, and clerical work involved, the record was complete, and presented to the King by the Easter of the following year. Truly an admirably engineered, brilliantly executed piece of work.

As to the book itself, it is not one volume, but two. The first consists of nearly four hundred folio pages, closely and laboriously written. The entries commenced with Kent (Chent, it is called), and comprise the whole of the southern counties to Cornwall. Then, returning to Middlesex, the Home Counties, Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester are dealt with. Then the Eastern Midlands, Shropshire, Derby, and other counties are included, and the record concludes with Cheshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Lincoln.

The second volume, which is of quarto size, contains four hundred and fifty pages, but the writing is much larger, and not nearly so closely aligned, and only three counties--those of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk--are included.

In both there are evidences of the remarkable thoroughness with which the survey was prosecuted. They form not only a census return, but an excellent criterion to the character of the country, its political, social, and industrial con-

dition. So far as the "Census" is concerned, it may be briefly said that 672 tenants held their land and manors direct from the Crown, in addition to which about as many "ecclesiastical corporations" also held land under the King. There were, also, some 8,000 under-tenants holding manors or land from their feudal chiefs.

The King retained possession of 1,420 manors; his son, Peveril, held 162, but none of his remaining children received any portion of the conquered territory. Most of the remaining possessions were distributed amongst the nobles, household officials, and leaders of the King's Norman following, though, here and there, a well-affected Saxon was permitted to retain his ancient holding.

Just prior to the making of the survey, Northumbria (which then included Yorkshire) had revolted against the Norman's rule, and their rebellion had been put down with a strong and rigorous hand. The Conqueror's weapon of "fire, slaughter, and devastation" were ruthlessly employed against the insurgents. On the wild moorlands of Yorkshire, and along the sheltered dales, "the red cock crowed from house and barn," the inhabitants were put to the sword without mercy, and the rebellion was quashed. Needless to say, Domesday Book, faithful in all its details, contains many a painful echo of this melancholy business. Manor after manor is reported as having been "wasted," and so drastic was the remedy that in four hundred places that had belonged to the leaders who had favored the claims of Edgar Atheling, a total of some forty to forty-five cottagers and "villians" are recorded.

In one respect, and that an important one, the wonderful record is faulty. It was written by Normans, strange to the country and the language. It naturally follows that their rendering of names (especially place names) is often defective. Hence it is foolish to regard the Domesday spelling of a name as authoritative--not infrequently it is the reverse.

Formerly it was usual for Domesday Book to be carried from place to place as the sovereign moved his court. Now, however, it has its permanent resting place, and is never disturbed even for reference. For, since the early years of the last century, when Parliament caused an exact counterpart to be printed, this has been consulted for all purposes of reference, and the aged and thumb marked original is permitted to remain within its case, guarded with as jealous a care as it deserves.



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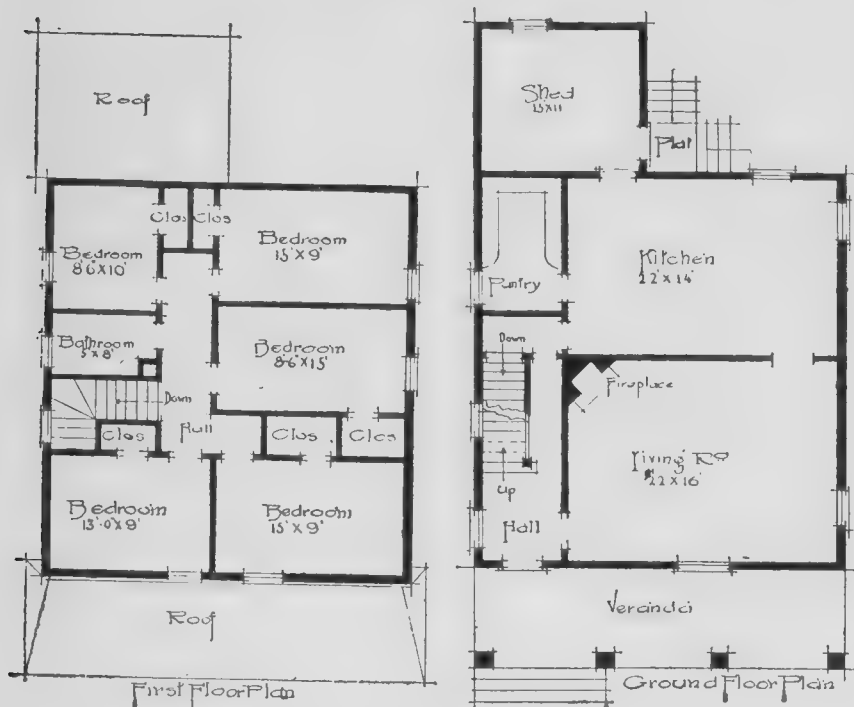
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Original Plans.

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A Practical House.

This is a very practical and pleasant house. The exterior being very simple and easily built. The arrangement of the rooms is a practical one, a large living room and large kitchen occupying the entire floor space. The kitchen with its adjunct of outside kitchen and pantry would make a good dining room—if the living room was not required.

The construction of the house is frame on a stone or concrete basement, with shingles above stained. The veranda balustrade and posts are shingled. All through the house is finished in fir, edged-grained for the floors and stairs, and flat-grained for the casings and doors, stained a brown. A full basement with concrete floor and hot air furnace is provided.

Doherty Piano Co.

We would call special attention this month to the offer of the W. Doherty Piano & Organ Co's Western Branch on slightly used Pianos and Organs. Often times a considerable saving can be made in this way and anything offered by this Company, now forty years in the music business in Canada, can be relied upon.

TOBACCO HABIT

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LIQUOR HABIT

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Per 45 gallon barrel **\$9.75**

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In 10 gallon cases (wine

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See Grocery Price-List Page 47

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WINNIPEG . . . REGINA

Past and Present.

By W. De WAGSTAFFE.

Some apostle of things occult has said that the lives that are past resume their thread with fate in the living of the present. Vows made in centuries gone by, and since neglected, can be expiated by lips that whisper them today.

It is an ingenious sophistry, for in romance all lips have whispered the same words of love today, yesterday and tomorrow.

Now, I am not a romantic fellow. I have plenty of money, and have never been permitted to see or feel these stirring emotions that make tragedies in life. My past in the human drama has been a lazy, dozing, peaceful one. I have stood in the midst of dramatic scenes; I have looked into the faces of men, scarred and wounded in contact with the world, and passed on. I may have felt sorry for the seamy side of life, realizing that suffering was distinctly opposite to pleasure, but that is all. When I could help the pain with money I have done so; but then I had plenty—it was no effort to give it away.

I am doing something tonight I do not exactly remember to have done before consistently—I am thinking.

For the novelty of the thing, I am writing down on paper what I think,

wiped his brow with the same napkin he had just used on my spoon, and came back presently with a bowl of ice, an unlabeled bottle, which he described as ordinary wine, and a glass that an elephant could not have broken with his tusk. But I enjoyed all this. It was just what I wanted—novelty. I ate mechanically the drops and bits that were put before me, then I lighted a cigar, leaned back in my chair and looked about.

The room was full. I do not remember the faces of any of the people I saw. They were ordinary men and women, looking a little more tired and less interested in their dinners than the men and women whom I had seen at Delmonico's. I was disappointed. There was really nothing unusual or odd in the whole transaction excepting the dinner and its service, and I was about to move away, when, by chance, I looked a second time at a pair of dark eyes that I found gazing at me with quiet interest.

I looked at the hat above them.

It was a hood affair, with plenty of rich black velvet about it, and a light steel butterfly holding the huge bow together. There was a broad, pliable brim that cast a shadow over the face when she bowed her head.



"I looked a second time at a pair of dark eyes that I found gazing at me with quiet interest."

because it occurs to me I may forget all about it if I don't, and it will help me to remember what I have neglected to do all these years—to get married.

I don't believe in doing this sort of thing for money. Those story-writing "fellers" never mean a word of what they write, but I do; therefore my story shall be priceless.

I strolled into the "Black Cat" tonight for dinner. I was tired of the club, tired of Delmonico's, tired of dining out, so, instead of turning off Fifth Avenue at Thirty-fifth Street to my chambers, I walked on and on, till I could smell the garlic and lodging houses of Bleeker Street, and, having crossed the once aristocratic Washington Square, I came to a little house with two lamps on the steps, and between them, swinging in the air above, the picture of a villainous-looking cat, with a tail like a capital S. It was a French restaurant, where all the delicacies of the season, in seven courses, were advertised for the modest sum of fifty cents. I had survived many cheap table d'hotes abroad without permanent injury, and, besides, I was not really hungry. I was only bored.

The waiter looked at me searchingly, hung up my coat, then with marked deliberation counted out one spoon, one knife, one fork and one butter-plate before me. Then he said:

"Will monsieur take the ordinary or the superior?"

It was because of the superior gifts of life that I was bored, so I said ordinary. The waiter looked surprised,

I was particularly interested in the hat, because it was elegant yet simple, and up above, in the fashionable quarter where I came from, that was what the women were most proud of.

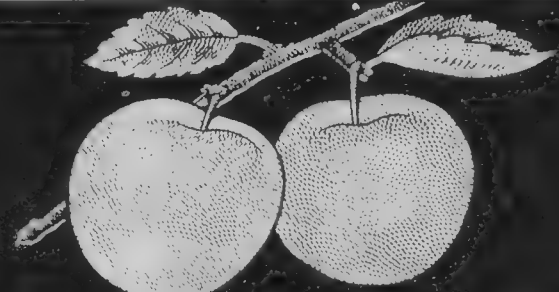
When I looked under the hat I found thick black hair, parted in two rippling waves, slanting over a low, broad forehead, white and smooth. Then came the eyebrows, as though darkly penciled, with arching grace over the eyes. I had seen dark eyes before, large and bold and passionate, and cold eyes, but I had never encountered quite the quality or the innocence of these particular eyes.

I believe, at this point the real story-writer would say something about the soul of a woman with such eyes, but I can't, for what I write is true, and all I saw then was a lovely face. The mouth was dainty, the lips perfectly formed, the nose patrician. She was simply dressed in gray. To my mind the dress was cheap, and I did not look at it again, because I don't like cheap things.

Dining with her was an eccentric, sallow-looking man, who wore spectacles. I observed that his hair seemed a massive, uncombed quantity, doomed to go about the world upon a head shaped like an egg. He was young, apparently, but sickly, and this strange escort made me wonder still more about the lovely face.

The waiter handed me my bill. I pushed it aside and ordered a cognac, and continued to dream.

I never did so before. The modern



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Wouldn't you
 Like to own a profitable orchard and beautiful home at **KALEDEN**—you may
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 We will ship lamp with globe, mantle, lighter, tank, pump, pressure gauge, with ten feet of wire, so that it can be assembled within five minutes after the outfit arrives, for the sum of **\$12.00**.
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 Liberal discount to agents ordering in quantities.
 Goods shipped C.O.D. **Manufactured by**
Cummings Brass Co.
 Manufacturers of Brass, Iron and Wire Work in all its various finishes
Winnipeg Man.

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Better than Insurance
 I have a limited number of shares in the Winnipeg Mercantile Trust Company, for sale at \$55 per share. This is a strong Western concern controlled by strong Western business men for Western people.
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THE LABEL

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beauties whom I met in the traffic of fashionable pleasures were all too alert, too wide awake.

Presently she returned my gaze with unaffected interest, and it flashed across my mind that we had met before, but casually. It had not been a mere transient acquaintance, but we had known each other intimately well. We seemed to know each other then, but some link from the past was missing, and we could only look at each other—there was no excuse to speak. Her face inspired the most reverent regard I had ever held for a woman, and I felt sorry for the cheap dress, and the shoddy escort. Even the hat was familiar to me, and the bright butterfly glistening like silver in the nest of rich black velvet seemed to assure me that we were old friends.

At first I thought it was the bad wine; then I looked at the tiny bottle and knew that the dose was too small. Even the cognac did not strengthen my recollection, and so we looked at each other and wondered.

At length they finished dinner; he put a slight little cape over her shoulders; they passed out and were gone, and the place seemed suddenly empty to me. I stared at the stiff-looking chair where she had sat, and the face was as clearly before me as it had been a moment ago. I did not follow them—that would have been rude—so, satisfied with the fact that my memory had clearly photographed her face, I paid my bill and passed out into the street.

As I crossed Washington Square the poor people about were more noticeable to me than usual. I found in their faces a pardon for poverty. Was it because I had seen that cheap gray dress? Could a pair of dark eyes really change the scene of life to more tender aspect? It seemed so, for I did what I usually reserved for an office of duty, I walked into my father's house with an assurance in my mind that I should enjoy the visit.

I found my father in the dining room alone, lingering over his favorite cigar after dinner.

"Well, Dick, this is kind of you to drop in on us this way. Your mother will be glad to see you. You're such a wayward boy, since you have grown to manhood," he said kindly, as he motioned me to a chair, and pushed the cigars and decanter towards me. I really enjoyed the change from the atmosphere of Bleeker Street, and somewhat chided myself for the foolish fancy I had conceived. It was very still in the room, the cigars were of the best, the liquor daintily served, and somehow or other I found the old gentleman more chummy than he had ever seemed to me before.

"Dick, marriage is a good thing for a young fellow like you with plenty of money. A wife gives you something to think about—something to do," said my father seriously.

"Well, some day—some day!" I answered, vaguely.

"What happened between you and Dolly, Dick? We all thought you were fairly caught then."

"Nothing, only she was too good, too bright, too clever for an ordinary chap like myself. I felt as though she would never be happy with a tiresome fellow like me. You know she was a fine pianist. I couldn't appreciate that. I never cared for music. She could spend all day in a picture gallery. I couldn't, unless it were full of photographs of pretty women, and there you are, Dolly ought to marry a genius. It's the only kind of man she could worship."

My father puffed vigorously at his cigar awhile, then his eyes became fixed on an oil painting that hung on the wall behind me. I turned and looked too.

It was the portrait of a woman. Only the head and face were visible. A wide-brimmed hat, covered with rich, black velvet, was brightened by a jeweled butterfly, pinned just at the bow knot.

Thick, dark hair, parted in wavy grace over a low, white forehead. The eyes were dark, with faint arched brows.

The lips, the nose, the chin! It was the same face—identically the same I had seen in the little cafe near Blecker

er Street—the girl in the cheap gray dress.

"That's your style of beauty—eh, Dick?" said my father, seeing I was absorbed in the picture.

"Yes," I answered, simply.

"Well, I admire your taste, but you don't see such faces today. The fashions have changed; the morals have changed since your grandmother sat for that portrait."

"Who painted it?"

"Her husband. She was the sort of woman you spoke of just now, like Dolly. She sang beautifully, she loved pictures, she wrote poetry—"

"Go on," I said, my eyes eagerly watching this vivid portrait of the past.

"Well, these things are all good in their way but they are not practical. She married an artist. Just such a fellow as you would choose for Dolly—full of romance and poetry and fire. He painted that portrait of her, and they fell in love, and were married secretly."

My father's voice was less deliberate now.

"For five years they struggled. Her father would never forgive her recklessness, his adoration, and she died. After that they were sorry. They found her body in poor lodgings, with one dress to her back."

"Yes, yes, I know. It was a nasty, cheap gray dress," I said, interrupting him, and, turning round, I saw my father's astonished face.

"How did you know that?"

"A chance. I guessed at it, that was all," I answered, apologetically.

But the facts were irrevocable.

I had met the exact counterpart of my patrician grandmother, in shoddy circumstances, in a cheap restaurant.

Was there some truth in the occult saying, that vows neglected in centuries past could be expiated by lips that should whisper pardon today?

This is why I am thinking tonight, and this is why I have written down, as consistently as an amateur scribbler can, the record of my adventure.

What I really think is, that if ever I meet those dark eyes again, I will find a way to expiate the vows neglected in that past century.

I will relieve her of frowsy escorts with uncombed hair, because they may be poor geniuses, and she shall never wear a cheap gray dress again.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

The proceedings at the annual meeting of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, held recently in Toronto, and which are published elsewhere in this issue, make interesting reading. Mr. B. E. Walker, President of the Bank, ably reviews the business conditions of the past year and surveying the entire Dominion finds the situation in an exceptionally healthy state. As to the West, the figures he gives are such as to fully justify the hopeful feeling with regard to the future. They picture clearly the progress that has been made and coming from such a reliable source cannot fail but have a stimulating effect. As an instance of the Bank's figures it may be mentioned that the current and call loans increased during the year by 17 per cent., as to deposits by the public, the increase was 27 per cent. Among the financial institutions that have rendered great service to the Dominion the Canadian Bank of Commerce takes the leading place.

Sir Gilbert Parker: Andrew Carnegie is sufficiently wealthy to purchase at market price every single belonging of every one of the twenty-seven Dukes, outside of the Royal circle.

Sir W. C. Van Horne: The United States settler who comes to Western Canada, comes because it is the best country in the world: because it is the most law-abiding land on earth: because it has a broad democracy. He has put his hand to the Canadian national plow and he won't look back. That is the spirit of the American settler in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

"SAVE THE HORSE" SPAVIN CURE.

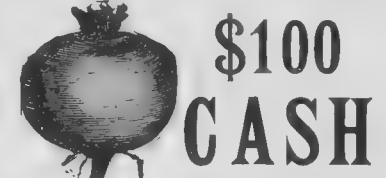


Don't forget, Mr. Man, no matter what your case is, an investment in "Save-The-Horse" means You simply cannot lose if you go at it right. OUR CONTRACT PROTECTS YOU.

Simon & Son, Tailors, Richmond, Va., Nov. 20, 1909. TROY CHEMICAL CO., Binghamton, N. Y.: I used "Save-The-Horse" as you directed on the place where the horse was kicked and he recovered entirely from lameness. A week afterward he went lame in hind leg, and he was very lame. I had a doctor examine him and he said he had a blind jack. As I had some "Save-The-Horse" left he advised me to use it, which I did, and he is perfectly sound. This jack came on the leg that was sound, for, if you remember, he had a bone spavin on the other leg some time ago. I have had tough luck with this horse, but your remedy has always given him a cure. I thank you for your kindness, always willing to give advice, and I shall always recommend "Save-The-Horse" highly. NATHAN SIMON.

Norway, Me., Oct. 19, 1909. TROY CHEMICAL CO., Binghamton, N. Y.: I have a horse, etc. I have faith that "Save-The-Horse" will do you any good because I have seen four cures, one bog spavin, and one enlarged tendon cured by it for other people. Please let me hear from you regarding my horse. Very resp., A. H. STAPLES, D. D. S.

\$5.00 a bottle, with signed guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet and letters from business men and trainers on every kind of case. Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone (ex. low), Curbs, Splints, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Rot, Injured Tendons & Lameness. No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. Dealers or Exp. paid. TROY CHEMICAL CO., 148 Van Horn Street, TORONTO, ONT., and BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



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40 Prizes For the largest Seed orders sent us before July 1st, 1910. Person sending

largest order \$20.00; 2nd largest order \$15.00; 3rd \$10.00; 4th \$7.50; 5th \$5.00; next 5 \$2.50 each; next 10 \$1.50 each; next 10 \$1.00 each; next 10 50 cents each.

A SINGLE AFTERNOON'S WORK—Asking your friends to join in sending for their seeds—may secure a good price. Largest order received last year, \$23.88. Write for catalogue and start at once. Our seeds are fresh and reliable—Prices lowest in Canada.

Smith Sisters

Swansea, Ont

PHOTOGRAPHS AND PICTURES

THE LATEST PICTURE RAGE, "My Champagne Girl," 8 x 16, in 15 colors. Delightful for your "Den." Sent with 100 other "catchy" art ideas upon receipt of nine 2 cent stamps. Union Art Co., B4; 81 Pine; New York.

THE LATEST PICTURE HIT, "A Modern Venus," Size 8 x 16, in 15 colors. Great for your "Den." Sent prepaid with 100 other "nifty" art ideas upon receipt of seven 2-cent stamps. Union Art Co., Dept. 35, 81 Pine St., N. Y.

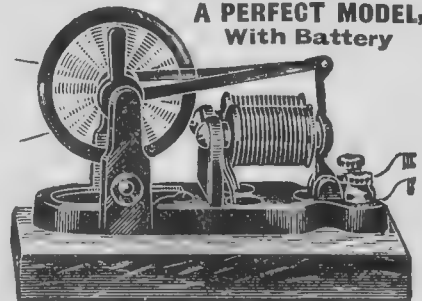
"I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid" The newest picture hit, size 7 x 12; in 16 colors. Sent prepaid with 100 other "nifty" art ideas upon receipt of seven 2-cent stamps. Union Art Co., Dept. M; 81 Pine, New York.

STAGE BEAUTY POSES. The latest craze. New and "nifty." 3 for 25 cents. Union Art Co., D. G., 81 Pine, N. Y.

20 Lovely Floral post cards with initials in gold, etc. etc. 10c Union Post Card Co., Dept 65, 81 Pine St., New York.

Electric Engine

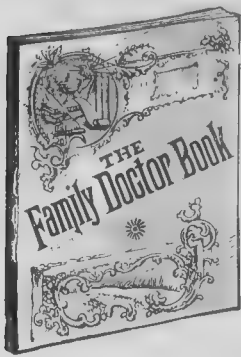
A PERFECT MODEL, With Battery



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FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS

Makes from 200 to 3,000 revolutions a minute; can be started, stopped or reversed in an instant. Complete, with Battery and Instruction Book, for selling \$3.00 worth of the biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package, you simply hand them out and take the money. Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send the Engine same day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 13w, Toronto.

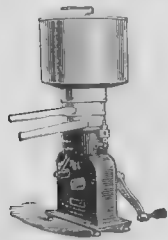


The Family Doctor Book. 25 cents

This valuable volume should find a place in every home. It will save its small cost a hundred times over every year in doctors' bills. It contains plain and simple directions for the treatment of every known disease or ailment of the human frame, and suggests simple home remedies which will usually effect a cure without the necessity of employing a physician. The various topics are alphabetically arranged, so that any particular complaint may be referred to in a moment. Appended to the work proper is a valuable treatise entitled "Advice to Mothers" which will be found of the utmost value and usefulness to every mother, young or old. It would be a wise thing if the head of every household would buy a copy of this book. It costs but a trifle, and the value of the information it contains can hardly be measured by dollars and cents. It will tell you how to cure every ailment you have now or are ever likely to have and you will be surprised to see how readily our common ills yield to the simple remedies given. It is a book neatly bound in attractive covers and will be sent by mail post paid upon receipt of only 25 cents. Address all orders—

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\$18.00

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DOMO Cream Separator

Direct. Why pay \$25 to \$50 more to an Agent?

SPECIAL 30-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Free Catalogue gives particulars of special trial offer, testimonials, description and low prices of 5 sizes.

Hamiltons'

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WINNIPEG

G. B. Dunning, Tuxford, Sask., Jan. 8th, 1910.

"The Domo I purchased from you has proven satisfactory. We are well pleased with it. It runs easily, and skims perfectly. I would take much pleasure in recommending it to anybody wishing to purchase a Separator."

(Purchase Price \$18.00)

O. H. Woods, Airdrie, Alta., Jan. 9th, 1910.

"I must say that it (the Domo) is giving me perfect satisfaction. Much better than I expected for such a low price. I consider it as good as the high priced machines."

(Purchase Price \$24.50)

N. A. Douglass' Hartney, Man., Jan 4th, 1910.

"We are quite satisfied with the Separator, and I think it very cheap at the price."

(Purchase Price \$39.50)

Try the Wingold Way



This Big Kitchen Cabinet only **\$17.35**

No. 3-16. This exceptionally attractive new, up-to-date high-grade kitchen cabinet is a splendid example of convenience of arrangement in kitchen cabinet construction. It is made of specially selected hard white maple thoroughly seasoned and kiln dried, finished natural color. Entire height of cabinet 82 inches. The base has a whitewood top, size 26x48. It has a long divided dust-proof flour bin which holds 80 lbs. of flour and large cupboard for pots, pans, etc. Two long drawers above are convenient receptacles for cooking forks, spoons, knives and various other utensils used in every kitchen. Fitted with one kneading and chopping board finished on both sides which can be removed and placed on top for convenience in using. The top section has a spacious cupboard, 30x31 with glass doors, to the right of which is a small cupboard and three medium sized drawers for spices, etc. Notice the tilting bins on each side of the cabinet. The construction of this splendid cabinet is first class throughout. The drawers, doors and bins are perfect fitting. Drawers and bins can be easily taken out for airing, a convenience seldom found in cabinets made by other manufacturers. The posts and panels are perfectly framed and joined together. Every post and piece the best that skilled workmanship can possibly produce. The finish of this Cabinet is a light natural white maple color, no coloring being used. The surface is perfectly sanded and smoothed and given several varnish coatings which brings out the beautiful natural grain of the wood, and has the appearance of purity and cleanliness.

IT'S A WINGOLD



Only **\$46.75** Complete

A Regular **\$85.00** Value

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THIS IS THE STOVE THAT PLEASURES SPECIAL FEATURES

Double Refined Blue Steel, body Asbestos interlined.
Colonial Trimmings, Silver Nickeled.
Heavy duplex Grates, Double Shaker Bars.
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Oven 20 x 20 x 13, also smaller sizes.

Just as illustrated—Positively the Handsomest, Best, and Most Economical Fuel Consuming Steel Range made.

This is but one of many patterns. Write to-day for a Wingold Stove Catalogue. It describes and illustrates all the Newest Stoves and Ranges which we offer direct to user at Lowest Wholesale Prices.

Stocks carried at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg. Prompt shipment guaranteed. 30 Days' Free Trial Given. Write to-day for our new 1910 Stove offers.

The Wingold Stove Co., Limited

181 Bannatyne Avenue East, Winnipeg

A Misplaced Proposal.

By AMILIE RIVERS.



THREE boxes of bonbons. One for you Madame, one for you Mlle. Eulalie, and one for you, Mlle. Gabrielle. They came with this white lilac from Monsieur Allard.

Madame put by her box unopened. Eulalie, a tall, well-built girl with handsome, regular features, dressed richly and becomingly opened the one that bore her name daintily embroidered, too out of ak sweet and then began to arrange the lilac.

Gabrielle found it difficult to untie the gold-stranded string round the neck of the box, and went to her work basket at the other end of the room for a knitting needle. There were signs of excitement in the agreeable but not pretty face of the girl, who, indeed, had nothing but a fine pair of eyes and look of good nature to atone for heavy features, colorless face, and dull hair. Her short, rather square figure was little aided by her somewhat unfashionable frock.

A minute later she was really pretty for a moment—as her eyes eagerly gazed at a letter that she drew out of the box. She uttered a little cry, and then ran forward.

"Oh, but look here, auntie; look at this!" Suddenly, an air of dismay came over her. "It can't be for me," she continued; "it must be for you, Eulalie."

The aunt read the letter, or rather note, aloud:

"Mademoiselle—I take this opportunity of telling you what you must have guessed—that I love you. It is my intention to make a formal demand of your hand in marriage. However, my long residence in England has made me feel that I should not do so without knowing whether the proposal would be agreeable—I durst not put it higher to you. I know this is an unusual step to take; you must ascribe it to my unusual training. This afternoon when I present myself, I trust you will give me some sign whether you are willing I should ask the question on which depends the happiness of my life. Believe, me, Mademoiselle, yours more passionately than it would be becoming for me to say,

George Allard.

"Oh, Gabrielle, cried both of the others, "how strange and how fortunate! And, Madame continued, "he is a far better parti than you could have dreamed of, and a charming fellow."

"But it must have been meant for Eulalie."

All three examined the boxes, and Gabrielle examined her heart as well. Certainly there was no mistake about the heart, apparently none about the boxes.

"Your uncle," said Madame Goudinet, "will be delighted, and I suppose," she added, quizzically, "that the blush in your cheek, Gabrielle, may be taken as a sign of acquiescence?"

The blush burnt deeper.

"Come," said Eulalie; "while mamma is talking to father about it, I'll make you look as smart as possible. We haven't much time, for I expect you"—and she paused maliciously—"lover will be here at 5 o'clock."

The girls ran off together, and Madame Goudinet went to the library, in which her husband never read anything. She told him about the wonderful good fortune of Gabrielle and themselves, for Gabrielle was penniless, plain, orphan daughter of M. Goudinet's only brother, seemed likely to be left on their hands, unless they were willing to give a dowry so large as to interfere with Eulalie's chance of making a brilliant marriage.

Now, Allard was a young engineer of excellent family, with a good character, a fair fortune and splendid prospects. Indeed, to use M. Goudinet's phrase the young man could easily have got a girl with a dowry of a million francs, and good looks into the bargain, and yet he was proposing for a girl with no money and little beauty.

"It's lucky," said Madame Goudinet, that the young fellow has no near relatives alive, for they would be down on us within twenty-four hours, talking about a dowry and asking questions."

"Beautiful idea that of the English," murmured Monsieur, to marry without question of dowry and simply for love; but I think I shall change my idea about sending our Gaston to study in England—a dangerous country! However, we must act handsomely, and I'll give her a fine trousseau and twenty thousand dollars."

At a quarter to five M. Allard was announced. The salon was half full of members of the Goudinet family, for it was the birthday of M. Goudinet as well as New Year's Day.

No one knew the secret, since M. Goudinet determined to contrive a little poetic coup de theatre for the benefit of the family. Everybody was whispering about the unwonted prettiness of Gabrielle, Eulalie had not come down; she had taken so much time arranging Gabrielle that she was late over her own toilette.

M. Allard entered, a good-looking fellow, dressed in English style, with a manly air and a nervous manner. M. Goudinet advanced to the door impressively and grasped his hand.

"My friends," he said, turning round and making a sweeping oratorical gesture with his right hand, "I am going to give you a charming surprise, a poetic emotion, not undramatic, a delightful instance of one of the good qualities of a sister nation."

M. Allard, who at first looked horribly ill at ease, began to beam with a joy obvious to everybody who gazed at him. Nobody looked at Gabrielle, who was standing beside Madame Goudinet with downcast eyes.

"My friends," continued M. Goudinet in his most senatorial manner, "Monsieur Allard has today made a demand of marriage in the most delightful style, and it is with the utmost pleasure that Mme. Goudinet and I accede to his request."

The radiant look in the young man's face was delightful to see. The girl leaned against her aunt for support.

"Come here, my dear," called out M. Goudinet, "come here."

Mme. Goudinet led her forward.

For the first time during the scene M. Allard saw her. In a second his eyes searched the whole room. The color fled from his face; he gazed at the girl as if he were a man gazing at death.

"Monsieur Allard, my dear Nephew," said M. Goudinet, joining the hands of the two young people, "embrace your fiancée."

There was a long pause—thrillingly long. The man was gazing at the girl's face, a strange look in his.

She raised her eyes, the beautiful eyes her one charm, eyes then brilliant with happiness and affection. He bent forward to kiss her forehead. Suddenly she started, giving a cry of pain.

"Oh, you have hurt my hand, Monsieur; you have pressed it so hard!"

He tried to stammer an excuse. Her eyes were fixed on his face. Ere he had uttered two words she interrupted:

"Monsieur Allard, was there no mistake? Was the letter in the right box? Was it meant for me?"

He gasped and stuttered.

"What does this mean?" asked M. Goudinet.

"Uncle, it means there is a mistake. I saw in his eyes that he does not love me."

"What does this mean?" said M. Goudinet sharply to the young man.

"There was a mistake," said the young man mournfully. "Goodness knows how it happened! The letter was meant for your daughter."

"Well, but ——" interposed M. Goudinet.

"But, continued the young man, with dignity, "when I saw what a mistake there was, and the fault was mine; when I guessed, too, I hope fatuously, that Mlle. Gabrielle had some liking for me, and knew she was willing to accept me, I determined as a true

Frenchman, to take the happiness offered me, even if it were not that which I sought, and carry the secret of my mistake to the grave."

Everybody was profoundly moved—the ladies, all of them, to tears.

"I am still ready," said the young man, with trembling voice; but Gabrielle interrupted him.

"I know what I lose," said the poor girl, the words forcing themselves painfully from her; "but I will not be ungenerous. As Monsieur Allard does not love me, I will not be his wife, since he seeks love in marriage."

M. Goudinet had been whispering to his wife. Once more came an oratorical wave of the right arm.

"My friends,"—he said. At that moment the door was opened and Eulalie came in.

"My friends, Monsieur Allard has just shown himself a Frenchman with all the grand old traditions of our race. I had aspired—legitimately. I trust—to a more brilliant marriage for my daughter; but how could she do better than wed a man of such noble nature, and so, if it be agreeable to Eulalie, I shall have the honor of calling him my son-in-law instead of my nephew."

Two minutes later the virginal brow of Miss Eulalie was decorated with the betrothal kiss that had almost fallen by accident to the lot of Gabrielle.

The Heart and the Circulation of the Blood.

Man has within him a stationary engine called his heart, which, with its veins and arteries, constitutes a perfect system of hydraulics, compared with which man's best work is clumsy, intricate and wasteful. The lungs are a working bellows, the most perfect method of sanitary ventilation. The stomach is a working vat of marvelous perfection. The brain is a wondrous condenser, and the skin is a great working evaporator, with reserve automatic appliances, ready for extra work in moments of need. All these are in action at all times, day and night, tireless, unceasing, self winding and repairing, for seventy years or more.

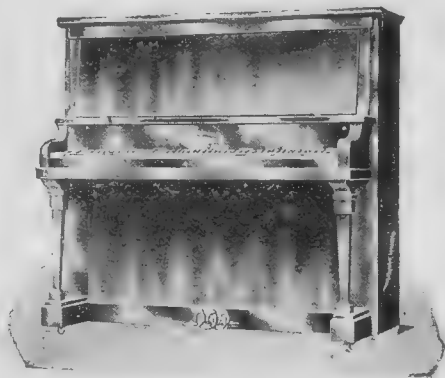
The blood in the system is about one-thirteenth of the weight of the body. So microscopic is the mesh in this network of capillaries, that touching the body with a needle at any point will open a blood vessel.

Blood consists of a transparent, colorless fluid, the liquor sanguinis, and the corpuscle, or minute, solid bodies which float in it. The fluid is water, in which are dissolved fibrine, phosphates of soda, albumin, chlorides of sodium and potassium, lime, magnesia and other fatty matters. In every teaspoonful of human blood are fifteen billion red corpuscles and thirty million white ones, there being three hundred and fifty to five hundred times as many red as white corpuscles. The red globules are small, bi-concave discs one-thirty-two-hundredth of an inch in width. The entire body contains about twenty-six and a half million millions, and if placed side by side would stretch 130,910 miles, over five times around the earth.

Nature guards the heart very carefully. It is in a membranous bag, which holds it easily and loosely, without confining its motion. This bag contains about a spoonful of water to keep the heart's surface supple and moist. This sack is placed between the two soft lobes of the lungs, is tied to strong membranes, and is further sustained from the great blood vessels issuing from it.

The mileage of the blood circulation is astounding. Assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary pressure, the blood travels at the rate of two hundred and seven yards a minute, seven miles an hour, one hundred and sixty-eight miles a day and 61,320 miles a year. In man's allotted life, seventy years, the distance traveled by the blood would be 4,292,400 miles, or just about eighteen times the distance from the earth to the moon.

Every tooth has an artery to feed the bone, a vein to bring back the spare blood, and a nerve for sensation. These three pipes entering through a hole in the root of the tooth, when combined, do not equal the thickness of a horse-hair.



THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY ON RECORD

MASON & RISCH

Announce their pre-inventory Sale of HIGH-GRADE PIANOS

An opportunity which could not be had under any other conditions; New Pianos from \$175 up; terms to suit the purchaser. It is not often that a chance like the present occurs to buy a Piano.

Handling our own retail trade as we do, having our own store in every city of any size from Port Arthur to the Coast, we are in a position to offer retail prices on High-Grade Pianos at the same prices paid by the small retailer who buys wholesale.

The Mason and Risch guarantee protects you at present and for years to come. Honest methods, square dealing, supplemented by progressive, modern "Factory to Home" selling plan have built up the largest business in the west.

If you cannot attend this sale in person, then write for full description of the bargains which will be mailed to you immediately.

We give below **only** a few of the many bargains to be had at this great sale, and the terms will be made to please every one.

7—English made Upright Pianos for	\$65 each.
2—German made Upright Pianos for	\$90 and \$100
3—Evans Bros. Pianos for	\$135 and \$155
3—Bell Pianos for	\$160, \$175, \$180
1—New Scale Williams Piano for	\$200
2—Gerhard Heintzman Pianos for	\$220 and \$235
2—Morris Pianos for	\$225 and \$240
1—Gourley Piano for	\$255
3—Heintzman Pianos for	\$260, \$277 and \$310
2—Harmonic Pianos for	\$265 and \$270
3—Classic Pianos for	\$287 each
4—Newcombe Pianos for	\$290 and \$295 each
2—Henry Herbert Pianos for	\$300 and \$310
4—Mason and Risch Pianos for	\$320 and upwards

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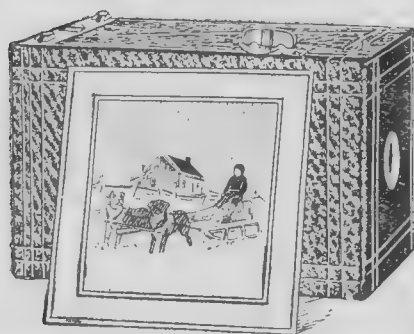
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The Cup That Cheers.

By COL. RICHARD WAYNE WILSON

Rhapsodies have been written to my lady Nicotine, and the poets of the world have exhausted their powers on the fascination of the juice of the grape, but few have eulogized tea, "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," although it forms a social beverage which sways the habits of a large portion of the globe.

China and England for centuries have used tea as a many times daily diet, rich and poor alike seeking solace, in its fragrance, from worry and toil.

Tea has its enemies who accuse it of causing moral, mental and physical degeneration, but the weary world clings to the beverage as the least harmful of all stimulants.

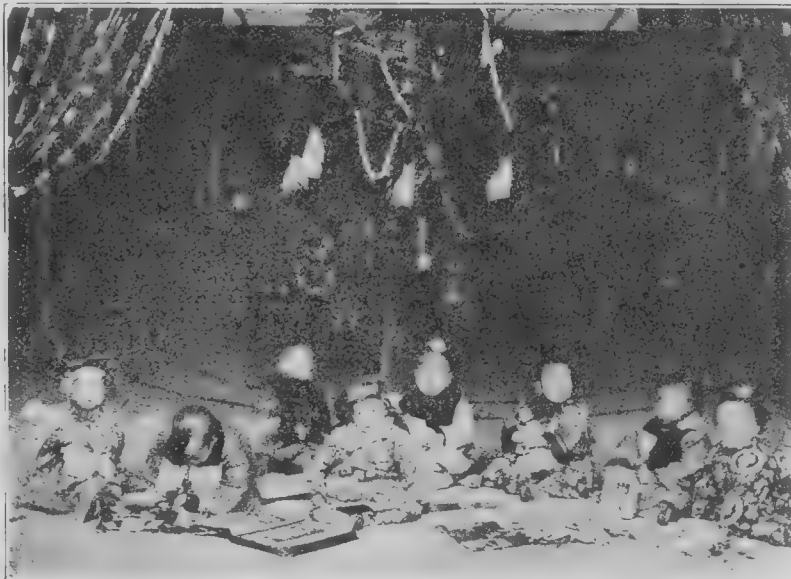
As to its history, only the modern portion is of record the earlier is somewhat mythical. Those interesting people, the Japanese, have this tradition of the discovery of the virtues of tea—at least so states a quaint old medicine of the 17th Century, Thomas Short: "Darma, who flourished in the 519th year of Christ, was the third son of Kasinwo—an Indian King and a kind of Pope, being the 28th successor to the Holy See of Siaka, the founder of their paganism, who was a negro, born 1,023 years before Christ—and was a most austere man, who, from an aim at perfect holiness, resolved to deny himself all rest, sleep and relaxation of body

centuries elapsed ere Western nations learned of tea is certain. Even the date of its first introduction among Western nations is in dispute, one au-



Gathering tea in Ceylon.

thority giving it as 1591, another as early in the 17th Century; but as they agree that it was brought to Europe



Teeny tea drinkers of Tientsin amusing themselves after the repast.

and to consecrate his mind, day and night, without intermission, to God. After he had watched many years, being one day weary and over-fasted, he unluckily dropped asleep; awakening the next day full of sorrow for breaking his solemn vow, he cut off both his eyelids, those instruments of his crime—and with indignation threw them on the ground. Returning the next day to the same place, behold! out of his eyelids were grown two beautiful tea shrubs. Darma, tasting some of the leaves, was presently filled with holy



Studying the soil where tea comes from.

joy, and with strength to pursue his divine meditation. He presently communicated to his disciples what great benefit he had found from tea, which they published to mankind."

Tea's Authentic History

It is known that tea was used as a beverage in China in the 6th Century, and that it was carried into Japan, and its cultivation established there late in the 13th Century. That many

by the Dutch East India Company, and as that was only founded in 1892, it is probable that the latter date is correct.

Origin and Cultivation

The tea plant is now generally conceded to belong to the camelia family, the main difference being in the thickness of the leaf. It is an evergreen shrub, indigenous to Assam, where in the midst of dense, moist jungles, the wild plant attains a height which is variously stated at 15 to 30 feet. The cultivated plant is from 3 to 5 feet high. Early writers speak of it as having two varieties. One, "Thea bohea," they support to be the source of the black, and the other, "Thea viridis," of the green tea. But Robert Fortune established the fact, in 1843, that, while these two varieties existed, black and green were made indifferently from both.

The tea flower is small, single, white, and has no smell; the seeds are three small nuts, like filberts, and have an oily and bitter taste. The leaves only are used; only the young leaves are gathered, and the younger and tenderer they are the better. They are collected when the plant is three years old, the process being continued year after year until the bush becomes weak and diseased, when it is pulled up to give place to a new shoot.

Where the Tea Comes From

While the limits of actual tea cultivation extend from 39 degrees north latitude, through the tropics of Java, Natal and Brazil, in the Southern Hemisphere, most of the teas in the markets of this country come from China

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(Special).—After thirteen years suffering from Kidney Disease brought on by an accident, Mark Southern, of He-laker Farm near here, is a well man and he is not slow to state that he owes his cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"It began with pains in my back," Mr. Southern says, "and across my loins, and of late years I became very weak and for days I had to keep to my bed. I had all kinds of advice and tried a great many medicines, but all to no purpose.

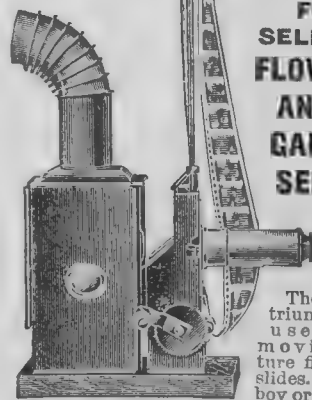
"Reading an advertisement induced me to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial, and I wrote for six boxes. After taking the first box I began to feel relief, and after using five boxes I felt quite well again. I am now able to get about my work and feel no effects whatever from the old complaint."

Dodd's Kidney Pills clean all Kidney Diseases and all diseases resulting from disordered Kidneys right out of the system. That's how they cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism and Backache. They do it by putting the Kidneys in good working order and they always do it.

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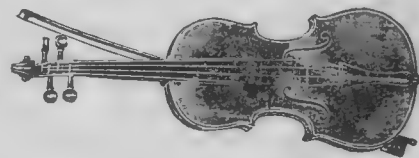
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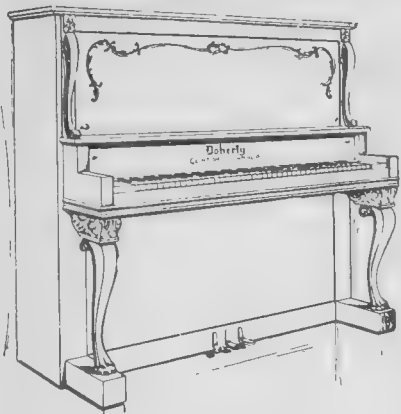
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organ in the list and two years on any piano. Cut out the coupon stating your preference and we will hold the piano or organ for you if not already sold. Always give shipping directions in ordering.

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Offer No. 7—Bell Player Organ. Walnut case, 6 octave. In perfect condition. Same player action as in Pianos. Can be played by hand or automatic. Price new \$350.00. Our price, including 6 rolls music. **\$150.00**

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Marie Corelli—Wings pure rich rosy carmine, white standard shows a touch of cherry red. Pkt. 15c.

Miriam Beaver—An entirely distinct color, glowing but soft apricot, tinted, shaded and suffused with lemon. Pkt. 15c.

W. T. Hutchins—Buds show decided buff color, when expanded a light apricot overlaid with blush pink. Pkt. 15c.

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Withering the leaves.

and Japan, Formosa, India and Ceylon, the remainder being a negligible quantity.

Tea gardens differ much in size, ranging from the patches of shrubs cultivated by small farmers in China to the 4,000-acre plantations of Ceylon. The yield of the green leaves per acre amount to about 1,000 pounds, which turns out about 250 pounds of the tea of commerce.

In China there are about three crops annually, the first being gathered as soon as the leaves break in the spring, April to May, and the latter as new "flushes"—buds—are made by the plants which have been stripped of their earlier foliage, this harvest beginning in June or July and lasting as late as September or October.

In Formosa there are five crops, spring, early summer, summer, autumn and winter. The "spring crop" comprises about 30 per cent. of the whole and one half of it, which is in common grade comes in about the first of April, the remainder on the 15th of that month. The common grades of the "early summer" come in on May 10th, and the fine on the 25th. The common grades of the "summer" come in on the 20th of June, and the fine on the 5th of July. The common grades of the "autumn" come in on the 30th of July and the fine on August 15th. The common grades of the "winter" come in on the 10th September, the fine about the 25th. The "spring" crop furnishes about 30 per cent. of the whole, the "early summer" and "summer" about 29 per cent. each, the "autumn" about 18 per cent., and the "winter" about 12 per cent. The first, which is light and delicate, is not always marketed, but is often kept by the growers to blend with the summer teas, which furnish the highest grades. The winter crop is not reliable, for it varies too much in quality.

In India and Ceylon there is almost continuous picking, running through, in some districts, nine to eleven months and in others less.

Varieties and Grades

Black tea, termed "congous," is heavily fermented, and is furnished by China, India and Ceylon; green tea, by China and Japan mainly, though a lit-

tle is made in India and Ceylon, and "oolongs," a semi-fermented tea—really half way between "green" and "black"—by China and Formosa.

The varieties and grades of tea are almost innumerable.

Preparations of Tea

China and Formosa teas are prepared for the market entirely by hand, Japan now largely by machinery, and India and Ceylon exclusively. The China teas are all fired and packed before being brought to the ports, and about 96 per cent. of the Formosa is also fired and packed before being brought down, but of Japan teas a considerable percentage is refired and packed in the ports. The Japanese "greens" and China "congous" are fired in pans; the India and Ceylons in sitroccos—furnaces in which small hot-air blasts pass through the various metal trays or sleeves upon which the leaf is laid—and the oolongs are all basket fired.

The Chinese first spread the leaves on shallow trays, exposing them for two or three hours to dry off the moisture; then the leaves are thrown by handfuls into the roasting pans, and rapidly moved and shaken for four or five minutes, after which they are poured upon a sorting table, where the workman takes up a handful, works it into a manageable ball, which he rolls back and forth on the table to get rid of the sap and moisture as the leaves are twisted. These balls, opened up, are passed to other workmen, who repeat the operation, after which the leaves are cooled and returned to the iron pans. Then, if needed, another rolling is given on the table. After an hour's time they are dried to a dull green color, and can be put away for sifting and sorting—the color becoming brighter after the exposure of sifting—then winnowed to separate the teas that are sorted into the various descriptions of "tuhcha," or green tea. The fine kinds, those that furnish "young hyson," "gunpowder," "imperial," etc., are finally fired three or four times; the coarse, twankay, hyson and hyson skin, once.

In the case of black tea, or, as the Chinese term it, "hung cha," or red tea, from the tint of the infusion, after the fresh leaves are exposed to the air on



Sifting by machinery.

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Beautiful Landscape Views in many colors, showing Sunsets, Lake Views, Park Scenes, Winter and Summer Scenes, Farm Life, Sea Shore and Mountain, Ships at Sea, etc. All lithographed in beautiful colors, assorted.

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bamboo trays overnight or for several hours, they are tossed about and handled until soft; then a heap is made of the wilted leaves, and they are left until they become moist and dark colored, when they are placed in hot pans for five minutes, then rolled on the rattan table, and again exposed out doors for three or four hours on sieves and constantly turned and opened out. They are then submitted to a second roasting and rolling, from which they obtain their final curl.

Basket Firing

In "basket firing," an hourglass shaped basket with a fine sieve in the middle, on which the leaves are thinly spread, is placed over a basket fire, where they are dried for five minutes when they are thrown into a heap until all the lot has passed over the fire. Then the leaves are opened out, and again thinly spread on the sieves in the baskets for a few minutes, which finishes the drying and rolling for most of the heap and makes the leaves a uniform dark color, approaching black. Replaced in the basket in a greater mass, they are pushed against its sides by hands to allow the heat to come up through the sieve and the vapor to escape. A basket over all retains the heat, but the contents are turned over until perfectly dry, and the leaves become uniformly dark.

An almond-eyed Oriental, Lo Yu, the earliest Chinese writer, pronounces this eulogium on tea:

"It tempers the spirit and harmonizes the mind, dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue, awakens thought and prevents drowsiness, lightens and refreshes the body and clears the perceptive faculties."

The tea supply of the United States and the world is obtained from China, Japan and Ceylon, the latter country having the largest plantations.

Grand Trunk Pacific Steamers

News of the ceremony of launching the first ocean steamer of the Grand Trunk Pacific fleet, and description of that splendid ship "Prince Rupert," has just reached Canada.

According to British publications:

"The naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. Richard L. Newman, of Victoria, B. C. Many distinguished persons were present, including Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, G.C.M.G., C.B., the Lord Mayor of Newcastle and his lady, the Sheriff of Newcastle, also the Mayors of Wallsend and Jarrow.

The published account says: "The steamship "Prince Rupert" has been most carefully designed by Messrs. Swan, Hunter and Wigham, Richardson, Ltd. The steamer will have a smart appearance with its straight stem and cruiser stern. There will be two pole masts and three funnels, the centre funnel bearing the flag device of the company. The rounded cruiser stern has been adopted in order to obtain the best lines to give a high speed. The ship is being built to the highest class under the British Corporation survey and will also comply with the Board of Trade regulations for passenger steamers.

The "Prince Rupert" is 320 feet long, 42 feet, 2 inches wide, with a depth of 18 feet to the main deck. The gross tonnage of the vessel is 2,850 tons. The engines and boilers with Howden's forced draught are being constructed by the Wallsend Slipway and Engineering Co. Ltd. There are two sets of triple expansion engines balanced on the Yarrow, Schlick and Tweedy system. This system is used not only in modern passenger ships but for war vessels of all classes as it ensures smooth and steady running with vibration reduced to a negligible quantity.

"On the shelter and shade decks of the 'Prince Rupert' there will be accommodation in state rooms of two berths each for 220 first class passengers. There will also be a few sets of staterooms en suite placed on the shelter deck amidships. There is provision on the main deck forward for second class passengers. When occasion arises 1,500 excursionists can be taken on board.

"Alderman Hunter of Newcastle in proposing the health of the lady who christened the Prince Rupert and the success of the ship said: 'the steamer

they had seen launched was one of great interest and one which they were very proud to have been commissioned to build. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was of historic importance. It was a great undertaking and when it was finally completed it would open up a new and very rich part of the Dominion and would have very easy gradients. The railway would open up a very vast area rich in all kinds of timber, in hematite, iron, coal, copper and mica, and before many years were over, through the means of the railway the immense territory would begin to be thickly populated and the city of Prince Rupert would become a splendid town."

"Mr. R. L. Newman, following Alderman Hunter, said:

"The name 'Prince Rupert' was taken from the City of Prince Rupert, the Western gateway of the British Empire through which would ultimately flow the manufactured and agricultural products of that great section of the Empire, also the manufactured products of the New England states, and last but not least, let them hope that it would be the means of drawing closer to that tight little island of which they were all so proud, the markets of the Orient. He wished that he had the tongue of a Burke that he might tell them of the beauties and possibilities of that vast continent, of its unbounded agricultural possibilities, its great mineral wealth, its enormous wealth in timber, and also of its fisheries. Englishmen did not appreciate the possibilities of their birthright, but their neighbors, the citizens of the United States were rapidly awakening to the great opportunities of Canada. In the Great Northwest thousands of American farmers were crossing the border, and taking up large sections of land and there raising stock and immense crops of wheat. Why were our young English farmers not embracing more of these opportunities? He had heard of excess in population in this country, why was it, then, that Canada was seeking elsewhere for settlers?"

"The chairman gave the toast of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company and said that when the railway was completed it would be possible to go around the world in 28½ days. Mr. Louis Leopold replied and regretted the absence of Mr. Charles M. Hays, President of the Company, and of Mr. F. C. Salter, European traffic manager. He pointed out the great possibilities of the new railway and said that it would open out on the Pacific coast a most important port in commercial and strategical history."

Pat: "Hivins, man, phwat's the matter wid your face?" Murphy: "Faith, 'twas an accident! The old woman throwed a plate at me." Pat: "An' d'ye call that an accident?" Murphy: "Av coorse! Didn't she hit phwat she aimed at?"

The Passing of the Kiss.

A kiss is the most intimate token of love. The mother's kiss is the holiest thing on earth. The kiss of betrothal is sacred. The good-night and good-morning kiss in the home are beautiful evidences of regard and affection, and should never be omitted between parents and children, brothers and sisters. Promiscuous kissing is an offence against good manners, and may be a menace to health. Invalids should be very lovingly tendered, but not kissed. Kisses disturb them, do no good, and may convey contagion. The Princess Alice of Hess, Queen Victoria's most gifted daughter, lost her life from diphtheria, contracted by kissing her dying child. Wise mothers do not let everybody kiss their dimpled darlings, and many little tots are taught either to offer the cheek, or the tiny hand for an admirer's kiss, and are enjoined not to put up the rosette lips.

Women no longer kiss in public. A cordial hand-shake sufficiently expresses one's pleasure and interprets one's good wishes, at a casual meeting.

Men of the Anglo-Saxon race have never been wont to kiss one another, save on rare and eventful occasions, but the Latin peoples are more enthusiastic and demonstrative and do not seem to mind osculation before folk.

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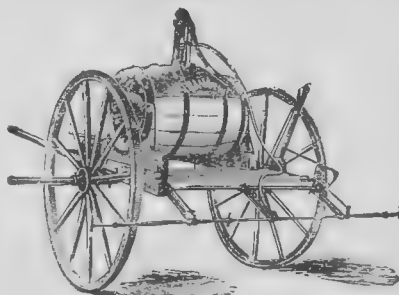
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It is mounted on a cart with strong, hardwood frame. Has 52-inch wooden wheels with iron hubs and steel axles. For one horse. Can be used for orchard, vineyard, mustard and potatoes, or for painting. Guaranteed.

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We Give Her to You for Selling \$ Worth of the Finest Flower and Garden Seeds.



The biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c. a package, you simply hand them out and take the money. YOU CAN EARN THIS DOLL IN NEXT TO NEXT TIME. THIS IS AN EXACT PICTURE OF HER. SHE IS A BEAUTY; 22 inches tall from the tips of her toes to the edge of her hat. You will fall in love with her the minute you see the beautiful clustering curls, the winsome, smiling face, the large laughing eyes and pretty, parted lips, showing a row of pearly teeth. Her dress is in the latest fashion, made of pleated lawn, with lovely overdress of lace net, trimmed with lace and insertion threaded with satin baby ribbon. Her hat is made to match, lawn, edged with lace and trimmed with a little knot of flowers fastened with a rosette of ribbon. She has dainty lace trimmed underclothing, and you should see her little white stockings and shoes with the tiny silver buckles. They are just too cute for anything. She is fully jointed, can hold her arms, sit down, or turn her head, and you can undress her and put her to bed and she will close her eyes and go to sleep like a real baby. The sweetest and prettiest doll you have ever seen.

We trust you with the seeds. Just write and say you will do your best to sell them, then we will send you the seeds postpaid, and when you have sold them and sent us our money we will ship the Doll that very day. If you will sell \$1.00 worth extra, making \$4.00 in all, we will pay the express charges and guarantee safe delivery to any point in Canada. Don't delay. Write at once. The Gold Medal Premium Co. Dept. 13w, Toronto

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THIS LABEL

KING OF THE ROAD

OVERALLS
COATS
& SHIRTS

We are enthusiastic about these garments—so is everybody who has ever worn them.

We are the oldest manufacturers of working men's clothing in the West and know our garments are properly constructed and will

GIVE COMFORT AND SERVICE

Sold and guaranteed by most first class dealers, or write

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WINNIPEG.

(Registered Trade Mark "Cowl Brand")

"Tarolema"

CURES ECZEMA

And all Germ Diseases of the Skin

(It Consists of Compounds with Combined Oils-of-Tar)

For children and mild cases, use

TAROLEMA Number 1.

For ECZEMA of the head and dry ECZEMA
use TAROLEMA Number 2.

For severe cases of long standing, use
TAROLEMA Number 3.

Per
Package

50c.

Per
Package

If your druggist does not keep it write
to Chemist,

The Carbon Oil Works,

WINNIPEG LIMITED CANADA

HOCKEY SKATES

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Spring Skates



GIVEN FOR SELLING

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Finest steel, nickel plate highly polished. Hockey—Boys' flat blade double ender with puck stop. Girls', rocker blade with puck stop. Spring skates—Regular model, latest pattern. Either hockey or spring, given for selling \$3.00 worth of the biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy; the ten fastest sellers. At our price, 5c a package, you simply hand them out and take the money. Write and we send seeds. Sell them, return our money, and we send the Skates same day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 14w, Toronto.

MOCCASINS



GIVEN FOR SELLING

FLOWER AND GARDEN SEEDS

Wax-sewn and made by hand from a heavy grade of oil-tanned waterproof cowhide. The best moccasins made. Keep your feet warm and dry through all kinds of weather. Given for selling \$4 worth of the biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seeds money can buy; the ten fastest sellers. Everybody needs them. At our price, 5c a package, you simply hand them out and take the money. Write and we send Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return money, and we send Moccasins same day. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 15w, Toronto.

Round the Evening Lamp.

No 1.—Transpositions,

These puzzles are to be solved by taking the letters of the first word described and re-arranging them so as to form the other words described. For example: Transpose the name given to an inhabitant of a certain ancient city and form the name of a noted American artist; again, and form land belonging to a nobleman; again, and form the name of a celebrated opera. Answer: Roman; Moran; Manor; Norma.

1. Transpose a hard mineral and form a pacer; again, and form one who censures; again, and form to rove.

2. Transpose enmity and form scarcity; again, and form a small twist of flax.

3. Transpose poetry and form to cut through; again, and form to do duty; again, and form turns.

4. Transpose old and form a kind of stone; again, and form to pilfer; again, and form stories; again, and form certain web-footed fowls; again, and form smallest.

No 2 Charade.

My first were monks of high degree;

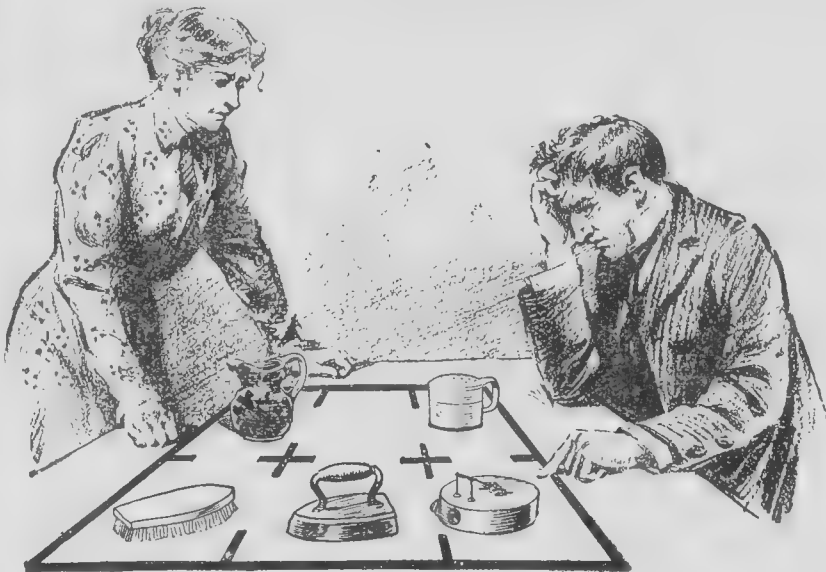
Of my second's depth take heed;

My whole was the home of one who wrote

Of many a knightly deed.

No. 3.—Puzzle of the Migratory Couple.

No 3 Puzzle of the Migratory Couple.



The sketch shows a migratory couple, who, having had their worldly belongings landed by contract into their cozy little six-room flat, have been wrestling for several hours with a knotty domestic problem. They have five large articles, the bedstead, table, sofa, ice box and bureau, which are so bulky that no two can be placed in any one room at the same time on account of the close packing of the other small articles, which minor belongings, however, need not be mentioned as pertaining to the problem. It so happens, however, that the ice box and the bedstead were placed by the furniture movers in the wrong rooms and the man and his good wife have been struggling for several hours to transpose them. The man has marked out a diagram of his flat on the table, with the connecting doors as shown, and has placed five articles on the squares to represent the pieces which are to be moved. It is only necessary to mention that the cream pitcher represents the bedstead and the scrubbing brush may be taken for the ice box, and that you are to transpose the positions of these two articles by moving one piece at a time in a sequence of plays in which the flat-iron, pepper box and mouse trap may be used to advantage. There are many ways of performing this trick, but the problem is to do it in the fewest possible moves.

No 4 Quotation Puzzle.

This puzzle is to be answered by one word, the first part of which may be found in the first quotation, and the second part, in the next. The third quotation is merely a hint of the whole word.

"You shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and
eat it." —Cymbeline.

"He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones.

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage."

—Two Gentlemen of Verona.

"At a farm-house, a-feasting."

—Merry Wives of Windsor.

No 5 Celebrated Namesakes

Name the noted men referred to in the following sentences. Each man bears the same Christian name. They are given in chronological order.

1. A king of England, surnamed "the Conqueror."

2. An English king, surnamed "the red."

3. A legendary hero of Switzerland.
4. The first English printer.
5. An English reformer and translator of the Bible.

6. The founder of the Dutch republic, surnamed "the Silent."

7. A great English author.

8. Discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

9. An English navigator, who discovered a bay on the northern coast of North America, which bears his name.

10. The founder of the Bank of England.

11. An English dramatist, who bore a strong personal resemblance to the great man referred to in No. 7.

12. An English regicide, one of the judges who tried Charles I.

13. The inventor of the micrometer.

14. A celebrated Quaker, and founder of one of the States of the Union.

15. An English dramatist, and author of the familiar line, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

16. A Scottish mechanic, the inventor of stereotyping.

17. A Scottish poet, author of "The Braes of Yarrow."

18. The author of "John Gilpin."

19. An American soldier for whom a Southern fort was named in commemoration of his bravery in defending it.

20. An English astronomer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

No. 1. Charade.—The letter I.

No. 2. Old-style Conundrum.—Just bring him a feather—there would be "down" on it.

No. 3. Puzzle of Farmer Hales' Letter.—"Dear Pop: The season is backward for potatoes." "Sam."

No. 4. Easy Transpositions.—1. Ocean—canoe. 2. Words—sword. 3. Cork—rock. 4. Huts—shut. 5. Manor—Roman. 6. Organ—groan. 7. Printer—reprint. 8. Mabel—blame.

No. 5. Geographical Puzzle.—1. Man, Atlas and Moon. 2. Fair weather. 3. Hood. 4. Land's End. 5. Flattery. 6. Sable. 7. Navigator's. 8. Society and Friendly.

No. 6. Accidental Hidings.—Ethan, Bertha, Rollo, Galen, Nina, Zeno, Herman, Heth.

No. 7. Historical Question. — Marie Antoinette.

No. 8. Old-style Conundrum.—Because no one ever saw it before.

Women's Quiet Hour.

From away out in Innisfail came the letter given below, and I cannot express to my readers how much that letter meant to me coming just at the beginning of the New Year.

A Word of Encouragement There is no stimulus like feeling that you have been able to help someone with what you have written. No one with a conscience can feel that all is accomplished when they have received pay for what they have written, the desire to help must underlie all good work in whatever line it may be done.

My reader at Innisfail has my most sincere thanks and I only hope that she may find the page more helpful in the future than she has done in the past:

Innisfail, Dec. 1909.
"Dear Editor of the Woman's Quiet Hour—

Although this is a busy morning I am going to take time to write a few lines and tell you how much I appreciated the Woman's Quiet Hour page. Many times when I have been almost discouraged I have taken heart again through reading your page. Do not think that the women and girls of the great west do not appreciate your efforts on our behalf although we do not often express our appreciation in words. We think it although we do not write it.

"Wishing you the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year.—A Sister on the Prairie."

Among my exchanges this month I came across a little poem which for years has been a favorite of mine, but of which I had lost track.

Here Those who have read it be-
and There fore will be glad to read it again, I am sure, and those who have not read it will welcome it as an addition to their scrap books:—

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down, and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer
Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best—
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God, whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love divine: of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost
Cost of love which, all love passing
Gave a Son to save the lost.

—Saxe Holm.

I expect that nearly all of my readers have favorite poems, little choice bits that they have stored away, and which they read over from time to time find helpful and comforting. Will not some of you share your treasures with readers of the column. I should be very glad to receive such. Just address them E. C. H., Woman's Quiet Hour, Western Home Monthly, and they will reach me.

To those of my readers who are lovers of Charles Dickens I would like to recommend the works of William de Morgan an English

What to Read writer who did not enter the literary field until he was almost, if not quite, an old man. So far he has contributed four books to the world's literature. They are "Joseph Vance," "Alice for Short," "Somehow Good" and "It Never can Happen Again." I received this last book among my Christmas gifts and I have a very warm place in my heart for the friend who gave it to me. The best books are not without blemishes and in places they are too wordy, but they are real literature and the

character studies are in many instances worthy of the great master—Dickens—himself. In these days of ephemeral books it is a very great pleasure to strike something that savors of real literature and which suggests that it has been written for more than the passing hour. The last book "It Never Can Happen Again" deals with the situation in England just before and just after the passing of the bill making legal the marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is not a new theme by any means, as many of my readers will remember "Hannah" written so many years ago by Dina Mulock, taking up both the tragedies and comedies that arose out of that most extraordinary interpretation of scripture, but in the book in question the treatment is entirely different. Quite apart from a question that has been fraught with so much interest for so many years the character studies in the book make it well worth reading. Like his great predecessor, de Morgan is especially happy in his delineation of child character and in his latest book his description of the death of little "Pilot" is almost as touching as the death of little Nell. If you cannot get the book in your home town you can secure it from any of the Winnipeg book stores.

Because I have written much in this column in approval of the work done by Miss Binnie-Clarke, illustrative of

how women can farm in the Canadian west, I Miss Binnie-Clarke feel that in common justice I should say something about a scheme of hers of which I most entirely disapprove. The following clipping I took from "Canada" a journal published in London, England, in the interests of Canadian immigration. The article appeared under date of December 11 but did not reach me until the other week:

A paper on the "Opportunities in Canada for the Educated Woman," was read by Miss Binnie-Clarke, of Indian Head, last week, at 22 Upper Westbourne Terrace, under the auspices of Lady Knightley of Fawsley and the British Women's Emigration Association.

Miss Binnie-Clarke gave a careful and interesting account of the opportunities in Canada for the teacher, the hospital nurse, the stenographer, the milliner, women gardeners, and other professions and lines of business. Particularly interesting, however, was the speaker's account of her own experience as a farmer in Western Canada. Miss Binnie-Clarke stated that it was necessary to have some experience of the work before embarking on such an enterprise on one's own account. If she had known more she could have saved considerable expense during her first years of farming. It was also preferable to go in for mixed farming rather than for wheat production alone, in order that such grain as was grown might be held for a better market should prices be low and grain plentiful, expenses being paid in the meantime by the sale of general produce and live stock.

Miss Binnie-Clarke intends to take back with her to Canada, if possible, three article woman assistants. These, in return for board, lodging, and training, are to pay her £50 a year and do her work. When these assistants have learnt their profession, Miss Binnie-Clarke believes that, with an initial capital of £200, they should be able—two together, if not singly—to start in for themselves and making farming a success.

One statement of the speaker, in answer to a question after the paper had been read, however, must be taken objection to as misleading and unjust. Candians, she said, have a different business standard of honor to English people, and in the event of an English farmer buying land on the payment system and failing, through a bad season or hard times, to meet the interest, after three or four payments out of five, the holder of the mortgage would think it a smart trick to take advantage of the situation.

HIGHEST FOOD-VALUE.

EPPS'S COCOA

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SUPPER

In strength, delicacy of flavour, nutritiousness and economy in use "Epps's" is unsurpassed.

is a treat to Children, a sustenance to the worker, a boon to the thrifty housewife.

CHILDREN THRIVE ON "EPPS'S."

Vigorous Manhood

Two "Health Belt Men." One 50 Years Old, the Other 30. Can You Pick Out the Younger?



I can show you how to restore your youth and how to keep it. A "Health Belt Man" CANNOT grow old; he must be young forever. Years count for nothing in this life, so long as you have great vitality. Weakness, Nervousness, Unmanliness are conditions to be laughed at by the intelligent user of my great appliance, for it gives in abundance, all that vim, vigor and nerve force which the weakened system craves—Worn every night and all night for two or three months, it sends a great, warm, glowing volume of electricity into your body through the nerve centres at small of back; from the first hour's use you experience a decided benefit; there is a great, mysterious force which gets right to work. No drugs to be taken; no conditions imposed except that dissipation must cease. Help Nature that much; the Belt will do the rest. It takes the weakness and kink out of your back; it drives rheumatic pains away from all parts of your body, you will feel and look young and strong again; women and man noticing your physical change will be more attracted toward you on account of your new vitality and life; in two months you can experience the full vigor of perfect manhood, or you need not pay. I give my belt to all sufferers on trial until cured or a discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way.

Let Me send You These Two Books FREE



They fully describe my Health Belt and contain much valuable information. One is called "Health in Nature," and deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder, disorders, etc. The other "Strength," is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free sealed, by mail.

If in or near this city, take the time to drop in at my office that you may see, examine and try the Belt. No charge for advice either at my office or by mail. If you cannot call, fill in the coupon and get the free booklets by return mail. They are better than a fortune for any one who needs new vigor.

Dr. W. A. Sanden, 140 Yonge St. Toronto.

Dear Sir:—Please forward me your book as advertised.

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EARN THIS

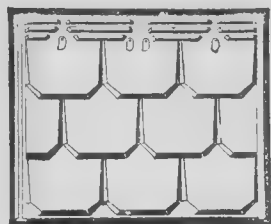
DANDY AIR GUN by selling Flower and Garden Seeds. Single Shot "Daisy," nicked steel barrel and breech, peep sights, walnut stock, pistol grip; shoots buckshot, slugs or darts with great force and perfect aim, given for selling \$3 worth of the biggest and finest packages of the best and freshest Flower and Garden Seed money can buy; the ten fastest sellers. At our price, 5c. a package, you simply hand them out and take the money. Write and we send Seeds. Sell them, return money, and we send Gun. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Dept. 167 Toronto.



Use buying-sense when buying roofing

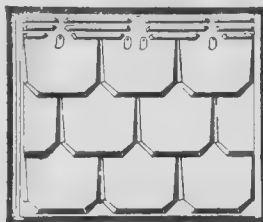
Mr. Farmer! Would you buy a horse from a man a thousand miles away—a man you did not know personally, on a mere paper guarantee? Certainly not. When you buy a horse you judge him yourself. You don't buy him on any paper guarantee, you buy him on what you know about him.

Buy roofing the same way—roofing that has proven itself by actual wear and tear test. Cover the roofs of your house and barns with



"EASTLAKE" Steel Shingles

LIGHTNINGPROOF FIREPROOF
STORMPROOF RUSTPROOF



the only steel shingle on the market that has proven itself ABSOLUTELY WEATHERPROOF under all climatic conditions—the ONLY steel shingle that can boast of an actual 25 year wear and tear test.

In perfect condition after 25 years

A quarter of a century ago scores of public and private buildings throughout Canada were roofed with "Eastlake" Metallic Shingles.

These roofs are in perfect condition to-day and have been certified as such by PRACTICAL BUILDING INSPECTORS.

THIS IS THE PROOF THAT COUNTS—better than one of these leaky guarantees.

After suffering hundreds of dollars of loss by laying an inferior roof, a paper guarantee is mighty poor consolation. Your lawyer could not dig a dollar out of it in a thousand years. Ask him—he knows.

Bank on the actual wear and tear test when buying roofing.

Easiest and quickest to lay

Then "Eastlake" Shingles are so easy to lay—saving labor which means money to you.

"EASTLAKE" STEEL SHINGLES make the most economical roof for all buildings. You pay nearly as much for the inferior brands of metal shingles, also the ordinary wood shingles, as you do for "Eastlakes" and they do not last one-tenth as long.

"EASTLAKE" STEEL SHINGLES are made from the heaviest sheet steel, evenly and perfectly galvanized, thus absolutely rustproof.

Their special patented construction insures a watertight roof. "Eastlake" Shingles are properly called the ONE RIGHT ROOFING.

The Philosopher of Metal Town.

Send a post card to-day for our free booklet, "Eastlake Metallic Shingles." It contains roofing facts you should know. Also ask for catalogue containing full information about our Metallic Ceilings, Steel Sidings for houses and barns, Corrugated Iron, Eave Troughing, Conductor Pipe, etc.

The largest and oldest manufacturers of sheet metal Building Materials in Canada.

N.B.—Write to-day for information about our Portable Corrugated Granaries—absolute protection for your grain.

Manufacturers

The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

Western Canada Factory, 797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg.

whereby she would be most emphatically presenting Miss Binnie-Clarke with the long end of the stick.

In this country, where help of all kinds is both scarce and dear, no educated woman who wishes to do work on a farm needs to pay money to be taught how to do it. There are plenty of good farms where they will be more than glad to teach her for the sake of her services.

This is the season when those who are unfortunate enough to possess a tender skin suffer much from chapped hands. It is not always possible to have soft water and the water all over the west is so hard as to be very trying to the skin, and when to this is added the hard frost and drying wind it seems as if the very substance was taken out of the skin. Chapped hands are not one of the complaints that people die of but the irritation of them is quite as wearing on the nerves as mosquitoes in summer. For years I suffered in this way and many and varied were the remedies I tried. From experience I know that what suits one skin will not suit all, but from personal experience and from the testimony of a number of friends to whom I have given the recipe I find the following the very best thing for chapped hands, and lips if you have them, and to prevent them if you have not got them already. The recipe was given me by a professional masseuse and the masseuses have to be extremely particular about their hands as any roughness would make it very uncomfortable for the patients they rub all day long and every day. This is the recipe:

Glycerine 2 oz.
Alcohol 2 oz.
Eau de Cologne 2 oz.
Gum Tragacanth ½ oz.
Soft water 1 pt.

Soak the gum in the water in large basin, for twelve hours, then add the other ingredients, mixing with the hands. Finally squeeze through a piece of cheese cloth and keep in wide mouthed bottles well corked or with screwtops, as the Eau de Cologne is volatile and the corks often blow out. Ground gum will do, but it is much nicer to get it in flakes as it makes the jelly clearer. This preparation can be put on whenever the hands are washed as it dries right in and not the slightest stickiness remains on the skin. The hands should, if at all possible, be washed in warm soft water just before going to bed and the jelly well rubbed in while the skin is a little damp.

A great many people injure their skin by using soaps that are advertised to work well in hard water. The truth is they are made so strong to overcome the alkali in the water that they roughen and dry the skin and incline it to crack. White castle soap, the shell brand, is the best and safest soap to use. You can buy it by the pound from any druggist for 20 or 25¢ per pound, the bars usually run about a pound and a half. If you buy the bar and cut it up yourself (using a heated knife or wire for the purpose) and let it become very dry before using, it is a very economical as well as a safe and comfortable soap.

Women have frequently said to me "Oh I cannot be bothered putting on gloves or mits to take ashes out of the stove or just run outside" and they neglect these little matters until their hands are rough as nutmeg graters and very unsightly. Personally I find I can work twice as well with my hands in good condition as I can when they are rough and stick to everything I touch.

It is related that once, when the Earl of Lauderdale was at dinner with King Charles, he remarked to the King—"There is a good saying that fools make feasts and wise men eat them." "There is another as good," replied the Earl, of Shaftesbury—"Wits make jests and fools repeat them!"

Violin Strings

OF SUPREME EXCELLENCE
Barrowclough & Semple, Winnipeg

age of British greenness and take the and together with all improvements—his in spite of the fact that so high in interest as 6, 7, 8, or even 12 per cent, had been charged.

In answer to this we would point out that the sale of land is simply and solely a business transaction, the terms of which are presumably known and acceptable to both parties. Failure in any circumstances, and particularly in those Miss Binnie-Clarke describes, must always be a hardship, but there can be no question of "smartness," or taking advantage of British greenness, in enforcing the penalty for breach of contract. The rate of interest for western farm lands is high, because cash is at a premium. Finally, we do not believe that, if as suggested, such land could be mortgaged in England instead of Canada, Miss Binnie-

Clarke would find the British mortgageholder any more ready to grant a rebate or be more tender-hearted in enforcing the terms of the contract than the Canadian.

The editor of Canada has dealt most properly with Miss Binnie-Clarke's most unjust attitude on the question of the foreclosure of mortgages but what I wish to point out is the manner in which Miss Binnie-Clarke proposes to take advantage of "British greenness" in that she is asking educated women to come to this country and pay her \$200 a year to teach them how to farm. This farm pupil business was exploited in the matter of men until the men who now attempt anything of the kind are very properly looked upon as obtaining money under false pretences.

Miss Binnie-Clarke has been in this country quite long enough to know

that the most unskilled farm hand can command board and lodging and \$15 to \$20 a month wages no matter how ignorant he may be. How then can she reconcile it to her conscience to take \$200 a year from educated women, who have more or less training because she proposes to teach them what she knows of farming while they are doing her work. It would be quite sufficient if they worked for her for six months for board and lodging without paying her anything. Any one who has in them the capacity to make good in Canada, can learn enough of the routine work on a farm in six months to entitle them to a reasonable wage and board and lodging for their work thereafter. I, for one, hope most sincerely that Miss Binnie-Clarke will not find an educated Englishwoman foolish enough to enter into any such bargain

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Representatives are making \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year without capital.

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Good judgment and ordinary education and ambition with our course of instruction, will quickly win for you an independent life.

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A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeney, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

MELVILLE'S Future Is Assured

Melville is a rapidly growing town, with a future brighter than that of any other Western centre of its size. It is the divisional point in Saskatchewan for the G.T.P., with shops and offices for the operation of about 2,000 miles of railway.

Investors are Taking ADVANTAGE

of the opportunities offered. Men who have studied real estate are securing property in Melville. Write us for illustrated booklet containing valuable information.

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and Almanac for 1910 has 224 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their prices, their care, diseases and remedies. All about incubators, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of chickendom. You need it. Only 15c. C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 731, Freeport, Ill.

What to Wear and When to Wear it.

Serge promises to be the leading fabric for both suits and individual dresses for the spring trade. It comes in many weaves both plain and fancy but the two-toned diagonals are to be the prime favorites. These will be of soft yarns in rough finish. Next to serge panama will be the leading material for the cheaper line of suits. Shepherds check will be popular for spring and also fine stripes of black and white.

Suits will mainly be of two pieces and there is strong tendency to the Russian blouse effect though the actual garment is not much in evidence as yet. The buttoned to the neck effect which is a feature of the genuine Russian blouse will not be popular and the narrow shawl revers opening almost to the waist will lead. These give an opportunity for the wearing of fancy jabots of all kinds and this form of neck decoration is not only popular but it is an absolute rage at the present time. The more elaborate the jabot the better. It is an extremely becoming style as almost every woman looks the better of a fluffy of white about her neck and down the front of her dress.

While serges and panamas will lead for suits, silk will have a large place in the manufacture of the whole dress for summer wear. The Tussock Silks and Pongees will be the most extensively used and the natural shades and tans will be the most popular although they will be obtainable almost every shade that can be imagined.

These silks will also be used for the making up of two piece summer suits and for this work the Tussocks with their heavier weave and greater firmness of texture are the most suitable.

Linens will be great leaders again this year and many of them will be of coarse grass or basket weaves. Natural colors, tans and browns Wash promise to be more widely Fabrics worn even than white in these goods. In the thinner and lighter weaves many of the linens will be embroidered in the same colors as the goods. Cotton reps will be popular for suits, as they were last year and cotton crepes in the loveliest shades are being stocked for fancy summer gowns. There is a great variety of materials to choose from and no woman need go unsatisfied. It is well to note that raw material in both linen and cotton is scarce, manufacturers have very heavy orders ahead and there is a possibility of shortage before the season is very far advanced. The woman who wants a new summer gown and who can manage it lie out of the money for a couple of months had better buy on the first showing of the summer goods if she wishes to have a choice.

The price of flax, like the price of cotton, has advanced seriously and higher prices and a more limited choice are apt to be the fate of the late shopper for summer frocks.

In stuff materials, silks, linens and cottons there is a general tendency towards the natural shades, the softer grays and silver effects, following these are the wistaria shades, reseda and mustard greens and lovely shades of blue, old Delft, soft turquoise and beige being among the many shades favored of dame fashion.

On suits there will be little decoration apart from the buttons and there will be fewer buttons than last year. Those worn, however, will be of a more ornamental and expensive character. On cotton and linen suits the hand-made button whether of embroidery or crochet will be very popular. On light one piece frocks there will

be much lace used and for the wash frock a flat linen lace resembling torchon and Irish crochet lace will be leaders. On silk frocks there is a decided leaning to Chantilly both in black and white. Black Chantilly over colors is popular both for evening dress and for the street and is one of the most effective laces that can be used. One mode of applying the lace, which is very becoming to slight figures is to have it molded over the hips of the gown something in the form of the old time panner, only laid perfectly flat. Another method of using it is that of forming the flounces into a tunic which is worn over a plain princess gown.

Whether coats shall be long or short or whether both shall be worn seems still to be a moot question among manufacturers and modistes. One Coats thing is assured, for the extremely early spring there will be a decided revival of the ulster and not a few of these will have capes. Many of the ulsters will be on the lines of a surtout.

Ulsters are peculiarly comfortable garments for windy spring days in the west and no doubt they will meet a ready sale here. The capes are of the plain military order button down their whole length and a few of them are in the front only, the back of the ulster being plain and semi-fitting.

Their Discerning up to Dateness.

The A. E. McKenzie Co. Ltd., Brandon and Calgary, themselves thoroughly inspired with the spirit of the West, issues this season a catalog brimming over with the same inspiration. The front cover, while handsomely embellished with flowers and vegetables in the foreground, also depicts a strong, aggressive young Canadian farmer, with an expression of content and satisfaction as he views the enormous, profitable and golden harvest shown in the background. Within, the surprises are many, appreciated the more because nature itself is so handsomely illustrated by halftone engravings from photographs taken from actual specimens by the McKenzie Company themselves. When we realize that poor seeds and pure seeds bear the same appearance, it is an immeasurable satisfaction to have accurate illustrations of varieties grown from the seed one contemplates buying. The descriptions devoid of exaggerations, are exhaustively and scientifically prepared, permeating from start to finish by seed intelligence and experience. All in all, it is a handsome publication, reflects credit to this enterprising firm, and, aside from its usefulness, will be found highly interesting. A post card request will bring this free catalog to you, if you mention this paper.

Uncle Abner on Kicking.

What you got to kick about?
Ain't your limbs all good an' stout?
Ain't you got two big, strong hands
To enforce your mind's commands?
Ain't you got a lot o' health—
Better'n piles an' piles o' wealth?
Let's sit down an' finger out
What you've got to kick about.

Say you ain't a chump? Well, then.
Better off than some fool men.
Hear all right, an' got good eyes?
Them air things you ought to prize.
Got a stummick, lungs an' heart
Purty good in every part?
Say, I'm jest chock full o' doubt
What you've got to kick about.

Makes me fightin' mad to see
Men as blest as they can be
Go a-growlin' round as though
Life is all a cloud of woe;
Lookin' sulky all the while
When there ort to be a smile.
Come! Let's try to finger out
What you've got to kick about.

HEADACHE

AND

Burdock Blood Bitters.

The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly.

Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others.

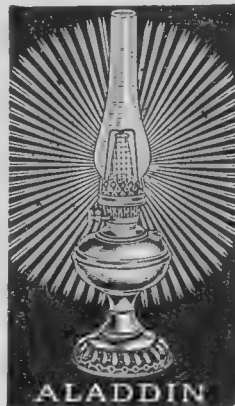
Mrs. John Connors, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with headache and constipation for a long time. After trying different doctors' medicine a friend asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find I am completely cured after having taken three bottles. I can safely recommend it to all."

For sale by all dealers.
Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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ALADDIN the Wonderful Lamp and SUNBEAM BURNERS, for Ordinary Lamps from Common Coal Oil



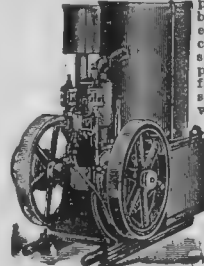
They make and burn their own gas under mantle. The cheapest artificial light in existence, no better light obtainable at any cost. Odorless, noiseless, clean, simple and safe. Lamp pays for itself in a few months in saving oil. An ideal light for store, office, or house. Write for Free Lamp introductory offer.

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Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Try Kerosene Engine 30 Days Free

Gasoline Prices Rising.

You can't run a farm engine profitably on gasoline much longer. Price of gasoline going sky high. Oil Companies have sounded the warning. Kerosene is the future fuel and is now 6c to 10c a gallon cheaper than gasoline. The Amazing "Detroit" is the only engine that uses common lamp kerosene (coal oil) perfectly. Runs on gasoline, too, better than any other. Basic patent. Only 8 moving parts. Comes complete ready to run. We will send a "Detroit" on free trial to prove all claims. Runs all kinds of farm machinery, pumps, saw rigs, separators, churns, feed grinders, washing machines, silo fillers and electric lights. Money back and freight paid both ways if it does not meet every claim that we have made for it. Don't buy till you get our free catalog. \$2 to \$4 h. p. in stock. Prices \$29.50 up. Special demonstrator agency price on first outfit sold in each community. 2000 satisfied users. We have a stack of testimonials. Write quick. (20)



The Amazing "DETROIT"

Detroit Engine Works, 347 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Send 50c. Receive post paid one 18-inch hair switch. Standard Co., Dept. 10, Box 308, London, Ont.

Our ten dollar hardy fruit collection is just the thing for those who wish to plant fruits and do not know what varieties to select. Only the kinds best suited to the country supplied in this collection. Catalog free. Buchanan Nursery Co., St. Charles, Man.

MUSIC !! The best house in Canada for Everything in Music is that of Semple and Barrowclough, Winnipeg.—Write them.

FREE!

\$200.00 IN CASH

And 500 Valuable Premiums Given Away

Below will be found three sets of mixed or jumbled letters.
The first set when placed in proper order spells the name of a popular fruit.
The second set spells the name of an article in every kitchen.
The third set spells the name of an article we all wear.
Here are the sets:

PAPEL [The name of a popular fruit.]
VOTES [An article in every kitchen.]
AHT [An article we all wear.]

Can you place the above sets of letters in proper order, so as to spell the words wanted? It is not easy, but with patience and perseverance it can be done. It may take a small amount of your time, but as there are cash prizes and valuable premiums given away as an advertisement, it is well worth your time to make an effort.

It is just possible that you may have entered contests before and have not been successful, but please remember that in this instance you are dealing with a reliable firm and that there are over five hundred prizes to be distributed.

Write your answer to the above neatly and plainly on a slip of paper, and send it to us at once. Both writing and neatness count in this contest. If you do not happen to be a good writer, have some neat writer enter the contest for you, in his or her name, and if you are awarded a prize, agree with the person who does the writing that the prize belongs to you. All this may take up a little time and be a little trouble, but the prizes are handsome and valuable, and worth many times the amount of time that anyone will give to the above.

Should you read this advertisement and yet not desire to enter the contest yourself, please print out the advertisement to some relation or friend who might be interested. This is an opportunity of a lifetime, and should not be missed.

This contest is not open to children under 14 years of age. We propose to hold a contest for young people very shortly, but will not accept entries from children in this one. Below is the prize list for the most correct, best written and neatest solution of the above:

1st Prize.....	\$50.00 in Cash
2nd Prize.....	\$40.00 in Cash
3rd Prize.....	\$35.00 in Cash
4th Prize.....	\$25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes, five prizes of \$10.00 each..	\$50.00 in Cash

10th to 14th Prizes, Five Ladies' or Gents' Gold Filled Hunting Case Watches.
15th to 19th " Five Family Dinner Sets (97 pieces).
20th to 24th " Five Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Plated Watches.
25th to 29th " Five Sets of half dozen Silver Plated Knives and Forks (Rogers)
30th to 34th " Five Ladies' or Gents' Solid Silver Watches.
35th to 39th " Five Handsome Violins and Bows.
40th to 44th " Five Hardwood Accordions.
45th to 49th " Five Magnificent Fur Ruffs.
50th to 54th " Ten Ladies' Toilet Sets.
55th to 59th " One Hundred Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Filled Rings.
60th to 64th " One Hundred Fountain Pens.
65th to 69th " One Hundred Sets of 6 Silver Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers).
70th to 74th " Forty Ladies' Hand Bags.
75th to 79th " 110 Sets Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives (Rogers)

We Have Recently Given Away

\$1000.00 IN CASH

And Over 10,000 VALUABLE PREMIUMS

These cash prizes and premiums have all been properly and fairly distributed to persons who were entitled to them. Not One Dollar in money nor one premium has ever been given to any friend or employee of ours.

CONDITIONS

The judging of the above will be in the hands of three gentlemen of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this office.

No employee of ours, nor any of their relations will be allowed to compete. THERE IS A SIMPLE CONDITION THAT MUST BE COMPLIED WITH, WHICH WE WILL WRITE YOU ABOUT AS SOON AS WE HAVE YOUR ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

When replying to this advertisement, be sure to write your name very plainly in the space below. Mail your answer to us, together with the slip of paper on which you have written your solution to the puzzle. When received we will write you at once in regard to the simple condition mentioned above.

I wish to enter the above contest, and agree to accept the decision of the three judges appointed by the Dovel Manufacturing Co., whose decision will be final.

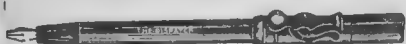
Name.....

Address.....

State whether we are to address you as Mr., Mrs., or Miss.....

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BOVEL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 31 Montreal, Can.

THIS BEAUTIFUL SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN



and scarf pin can be secured by any young man or woman, merely for doing a little advertising for us. Nothing to sell—only some postals to address, send 2c. stamp or full particulars. Address: The W. Stephens Co., Box 86, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

The Western Home Monthly is the Leading Paper in the West.

SEND 98c.



Receive this Ladies' or Misses' close fitting, soft mushroom Turban made of extra fine selected Marten Hair in Black or Sable Brown. The side of brim is trimmed with a fur Possum head ending in two tails. Order at once hat No. W 10, add 2c. extra for postage. N. Southcott & Co. London, Ont.

Temperance Talk.

Causes of Drunkenness.

Very Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, of the Apostolic Mission House connected with the Catholic University of Washington, D.C., delivered a temperance lecture to more than 3,000 persons in St. Paul's Cathedral, Sunday evening, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Every seat was filled and people stood in the aisles and the vestibule. The crowd was the largest since the cathedral was dedicated. The speaker said in part:

There are three great causes of drunkenness in this country today. The saloon is one of them and perhaps the greatest, and the so-called moderate drinker is another.

The Catholic church is putting up a strenuous fight against the drink evil by using all the resources of her power to antagonize the saloon and at the same time put in its place the substitutes for the saloon.

The American saloon, with all its accessories, including its peculiar political and social power, the outcome of our political life with its manhood suffrage, is a unique iniquity is sold the world over, and every nation has its place where refreshments are dispensed. These places differ as the characteristics of nations differ, for I suppose there is no place where human nature is so without disguise and free from restraints as in the drinking places of the world, and consequently no place where the characteristics come out in stronger relief.

The public house has been erected in all civilized countries. There is a personality about the American saloon-keeper that differentiates him from his cousin in any other nation. His importance began with the era of large cities. After the war a peculiar conjunction of circumstances heaped the masses of the population together into cities. Thousands of loose, unattached elements, who had no home life, but who had been accustomed to the wild scenes of camp and the raving excitement of a soldier's life, came home from the battlefields to earn a living for themselves. Simultaneously with this set in the immense tide of immigration.

The saloon often became the working man's club. Its absolute freedom from all restraint made it the resting and lounging place of the homeless. It consequently became the germ center of lawlessness.

While it debauched some of the people with drunkenness and took from them that knowledge necessary for an intelligent ballot it snapped its fingers at the law made for its restriction. It became the unscrupulous andiless tyrant of American politics.

Drink a Thief.

Drink is a great thief; robbing the God-given grain of all its nutritive properties; robbing the laborer of the fruits of his toil, and sending his children a-begging in the streets; robbing the body, robbing the mind, and leading many to exclaim when they discover their loss, "I remember a mass of things but nothing distinctly, a quarrel but nothing wherefore." "O that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains!" Drink is a daring robber, robbing the nation, the Church, the family. The presence among us of this powerful robber, this insidious thief, is being more fully recognized, his depredations are being more freely deplored, and the determination is being more widely and loudly expressed that he must be more closely watched, and his liberty more effectively curtailed.—Rev. John Pollock, in Everybody's Monthly.

The Moderate Drinker.

That staunch old Scotchman, Doctor Arnot, gives a good illustration of the total abstinence question. You will find the world full of men who will tell

you that "they are not obliged to sign away their liberty in order to keep on the safe side." "They know when they have had enough; no danger of their becoming drunkards," and the like.

Doctor Arnot says: "True, you are not obliged; but here is a river we have to cross; it is broad and deep and rapid; whoever falls into it is sure to be drowned. Here is a narrow foot-bridge, a single timber extending across. He who is lithe of limb and steady of brain and nerve may step over it in safety. Yonder is a broad, strong bridge. Its foundations are solid rock. Its passages are wide; its balustrade is high and firm. All may cross it in perfect safety—the aged and feeble, the young and gay, the tottering we ones. There is no danger there. Now, my friends, you say: 'I am not obliged to go yonder. Let them go there who cannot walk this timber.' True, true, you are not obliged, but as for you, we know that if we cross that timber though we may go safely, many others who will attempt to follow us will surely perish. And we feel better to go by the bridge!"

Walking a foot bridge over a raging torrent is risky business, but it is safely itself compared with tampering with strong drink.

Nansen on Intoxicants.

Dr. Nansen, the great arctic explorer and scientist, has said: "My experience leads me to take a decided stand against the use of alcoholic drinks. It is often supposed that, even though the spirits are not intended for daily use, they ought to be taken upon an expedition for medicinal purposes. I would readily acknowledge this if any one could show me a single case in which such remedy is necessary, but till this is done I shall maintain that this pretext is not sufficient, and that the best course is to banish alcoholic drinks from the list of necessities for an Arctic expedition."

To improve the golden moment of opportunity and catch the good that is within our reach is the great art of life.—Johnson.

My Best Investment.

CAN you help me? To you I am a stranger, but to me you have been a sweet dear friend for more than three years, dear heart; I have known you for so long, through the press. The last article I read from your pen—it was published in the —, Fort Worth, Texas—gave me the courage and hope that has not been mine for so long; so long! I'm in such deep trouble! I'm alone with babies to feed and cloth. I, too, can write. Can you help me to find sale for some of my manuscripts, somewhere where the editors are kind to you, and thus help me to help myself to feed my babes?"

It was one beautiful morning in May, of the never to be forgotten year 1893, that this letter was laid on my desk. Much more it contained, and yet, all told, the nature of this beautiful woman's trouble was still her own secret.

"I can help you," I wrote in reply. "Write to such and such editors, send them your little heart-written articles, tell them I told you to, and tell them you must earn money for your babes." And assuring her that, although a stranger to her, she had found in me a friend. I told her that I discerned a heartbreak of no unusual character in her letter, yet a sadness that touched me greatly. "I do not ask your confidence," I added, "but should you ever wish to tell me all, I will do what I can to help you."

In a few days more came the whole story of anguish and hopelessness. A once beautiful life all but wrecked. A happy bride, a happy young mother a year or two later, and other babes had come to the home until they numbered three. A handsome husband, finely educated, brilliant in intellect, cap-

able—but that same old story that has been told by tongue and pen since time began—almost. First, the tampering with the wine-cup, later drinking to the dregs of sorrow and remorse that inevitably follows; saloon companions and the lowest of influences; and, eventually, a saloon brawl; a saloon companion stricken to the floor, and all but put to death by the husband of my correspondent.

There had been a hasty arrest and imprisonment; later a trial and sentence; a husband torn from wife and little ones, to serve a term of five years at hard labor in prison. And then the letter—"Can you help me?"

The story is too long to be told in detail. The days of agony of heart and mind that followed to the young wife, the reader must be left to picture for himself. Poverty had stalked in at the door long before this. But, hoping against hope, she had borne up, trusting that Fred would eventually reform.

Day followed day; month followed month, until two years had gone by, the little wife writing a little, teaching school, working and managing in any and every possible way, to make ends meet. At the end of two years, by dint of hard work we secured for Fred Ingleswood a pardon. He would never drink again; NEVER! This he promised not only in all good faith to his wife, but to me, a stranger. "Only let me be freed and I will prove to you all that I will be a man." And such beautiful soulful letters he wrote me, such letters as he wrote his wife, were all that the veriest stranger needed to prove the unusual brain power, the brilliance of intellect, and the true heart worth of the man. It was simply that liquor had taken mastery in a moment of weakness.

Home he came, more dearly loved than ever, resolved never to fall again. And yet I feared. I knew but little rest because of the fear that possessed me that he would not be able to remain temperate, surrounded as he was by temptation on every side. Therein I had shown my weakness, though it had never been given him to know that I feared. Since then I have fought the Spirit of Fear as I would fight a visible foe. For Fear is but an invisible foe; one of the deadly force when given free rein and freedom.

Word came at last that Fred had again fallen. For a few months he periodically drank and reformed. Before he had left the prison I had exacted from him the promise that, did he ever begin drinking again, he would take a cure. Hundreds upon hundreds of miles between us, made no difference in the influence brought to bear, and the requirements asked and exacted.

There came the day that in a desperation never known before, that same young wife wrote me, "I'm mad with agony. I can not live with him, and I can not live without him. My God! What shall I do? My precious friend, what shall I do?"

That night I said to my husband: "I can ill afford to spare the money. (I was writing, and earning my own. I felt I could not take it from the husband's purse, gladly as he would have given it at that time, had our own heavy obligations made it impossible.) But that man must be saved. That family must be saved. That wife and mother must be helped. I am going to send that man to a cure. What say you? Are you content to let me do as I will about it?"

"With, 'Do just as you think best, wife,' a letter was hurriedly written, quite a large sum of money was enclosed in draft form, directions were given as to how it was to be used, and the urgent demand made by myself that no stone be left unturned that would make Fred Ingleswood's cure a certainty.

More need not be said than this: To-day, after more than eleven years, we find our handsome, brave Fred Ingleswood an honest, industrious man, supporting his family, and idolizing his wife and children. The son that was but a wee lad then is now a young man of seventeen, showing unusual promise; other little ones have come to the happy home until now they number six. The struggle with poverty has been hard, and is not yet over. But there is happiness and restored confidence. And no drop of liquor ever enters the

home; no desire for the old life haunts either sleeping or waking hours of the one-time victim to drink; all are taking a hand in the problem that confronts the majority of the world—that of making a living. And, in the hearts of them all, the writer bears an honored place—one of deepest love and gratitude—such a place as money could never purchase, and no act of selfishness could ever have won.

Of money—it has proven most truly the wisest investment I ever made. A home restored; a wife's and a mother's hope and happiness returned; the soul of a noble man redeemed and put upon the path of evolution's great progress again—and all goes well. Peace and comfort reign once more, where were want, misery and broken hearts. And with every incoming tide of thought that sweeps to me from the direction of this dearly loved family of staunchest friends I say to myself, would to God, the Father, that I had of dollars to invest likewise, a full and round ten thousand—and then ten thousand more.

Inroads of Alcohol in Germany.

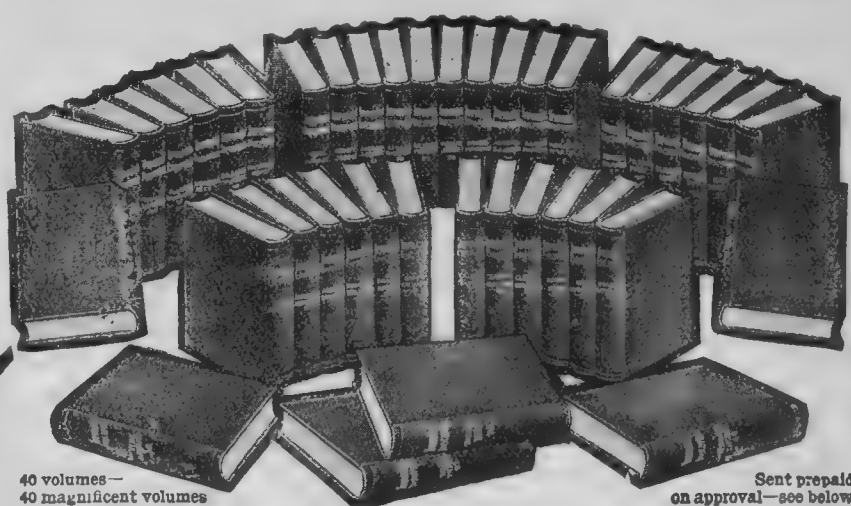
Professor Stadelman, principal physician of the great hospital at Friedrichshain, a suburb of Berlin, in his latest report says that the inroads of alcohol among large sections of the working classes in Berlin are appalling. He reckons that 7 per cent. of all the cases admitted to his hospital are case of delirium tremens and that this in no way covers all the forms of disease brought on by intemperance. Toughly, he says, between one-quarter and one-third of the diseases afflicting men in the great districts in Berlin inhabited by workmen are caused by the use of alcohol.—Exchange.

How To Help the Drinking Man.

It makes no difference why people begin to drink, the result is inevitably the same. If continued long enough the victim becomes an inebriate, which indicates a disease condition of the nervous system. Doctor Keeley defines it to be "a condition wherein the nerve cells have become so accustomed to performing their duties and functions under the influence of alcohol that they are dependent on it and will no longer perform those duties and functions properly and painlessly except when under its influence." This explains the craving for drink which was never before understood. When every nerve cell in his anatomy is crying out for whiskey, is it any wonder why that victim yields? To bring about a cure therefore, it is necessary to overcome this condition.

Nearly everyone knows of some unfortunate who is struggling with an addiction that he is powerless to overcome. Sometimes it is a relative or friend whose weakness is a source of personal sorrow to us; sometimes it is a neighbor or an acquaintance, whose course does not closely affect our lives. But whether friend, acquaintance or stranger, no humane person can see anyone in the toils of whiskey without desiring to do something to save him. But what can they do? That is the question that constantly arises when one wishes to help the drinking man. Talking to him does little good—and the majority of people don't know what to say that will be of any benefit, because they don't understand the question very well themselves. The first thing to be considered is that the inebriate is suffering from a disease. The next thing is to learn where that disease can be cured.

A new reading has been given to the term "free wheel" in Japan. A young gentleman was brought up at the Ku Saibansho the other day, charged with stealing a bicycle. Asked why he had done this thing, he said he was a student of English, and seeing the bicycle standing near a doorway an English friend told him that it was a free wheel, whereupon he appropriated it.



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The Home Doctor.

Beware of BY-And-By.

If you have work to do,
Do it now.
To-day the skies are clear and blue,
To-morrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is gone for you—
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as songs of birds in spring,
Let every day some music bring—
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
To-morrow may not come your way,
Do a kindness while you may;
Loved ones will not always stay—
Say them now.

The Sugar-Baby.

The "Sugar-Baby" was six years old, the youngest in a family of five, and I had the honor to sit at table with them during a summer at a seaside hotel. The mother of the family was young, healthy, beautiful and intelligent, though it may not seem so as you read on. And she played golf all day long. "It keeps me in such perfect condition, you know," she explained, with a flashing and friendly smile.

The "Sugar-Baby," being too young to play golf, did what he pleased while his mother played the game. I do not know what he played because I did not watch him, but I do know what he ate because I did watch him do that, three times a day, for nearly three months. As his menu was one of great interest I give it here. For breakfast, a cup of coffee with milk and as much sugar as he could get into his cup before the waitress interfered; two eggs, soft-boiled, with as much powdered sugar as the egg-cup would hold; hot cakes swimming in pools of maple syrup, together with three or four lumps of sugar, taken out of a bowl with his fingers when no one was looking, to support life during the long forenoon, in case there should be no chance to wheedle somebody into buying a box of candy at the hotel office, or a dish of ice cream at the village confectioner's.

For dinner, at midday, he ordered neither soup, fish nor roast, but began at once with the sweet entree—banana fritters, compote of rice, or some other of those sticky and indigestible masses that are usually provided in the substantial course of the summer resort table. With this he ate mashed potatoe heaped with sugar—usually two courses of this—and then he was ready for the really serious part of the dinner: pudding, pie, cake, ice cream, of which he ate impartially and as much as the waitress could be cajoled into bringing him.

Supper bothered him a little, but with plenty of sugary tea, cake, and an occasional lift when there were waffles and maple syrup, he managed very well.

Now, it so happened in the case of the "Sugar-Baby" that one day the physician of that family, also a guest at the hotel, had a seat at our table.

"What do you think of that?" I asked him, as the boy went on shoveling sugar into his food.

"Plenty of work later," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "but it's no use to say anything to his mother now."

He had evidently sounded the opinions of the mother before. And any candid physician, if asked, will tell an inquirer that the stomach, whether healthy or not, does not share in the least in the intelligence of the brain, and that often the first sign of a disordered stomach is a craving for an excess of some particular kind of food, usually sweets, acids or salt food. Indeed, in most children a taste for proper food has to be cultivated quite as carefully as proper manners or correct morals.

The fact that a child can sometimes eat almost any incongruous and unnatural combination of food with seeming apparent impunity indicates nothing at all except that the child was blessed at

birth with the priceless gift of a good digestion, which it is almost criminal to tamper with. In such cases the punishment is often reserved for years of maturity, when dyspepsia or a sluggish, inert brain, or a subtle nervous breakdown gives indication of the long disregard of Nature's laws.

And the pity of it all is that the poor child, who was in no way to blame, should be the victim of untold suffering and even of a lessened power later in life, because his mother was either too ignorant, or too optimistic, or too busy reforming the world outside, to give her children the intelligent supervision they needed in youth.

It should be a household truth that reform, like charity, begins at home.

Why the Child Suffers From Indigestion.

To more thoroughly understand why we have indigestion when only Nature's simple foods are taken, we should study what constitutes the digestive tract. In the very young, before the teeth push through the gums, little or no saliva is found. Nature's food is strictly of an animal origin, containing every element necessary to the nutrition of the child ment on narrow and slender lines. The during a period of most arapid development important fact is that the carbohydrates do not consist of starch, but of an animal milk secretions of animals, while fat mal sugar, or a sugar found in the is abundant as a heat, force and fat producer. If for any reason artificial feeding becomes necessary one can soon tell whether or not the food contains a starchy material. The child wilts, the whole digestive apparatus is out of order at once, and if he survives after his twelfth month the first seed of indigestion, from which he may possibly suffer throughout all his later life, has been planted.

The Good Night Angel.

The good-night angel comes at eve
Across the quiet hills,
And tucks the sleepy blossoms in
Beside the meadow rills.
On uplands wide each drowsy bird
He cradles in its nest,
And in a dewy valley far
Rocks the wild winds to rest.

He pauses in his gracious guise
Where little children play,
And blesses each before he speeds
Upon his kindly way.
And ere he passes back to heaven
Beyond the sunset bars,
To watch the babies, birds, and buds,
For lamps he lights the stars.

—L. M. Montgomery.

The Royal Road to Beauty.

There is no element in beauty more attractive than a beautiful complexion—a skin of fresh, clear tint and fine texture. The skin is a true barometer of the physical condition. Indiscretions of diet, lack of sleep, breathing impure air all leave their marks sooner or later upon the color and texture of the skin. Nothing can be done to materially alter the shape of the features, but the brightness of the eye, the lustre of the hair, and the brilliance of the complexion are achieved by self control and attention to nature's laws.

The royal road to beauty is that which follows hygienic living—cleanliness in its highest form—not only of the outer surface of the body, but of the internal organs, including the great builder and cleanser of the system—the blood. Given healthy organs, pure blood, proper diet, regular bathing, exercise and pure air, it would be impossible to have a poor complexion. When all internal causes of a poor complexion have been removed the rest of the beautifying work will be accomplished by outward cleanliness.

If possible every woman should take a daily bath. This may be in the form of a plunge or a hand or sponge bath,

and the time either at night before retiring or the first thing in the morning. Those who are in vigorous health may choose the morning, while those whose vitality is low would do best to bathe before retiring. A very hot bath should not be taken oftener than once or twice a week; the morning bath should be in tepid water, and may be followed by a cold or cool douche if that proves beneficial. Soap is a necessary adjunct to every bath.

The face should always be carefully washed in the basin before stepping into the tub, so that impurities which are washed from the rest of the body do not enter the eyes or touch the delicate facial cuticle. Cold water contracts the pores of the skin, causing it to close in about the particles of dust instead of opening them to expel the foreign matter. There is small wonder that a poor complexion is the rule when one realizes how many women maltreat their faces with a coarse cloth, cold water, and any kind of soap—usually the cheap perfumed variety.

To begin with, to thoroughly cleanse the skin hot or warm water must be used. Cold water may remove the soil that is on the surface and acts as a tonic, but it will not dislodge the mixture of dust, oil, and perspiration which becomes embedded in the pores through out the day. To keep the skin of the face in good condition it should be washed twice a day at night before retiring and in the morning. The nightly ablution is by far the more important, for during the day one is subjected to all sorts and conditions of atmosphere; dust arising from innumerable causes is

hurled into the face and deposited there by the hands. The dust mixes with the moisture and oil of the skin, and finds its way into the pores. It will be readily seen how necessary it is that this foreign matter should be removed before retiring, so the skin may act properly during sleep.

Always use a soft linen towel for wiping the face. The hands are the best medium for washing; rough cloths are an abomination to a delicate skin and coarsen it, besides harboring germs and impurities detrimental to the cuticle. In addition, the soft palm gives a gentle massage, which is especially grateful to a tired, nervous face. A cloth, however, is necessary for lavage the neck; for this purpose nothing is better than cheesecloth, which is exceedingly cheap, and can be frequently renewed. These cloths should be boiled out at least once a week, and must be thoroughly dried in the open air.

Sprains.

When a joint is twisted violently so that its ligaments are either much stretched or partially torn, though there be no displacement of the bones, it is said to be sprained. The injuries are exceedingly painful and troublesome in their consequences. They most frequently occur at the wrists and ankle joints. A sprain is often followed by swelling and inflammation of the joint, and of the muscles surrounding it. As the inflammation subsides, stiffness and pain continue for a considerable length of time.

Treatment.—If the sprain be slight rubbing the part with stimulating em-

brocation and giving it the support of a bandage are all that need be done; but if it is at all severe, more active measures must be adopted, and must be conducted on the principle of securing perfect rest and subduing inflammatory action. If the patient be seen immediately on the occurrence of the accident and before swelling to any great extent has occurred, the best method of treatment is to strap up the joint very firmly with long strips of plaster over which a starched bandage may be applied. This method of treatment, which comprises rest, perfect immobility and compression of the joint, puts it into the best possible condition for the repair of the injured structures and for the prevention of subsequent inflammation. Should inflammation with much swelling have set in, this must be subdued by keeping the joint cool, by the application of a cold evaporating lotion, and when the swelling has somewhat subsided the joint should be supported with a roller bandage, a starched bandage, or leather splints. In the more advanced stages when pain and stiffness alone are left, the joint should be well doused with cold water twice a day—if possible, put under a tap of cold water for a few minutes—and afterwards rubbed with soap liniment until its usual strength and mobility are restored. This however does not occur in sprains of the knee and ankle for many weeks if the injury be at all severe, a degree of stiffness combined with inflammation being left until the stretched and torn ligaments have regained their normal condition.

The Hand, the Foot and the Hair.

The average growth of the finger-nail is one-thirty-second of an inch a week, or a little more than an inch and a half a year. The growth is faster in summer than in winter, and varies for different fingers. The average time for each finger-nail to grow its full length is about four and a half months, and at this rate a man of seventy would have renewed his nails one hundred and sixty-eight times. Taking the length of each nail at half an inch he would have grown seven feet nine inches on each finger, and on all his fingers and thumbs an aggregate length of seventy-seven feet six inches.

In the foot is seen the "mechanical short cut" of passing one tendon through a slit made in another, the long tendon which bends the first joint of the toe passing through the short tendon bending the second joint, a device allowing the sinew more liberty and power.

The thickness of the human hair varies from one-two-hundred-and-fiftieth to one-six-hundredth of an inch, blonde hair being the finest and red the coarsest. The hair pigment is supplied by the hair bulb, it is said that the hair may turn white during violent emotion if the hand be laid upon it.

By a careful estimate it has been discovered that the number of hairs on a well-covered head varies from 90,000 to 120,000. Blonde hair is generally the most luxuriant, then comes brown, then black. On the minimum basis, a woman whose hair is half a yard long has about thirty miles of tresses.

Campbell's Comfortable Chairs.

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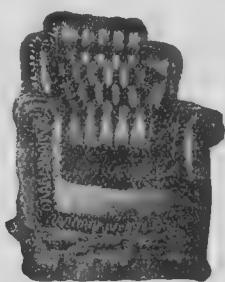
Chair No. 10

This is a full sized Morris Chair with reversible Velours cushions for seat and back, mounted on easy running castors, in solid quarter-cut oak, finished in dull wax gold-leaf. A sensible chair for sensible people, \$7.50. If early English finish is desired add \$1.50. Our price will easily save you \$4.00.



Chair No. 14

Mission Den Chair. A strong and well constructed smoking chair, having boxes on each arm as receptacles for smokers' supplies. Made of heavy quartered oak in strictly Mission style. Early English finish, Cushion Seat, upholstered back in genuine Sterling leather, any color, at only \$19.00, well worth \$25.00.



Chair No. 15

A most excellent example of the high class Turkish chair at a moderate price. It is the honesty of the work and material used that must determine the value. In this chair we succeeded in producing the highest quality at lowest cost. The base is solid oak with hand-shaped steel wire frame work. Good value at \$46.00. Harrington Spring Rocker to match above \$7.00 extra.



Chair No. 5

Fine Turkish easy chair. The latest. Has hand carved Mahogany base, highly polished. Made by expert workmen. Nicely ruffled with spring edges all around. Very rich and easy. Hair filling with hand-shaped steel wiring. None better to be had at the price, \$65.00.



Chair No. 12—This is another of our easy chairs, upholstered in the very best No. 1 Genuine natural grained leather, with best materials throughout. A gilt edge article at a low price, well worth \$40.00. It is yours for \$29.25. For Harrington Rocker base add \$7.00.



Couch No. 13

This Couch with button top covered in assorted colors of Velour, with full spring edge \$12.00. The same couch with spring edge and plain top \$10.25. Another couch somewhat plainer with a plain band edge and fringe \$7.50. Any of the above couches covered in genuine Pantesote at an extra charge of \$4.50 on above prices.



Chair No. 11—This is a large high backed, deep seated easy chair, upholstered in No. 2 Genuine Leather with soft steel spring in seat and back. Just the thing for the man of the house. Plain and comfortable. Our price \$20.00. If in Pantesote \$16.75.

The above mentioned articles in this advertisement are guaranteed productions from our own workshops, and are the finished productions of our own ideas of what furniture and furnishings should be, and are but a slight hint at the values that we offer our customers. We guarantee any article to be as above represented. The values we know are at rock bottom prices and unsurpassed in value, style and finish. The flattering comments that have been paid us by our customers and the trade in general have prompted us to take the public into our confidence and to offer the same bargains broad cast. Order to-day so that you may not be disappointed. All goods securely packed and placed on board cars free of charge.

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Woman and the Home.

The Land of Peace.

By Edmund W. Putnam

Far—far out where the sea turns gold
In the sunset's dying gleams,
Where the purple sky and the ocean
meet,
Beginneth the Sea of Dreams,
Whose restful waters murmur low,
And a drowsy rhythm keep,
As out to the West, by their lullabies,
We drift in our Boats of Sleep.

Out—far out till our Earthly Cares
Are left in the dusk behind,
And Trouble's distant voice is lost
In the whisperings of the wind;
Out—on the shimmering golden Sea,
Till the soft-tongued ripples cease
At the dreamy City of Blissful Calm,
On the shores of the Land of Peace.

Where our tired Spirits solace find
Beneath the Dream Mount's crest,
Mid the shadowy groves and fountains
cool

Of the Gardens of Perfect Rest;
Where Lethe lazies its languid course
On its way to the tranquil Sea,
And the Slumber breezes stir the leaves
To a soothing melody.

Where, too, snow-white on the mountain-side,
High over the City fair,
Stretch skyward the misty pinnacles
Of our Castles in the Air:

In whose unbroken quietude
Our fondest visions bide,
And send us back with Hope refreshed
On the ebb of the golden tide.

Where the Sorrow scars are smoothed away,
And the heart, in its pain-racked breast,
Finds balm for its throbbing agony,
Far out in that distant West—

At the end of nightly journeying
Where the murmuring waters cease,
At the white-walled City of Blissful Calm,
On the shores of the Land of Peace.

A Wife's Ten Commandments.

By Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania.

1. Thou shalt not cause the first quarrel, but, if unavoidable, fight it through bravely. To be victor in the first domestic quarrel may have a tendency to elevate thee in thine husband's mind for all future.

2. Thou shalt not forget that thou hast married a man, not a god. Therefore be not surprised by his frailties.

3. Thou shalt not always talk money to thine husband. Rather try to get along on the allowance he maketh thee.

4. If thou considerest thine husband heartless, remember that, verily, he hath a stomach. By persistently appealing to his stomach with well-cooked meals, thou mayest, after all, touch his heart.

5. Once in a great while, but not too often, thou shalt let him have the last word. It tickleth him and will not do thee any harm.

6. Thou shalt read the whole newspaper and magazine, not merely the stories dealing with scandal and society. Thine husband will be pleasantly surprised to find, off and on, that he can talk on general topics and even on politics with his wife.

7. Thou shalt not be rude even when quarrelling with thy husband. Forget not that at one time in thy life thou didst consider him little short of a demigod.

8. Thou shalt, from time to time, allow thy husband to know a little more than thyself, admitting that thou art not infallible all through.

9. If thine husband is a smart man, thou shalt be his friend; if he is not, thou shalt be both counsellor and friend to him.

10. Thou shalt esteem thy husband's relatives, especially his mother. Remember that she loved him long before thou didst.

Keep your Husband's Love.

You are making a great mistake when you become too familiar with your husband. Don't think the marriage ceremony absolves you from all further courtesies and attentions toward him, or that you can dispense with all the amenities of refinement. You are robbing yourself of his affection when you carelessly throw off that veil of modesty that made you so attractive and admirable to him before your marriage. Do not allow yourself to become common to your husband. Above all, never indulge in vulgar or rough language in his presence. Do not oppress the man you love with your attentions. Cultivate your love for him, but do not display that love in its fullness. He will tire of your devotion if you make it too incessant. Try to cultivate that even and sympathetic disposition that is so indispensable when you have another's happiness within your keeping. Be patient and kind, if you want to be a loved and respected wife.

Woman's Duty.

Make the home the beacon light for husband and children. If by her loving smile and encouraging words, she makes her children useful, truthful, noble men and women, her duty is well done, for she has fitted them for a place either in heaven or on earth.

The most sacred duty of woman is that of a mother who tenderly yet wisely teaches her children from infancy to fear and obey God; who shows them the beauty and also the necessity of possessing and cultivating good habits, and a noble character.

Woman's noblest duty is to be an obedient, loving daughter; a kind, considerate sister; and an able, helpful wife; a wise mother. To be a person of dignity—respecting the rights of others and commanding the respect of those about her.

Training a Baby.

A mother was complaining to a friend about the trouble her baby gave her at night. She declared it was a difference in babies; that training had nothing to do with it.

"You did not begin early enough," was the friend's reply. "My baby has never known what it is to be taken up, to be joggled in her coach or to get her own way when she yelled. Not knowing any better, she had no expectations."

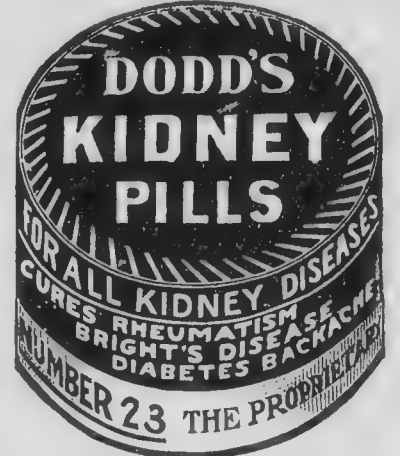
The old-time mother may disapprove of modern methods, but she surely had a lot more bother with her little ones, in letting it monopolize a mother's time. Unless a child is sick, there is no sense in the evening. It is better for the child and parents if a baby is safely tucked in bed by 5 or 6 o'clock.

The present way is to let the child develop itself until 6 or 7 years old. Force work is out of favor, and the prodigy of 2 is usually the dullard at 10. If we have ceased to believe in early beginnings at book lore, this does not mean that all training follows suit.

One cannot begin too early to train a child to self-reliance, to neatness, and to prompt obedience. The tot in the nursery is all the happier for being given some simple daily task, for being made to put away his toys, and for acquiring respect for authority.

Early beginnings are a big factor in truth telling, courage and unselfishness. Do not make a child sneak through fear of punishment, and insist from babyhood on close sticking to facts. Many a child is a coward for life because scared in the nursery by silly servants. Not to teach the baby to share his rattle or his porridge is to breed selfish and unpopular grown-ups.

Good manners are particularly the outcome of early beginnings. They may be acquired in later years, but are never worn with the ease and unconsciousness as if nursery-injected.



Take Off the Fat Where It Shows

Most women suffer much humiliation because of great quantities of fat, so located that, no matter how they dress, everybody sees that they are abnormal. This is the day of the slender figure, and fat women are simply not tolerated either in business or social affairs. Women may not know it, but men when they see a fat woman pass them on the street or in public places make all manner of sympathetic remarks about her. They do not mean to be unkind or to seem unmanly, but it is natural for a man to dislike fat on a woman. Where fat shows the most there is where it must be removed, and as quickly as possible. This season's dresses seem to be made for the fat woman's misery and the slender woman's delight. They expose all the charms of woman and her ugliness as well. Exercise and diet will not remove fat. This has been proved. The famous Marmola prescription which has met with such phenomenal success and has so many of our society women as its sponsors, is now being sold in tablet form to meet the demand of the public for this style of treatment. These little tablets go into your system just like food. They stop the stomach and digestive apparatus from producing fat and reduce the fat upon the body at the rate of from 12 to 15 ounces a day. They are harmless and can be carried in your purse and taken even after you have indulged in a hearty meal away from home. They are sold at all drug stores at 75 cents a case, or if you prefer you may write the Marmola Company, Detroit, Mich.

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Many that play pianos; if not ask, Mail this adv. with six of your friends' names who play the piano. Enclose 15 cents and we will send you a beautiful composition selling at 25 cents in the stores, also two artistic post cards. Address: The W. Stephens Co., Box 36, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

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Let the Sun Shine In.

I know by experience that we mothers don't always do our duty by our children. It is the mother's duty to do all in her power to make home happy. Young people need a lot of pleasure and if the home is not pleasant they are apt to go astray. If the home is dull the young people will want to go away from home. And if they get to spending their evenings away they are very apt to get into bad company. We mothers and fathers must keep home bright and pleasant, so our children will always say, "There's no place like home."

Stains.

Grass stains are removed by rubbing the stain with molasses, then wash as usual. Blood stains should be saturated with coal oil and left to stand a few minutes, then wash in cold water. Perspiration may be removed by rubbing soap on the stain, lay the garment in hot sunshine, and wash in a few hours. Colored garments should not be treated in this way, as it fades the color.

Red ink stains should be attended to as soon as possible, in wash goods. Cover the spots completely with melted tallow, and leave for forty-eight hours, then wash in very hot clear rain water, using no soap; afterwards, wash in the usual way.

Silverware is cleaned by laying in thick, sour buttermilk, leaving for half to three-quarters of an hour. This is especially good for embossed ware as no scrubbing is needed. The silver should be washed well, and polished with a chamois skin after the buttermilk bath, to remove the acid.

Chloride of lime solution for removing stains is made by dissolving two tablespoonfuls of chloride of lime in one pint of hot water; strain, add one gallon of water, and soak the stains in this solution until they disappear, then boil the goods.

Oxalic acid solution for same purpose, use three ounces of oxalic acid crystals to one pint of water. Wet the stains with the solution over steam or in the sunshine and wash immediately in weak ammonia solution (one tablespoonful of ammonia to one quart of water) to counteract the acid. In using chemicals for removing stains, always experiment on a scrap of goods on which you have made a similar stain.

Wives No One Wants.

Were a census taken among the inhabitants of the world with regard to their opinions as to the least popular type of wife to possess, the votes would probably be divided in equal numbers between the nagging wife and the slipshod wife.

The wife who is perpetually finding fault and complaining soon wears away the patience of her husband. He knows that his slightest transgression in the house will be met with abuse, and therefore, as he can do nothing else to stem the torrent, he spends as much time as possible away from his home. It is this type of wife who destroys all the home comfort of her husband, and, since most men really prefer their home to anything else, it seems a great pity that it should be in the power of such a woman to deprive them of their domestic pleasure.

The Slipshod—

It is for this same reason—the destroying of his comfort at home—that the average married man lives in fear of a slipshod wife. He may work his hardest to procure a good home for her, but all his efforts are brought to naught by the fact that she cannot, or will not, take an interest in their belongings. He knows very well that when he reaches home after his day's labor he will find the house in disorder and an untidy meal-table. Is there not, therefore, some little excuse for him if he spends as little time as possible in his untidy home?

But there are other wives who can wreck their husbands' comfort. There is the wife who is for ever going out. She is always popping in to see a neighbor, or trotting off to look at the shops.

She seems to think that home is a place which one only goes to when there is nothing else to do. While her house is not deliberately untidy, as is that of the slatternly wife, it is neglected, and a neglected house can be very uncomfortable.

The fashionable wife is rather worse. She spends her life in endeavoring to achieve a place in the society of the neighborhood. When anything of importance occurs, she is present. A fashionable function will attract her, to the exclusion of more important issues. And so her house, too, is neglected; while the wages which her husband works for are expended, not on necessities and comforts, but on fripperies.

There is the wife who is always reading books, papers, magazines. Every moment she can spare she devotes to reading, and neglects her duties in consequence. She may be thrifty and careful, but still she does not do her whole duty by her husband. Her house is invariably untidy. She certainly keeps it clean, but she litters it with papers and books to such an extent that it never looks really inviting.

—And the Extravagant.

The wife who is a hindrance to her husband's progress is the extravagant wife. One might imagine that she would urge him on to earn more; but this is not the case, for he feels that there is no real sense in working so hard when the money he earns is merely wasted in extravagances. On the other hand, the too frugal wife is not an unmixed blessing, for she pares down expenses very often to such an extent that even nourishing food is denied her household.

The unpractical wife causes many a man to neglect his home. He knows that nothing will be ready for him, or that there will be half a dozen little problems for him to settle when he gets home. His wife seems incapable of acting on her own initiative; she has no sense of punctuality.

On the whole, the nagging wife is, perhaps, worse than the slipshod, slatternly wife. For a man may tidy things for up a little for himself, but he cannot make his wife stop nagging him.

Make Blanket Stretcher.

I have a suggestion for drying and stretching blankets by which if followed out, new blankets will never shrink and old ones that have shrunk can be made several inches larger. Have a frame made like a lace curtain frame except longer and wider, say about eighteen feet long and fifteen feet for end pieces. A piece to support the centre is important to keep the blanket from sagging in the centre. A frame made exactly like a curtain stretcher, except larger, with long slots at corners with screw to slip, could be used for larger or smaller articles, lace curtains, etc. Pins placed on sides and ends should be heavier than ordinary.—Mrs. Samuel J. Huber.

In the Laundry Line.

"Oh, Auntie," I exclaimed one washday long ago, "I am out of starch, and no one here to send for more."

"Never you mind, honey," replied she, "I doan' needs it no how. Jest gib me all the flour I wants and you will never know the difference."

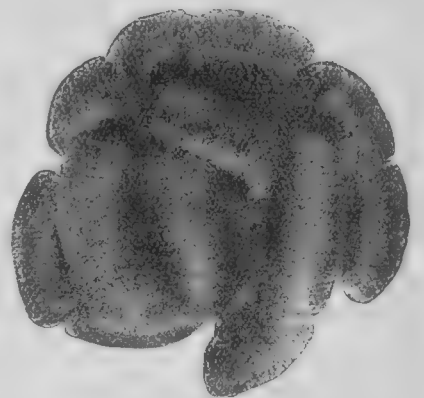
She took a cupful of flour, and twice as much water, and with her clean old hands worked and squeezed every tiny lump to a smooth creamy consistency, then poured nearly a gallon of fiercely boiling water in the paste, stirring briskly. This she cooked at least fifteen minutes, added a teaspoonful of lard and salt, strained and blued it, and my white clothes were as stiff and glossy as they had ever been. Many times since, I have used the same method, and found it a great convenience when we were out of starch and if strict economy is needful, it is certainly a good thing to know and practice. Plenty of boil-



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Receive this beautiful style Tailored Suit made specially for stout Ladies. The skirt is made 9 gore, welted seams. The coat is made with a sumptuous back, lined in excellent quality mercedized satin, tailor padded and stitched, and made just as pictured. The cloth is heavy, all wool, French Panama, in black and light or dark blue, green, red and brown. If preferred we can supply this suit in heavy vicuna, which has a smooth, hard finish like broadcloth, in same shades as above. The regular price of these suits is \$15. We are overstocked, and have cut them down to the low price of \$7.75. Give number of inches around largest part of bust and hips, and around smallest part of waist, length of sleeve, measure under arm, and length from belt down skirt to desired length. Send your order to-day. Order suit No. W 110.

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A New Way to Regain Health and Happiness

Long ago, when I first lifted my voice of warning against drugs and patent medicines, and began my first great fight in favor of Electricity as a curative agent, I found anything but smooth sailing against superstition and prejudice, but, knowing I was on the right track, I pounded away, backing my judgment with what money I had, and have lived to see the great change of sentiment that has now come over the public.

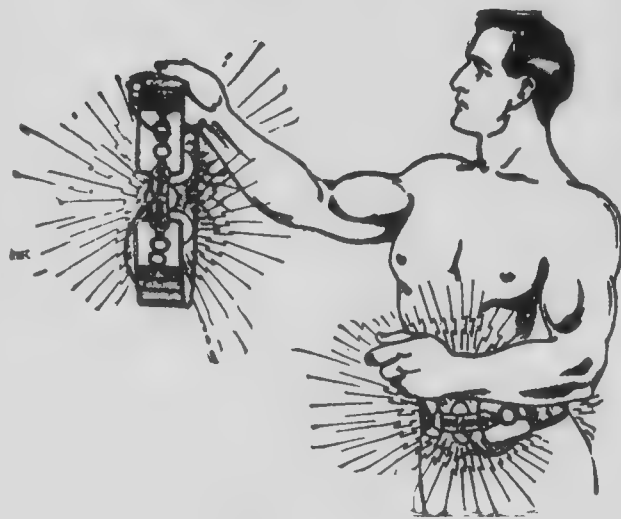
I have done my part in showing that this whole scheme of taking something out of a bottle, a vest pocket box, or to have something "rubbed on," in order to regain one's health and strength, is principally pure superstition. I have taught that, while the drug has a certain known direct effect, it had another and after effect that could not be foretold; that this after effect, or reaction, often causes other diseases, and produces complications and aggravations that require more drugs to mitigate; that this drugging habit; once entered upon, has no end this side of the grave.

The old methods are wrong, I tell you; the whole scheme is wrong. I have proved to the world that nearly all human disorders can be cured by removing the primary causes, and if you will consult me, if you will read my book, which is free for the asking, you can learn something about this subject that will interest every Man or Woman who is in search of Health.

If you feel that your Health and Strength—your vital stamina—are on the wane, if your liver has got in your eye, your heart in your boots, if you are not the Man or Woman, physically or mentally, you would like to be, I can give you the means of getting back the Strength and Vigor you have lost; a process of treatment founded upon common sense; one in which the use of drugs in any form does not enter.



The Old Way



The New Way

Again and again I have preached that "Electricity is Life;" that by building up the nervous energy of the body by a constant and steady infusion of this life force, the causes of seven-tenths of the weaknesses and diseases to which human flesh is heir can be effectively overcome.

Do you want proofs, Mr. Skeptic? I will give you an abundance of them. "An ounce of proof is worth a ton of assertion." Below is a sample of the kind of evidence I have to offer. Write to me and I'll give you more.

Dear Sir,—I am pleased to tell you that the Belt has helped me wonderfully. I have been free from backache and weakness ever since I first used the Belt.

W. J. GROSSE, Strongfield, Sask.

Dear Sir,—I have pleasure in telling you that the Belt I bought from you has perfectly cured me of Rheumatism. Thanking you for the good it did me, I remain,

CARL JOHANSSON, Roland, Man.

Do you doubt it? If so, any man or woman who will give me reasonable security can have my Belt, with all the necessary attachments suitable for their case, and they can

PAY ME WHEN CURED

My belt is a success. It is a remedy built upon solid scientific fact. Already it is proved that my Belt is a cure for hundreds of ailments that drugs and other medicines have failed to cure. For weak and broken-down men and women my Belt is the only logical remedy—the only effective remedy.

My Belt has proved a complete and lasting cure for Indigestion (Dyspepsia), Constipation, Headache, Drowsiness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Weakness of the Back, Nervous Debility, General Debility, Sleeplessness (Insomnia), also Female Weaknesses, Menstrual Complaints, Inflammation, Bearing-down Pains, Dizziness. It improves the blood circulation, it restores lost vitality, it corrects every sign of mental impairment and physical breakdown in Men and Women.

Free Book

Every man who admires the perfection of physical strength should read my beautifully illustrated Book. It tells how strength is lost and how I restore it with my Electric Belt. I will send this Book, closely sealed, free, upon request. If you are not the man you should be, write to-day, I have a book for women also.

Put your name on this coupon and send it in.

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112 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada

Please send me your Free Book, for men [or women] sealed, free

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ADDRESS

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday until 8.30 p.m.

ing water and thorough cooking will insure success, every time. This same old laundress washed quilts and carpets beautifully, using for the "wrenching" the hose, turned on full force, after they were on the line. My white parasol she scrubbed with soap and water, and a clean stiff brush, and then turned the hose on it also, drying in the sun, hung handle downward. The result was gratifying, indeed. She always loosened the screws of the wringer when putting it away and cleaned the rubber rolls with a few drops of kerosene, which lengthened the life of this useful but often neglected tool, by many years. Kerosene was used at the final cleaning of the copper boiler and zinc tubs, and worked wonders with them, and kept them in condition for immediate use.

Keep Clothes in Order.

Never leave off the work of freshening and renovating party things until the day you are invited to go out. One often receives an unexpected invitation, and finds to her misery that

all her party finery needs two or three days' work on it. So get out your evening slippers now and see that they are thoroughly cleaned and ready for wear. If the satin is but slightly soiled, get some pieces of stale bread and rub the surface gently with it. This takes off all small discolorations. Kneaded rubber will do the same work, although some women do not like it because it crumbles off on the satin. If the slipper is still soiled-looking after this treatment, rub the entire surface with the thread. Remember not to go against or across it. White flannel should be used—a clean piece—dipped in spirits of wine. If this rubbing is done gently and evenly over the surface the effect is excellent.

Dampness.

A saucerful of lime placed in a damp closet will act as a disinfectant and absorb dampness. The lime should be renewed once in two weeks or as often as it slakes.

Shrinking.

Before making the white linen dress skirt, or any material that is liable to shrink, fold the goods carefully and place in a tub and cover with water. Let it get thoroughly wet. Stretch the clothes line as tightly as possible, hang the goods through the centre, and pin perfectly straight on the line. When dry let two persons stretch the goods, as curtains are stretched, fold it with the wrong side of the material out and iron it double with the seam running through the centre of the goods on the length of the material. In shrinking colored prints for children's clothes, add turpentine to the water and it will set the color. A teaspoonful is used to a gallon of water.

Some Family Hints.

To CLEAN SILK.—Grated raw potatoes and soft water clean silk better than any other preparation. Use a large potato for each quart of water, and make it a few days before using it, so as to allow it to stand. Use only the clear part of the water, and

dip the silk in and out, and then hang out to dry.

AN IRONING HINT.—When ironing clothes have a small board sprinkled with salt beside you. You will find it very convenient. Immediately the iron becomes a little rough, rub it two or three times over the salt, and it will become smooth again.

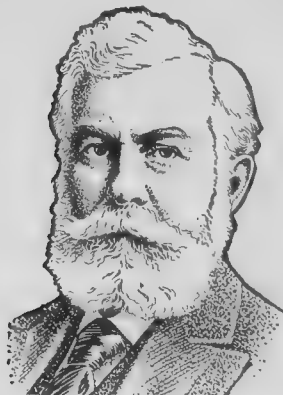
To Clean Piano Keys.

The keys of your piano may be kept clean and discoloration of the ivory prevented if they are rubbed with a piece of muslin dampened with alcohol. By frequent application of alcohol the keys will never require other treatment, and it cannot do the ivory any damage. If, however, they have already turned yellow they may be rejuvenated by rubbing with a piece of cotton flannel saturated with Eau de Cologne. Piano keys, no matter how old and discolored, may be restored to their original whiteness by the continued use of acids. A cotton flannel cloth saturated with oxalic acid and laid upon them will remove all stains. But great care must be taken not to allow the acid to touch any other part

Rheumatism

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Magic Foot Drafts cured J. Priest, of Uxbridge, England, after 35 years of pain. Cured 3 years ago. No return.

Magic Foot Drafts cured Robert Nicol, of West York, Ill., at the age of 82, and also cured his wife. No return of Rheumatism in two years.

L. J. Holleniers, of New York City, writes:
"I have tried your pair of Magic Foot Drafts and it worked like a charm. I was cured in four days and feel perfectly well."

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"I should be failing in my duty if I neglected to inform you that your remedy has effected a complete cure with me. I have suffered considerably with rheumatism for forty years and have tried all kinds of doctors and supposed remedies, both here and in England, but nothing did what your Magic Foot Drafts have done. Their work was miraculous."

What Magic Foot Drafts have done for hundreds of thousands they can do for you. These letters and many thousands like them can be seen at our offices, but I don't ask you to take anyone's word. Send me the coupon to-day. Return mail will bring you a regular Dollar pair of Magic Foot Drafts, the great Michigan cure for Rheumatism of every kind—chronic or acute no matter where or how you have suffered. Try the Drafts for yourself and then if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, send me One Dollar. If not, keep your money. You decide and we take your word. Send no money—just the coupon. Do it now.



This \$1.00 Coupon FREE

Good for a regular \$1.00 pair of Magic Foot Drafts to be sent Free to Try (as explained above) to

Name

Address

Mail this coupon to Magic Foot Draft Company 239 J Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

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Beware of spurious imitations. All packages of Trench's Remedy must bear our trademark seal in unbroken condition on each end.



Send \$4.95

Receive by mail, post paid, this beautiful Princess dress. The material is fine French lustré. The shades are black, cream, light and dark brown; dark green, grey and navy. The style is the latest. Trimmed with 50 Buttons, as illustrated.

It is a strikingly handsome and stylish suit, finely made and nicely finished, and you will be proud to wear one of them. Give bust and waist size and length of skirt in front. We guarantee the suit to fit as perfectly as a suit can fit. Send \$4.95 to-day. We return your money if you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase. Same dress in all wool panama, same shades as lustré above, \$5.95, add 30c. for postage.—**SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., 10 COOTE BLOCK, LONDON, CAN.**

Fashions and Patterns.



The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c.
Order by number stating size wanted
Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.



FASHIONABLE MIDWINTER FROCKS.

Many midwinter frocks are being made with modifications of the cuirass, or jersey, idea. Here are two that are typical, and they are beautiful each in its way. The one to the left is made of henrietta cloth with trimming of imitation Irish crochet lace. The same model can be made much simpler, however, by omitting the trimming portions

binations are well liked for dresses of this sort. The skirt and sleeves of plaid with cuirass of plain would be smart and practical, for it immediately suggests possibilities of remodeling.

For the ten year size will be required 6 3/4 yards 24 or 27, 4 3/4 yards 32, or 3 1/4 yards 44 inches wide with 3 yards of banding. The pattern 6517 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.



Two Patterns.
6507—Sizes 6-12. 6517—Sizes 6-12.

A SIMPLE FROCK OF LINEN.

Dark colored linens make serviceable frocks at all seasons of the year. This one is made of the material in a medium shade of blue and is trimmed with sou-tache applied over a simple design. It is smart and chic yet perfectly simple. Blouse and skirt are joined and closed at the left of the front and consequently the dress is easy to adjust. The wide tucks extend over the shoulders giving becoming breadth to childish figures, and the sleeves are laid in box plaits at the lower edges to give a distinctly novel effect. All materials that are used for girls' dresses are appropriate. Just now washable fabrics are of special interest, for they are exploited on all sides, and gingham and chambrays as well as linen and poplin would be charming so made; but a great many winter dresses will be needed before the season is past and this frock is admirably well adapted to cashmere, to light weight serge, to chiffon broadcloth, to plaided and

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We want every man and woman, suffering from the excruciating torture of piles to just send their name and address to us and get by return mail a free trial package of the most effective and positive cure ever known for this disease, Pyramid Pile Cure.

The way to prove what this great remedy will do in your own case, is to just fill out free coupon and send to us and you will get by return mail a free sample of Pyramid Pile Cure.

Then after you have proven to yourself what it can do, you will go to the druggist and get a 50 cent box.

Don't undergo an operation. Operations are rarely a success and often lead to terrible consequences. Pyramid Pile Cure reduces all inflammation, makes congestion, irritation, itching, sores and ulcers disappear—and the piles simply quit.

For sale at all drug stores at 50 cents a box.

FREE PACKAGE COUPON

Fill out the blank lines below with your name and address, cut out coupon and mail to the PYRAMID DRUG COMPANY, 154 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich. A sample of the great Pyramid Pile Cure will then be sent you at once by mail, FREE, in plain wrapper.

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"Get the Pleasure
Without the Poison"
(TRADE MARK REG.)
40c Three for \$1.00

PIPE
The pipe
they let you
smoke at home
Looks and colors like
meerschaum. Absorbs
the nicotine and keeps
on tasting sweet.
You never had such an en-
joyable smoke. Sent prepaid
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SEND 15 CENTS
for this beautiful 12 inch Mt. Mellick center and we will send FREE our Wallachian, one Eyelet and one Violet center. BIG BARGAIN to introduce our new fancy work—magazine teaching all the new embroidery and showing the newest designs in shirt waists, hats, corset covers, scarfs, etc

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For a full ounce package of Log Cabin "Silk Remnants" and we will send free a beautiful 9-inch doilie stamped on art linen, also a copy of our Home Needlework Magazine.

Address **THE W. STEPHENS CO.**
Drawer 36, NORWOOD, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Children's Dresses Reduced.



In order to dispose of the hundreds of remnants of all wool Panama, Lustré, and Velvet that accumulate in our Ladies' Suit Factory, we have made them up into children's dresses like cut. This is the new Princess style and about the nicest we could find. We can supply this dress in any shade desired in the following terms: Lustré \$1.50 up to 6 years; \$1.95 up to 8 years; \$2.75 up to 12 years. In all wool Panama, all shades, \$1.75 to 6 years; \$2.35 to 10 years; \$2.95 to 12 years. Beautiful rich Velvet, in all shades, \$2.95 up to 6 years; \$3.95 up to 10 years; \$5.50 up to 12 years. From 10 to 12 years give bust, waist, hip measure and length of skirt. Order a dress to-day, add 35c and we will pay postage. Order Dress No. 10
Standard Garment Co.
London, Canada.

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THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND QUICKEST
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Our MEDICATED GOITRE BANDAGE is a convenient, soothing appliance, worn at night and cures while you sleep. The Bandage absorbs the swelling and the Goitre disappears in a few days. 16 years success. Write for free Treatise on Goitre, full particulars, etc., to
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"SALADA" is grown in the finest tea gardens of the Island of Ceylon, picked every day and reaches you not later than fifteen weeks after being gathered. Its native purity and fine flavour are preserved in air-tight sealed "SALADA" packets. You are guaranteed tea of unvarying good quality.

"SALADA"

Ask your grocer for a package to-day. You'll like it.

— Black, Mixed and Natural Green, 40c, 50c, 60c and 70c per lb. —

LOCAL TREATMENT FOR WOMEN'S DISORDERS



The health we enjoy depends very largely upon how the blood circulates in our bodies; in other words, if we have perfect circulation we will have perfect health.

There is a constant wearing out of the tissues in every part of the body. The blood flowing through the veins carries off this waste or dead matter, while the blood coming from the heart through the arteries brings the fresh new living tissue, the essence of the food we have digested, to replace what has been carried off. This constant wearing out and expelling of the dead matter and the replacing of it with new matter, atom by atom, goes on day and night, until in about 7 years a complete change has been effected. Thus every man and woman has an entirely different body in every particle of it from what he or she had 7 years before.

It sometimes happens, however, from a variety of causes, that the blood becomes congested in certain portions of the body. This means that the blood vessels in these parts become weakened, and the circulation in that section of the body becomes sluggish and stagnant. The consequence is that the dead matter in that part of the body is only partially carried away, and that but little of the new, vital matter is introduced there to build up and strengthen the tissues and nerves.

This condition invariably exists in all cases of female disorders. The dead matter retained in the circulation, which should have been expelled, causes irritation and inflammation of the delicate membrane, and oppresses the nerve centres. This condition is the cause of the grievous physical and mental suffering which accompanies female troubles.

To obtain relief it is evident that the first thing to be done is to get rid of the dead matter which is being held in the circulation. If this dead matter is allowed to remain there a species of blood poisoning will result and nature will endeavor to get rid of it by forming ulcers, tumors, etc.

The above explanation will also show why **ORANGE LILY** is so successful in curing this condition. It is a local treatment, and is applied direct to the affected organs. Its curative elements are absorbed into the congested tissue, and from the very start the dead matter begins to be discharged. A feeling of immense relief, both mental and physical, accompanies it, and the improvement is constant and positive. This feature of the expelling of the dead matter is always present to a greater or less extent, and in some cases it is so marked as to be amazing. The case described in the following letter is not exceptional:

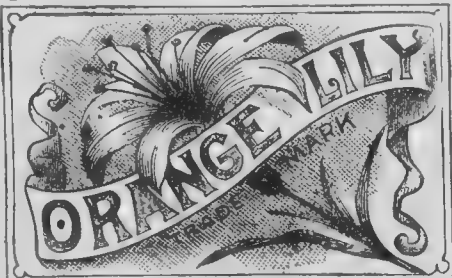
Dr. Coonley—I am thankful to Mrs. F. E. Currah, your Canadian representative, for my health restored by your wonderful remedy. I have suffered for 17 years, but not so bad until 3 years ago. Then I had a doctor, who told me I had a tumor, and could live no more than a year. If I went through an operation I would not live through it. A year later I sent for him again, and he gave me up to die. My husband then sent for another doctor, who performed an operation, and it did me much good. I doctored with him 3 or 4 months, but became so bad again that I thought I could live no longer, and I began to long to die. One day my husband came home and threw a slip of paper to me with Mrs. Currah's address and told me a lady had advised him to write to her for a treatment that would cure me. I said it was too late, that I would die anyway. I could not lift a teacup without hurting me. Then the first doctor told me I was worse than ever. However, my husband sent for **ORANGE LILY**, and the third treatment brought away one tumor. Others followed, until 7 tumors had been expelled, 3 large ones and 4 small ones. I know if it had not been for **ORANGE LILY** I would have died, for I could not live much longer. I would have thought it cheap at one hundred dollars for a month's treatment, instead of one dollar. It is worth its weight in gold.—MRS. GEO. LEWIS, Huntsville, Ont.

The above letter is published with Mrs. Lewis' permission. All letters received are treated as being sacredly confidential, but occasionally some patient feels so grateful for being cured that she is willing to make the matter known for the benefit and encouragement of her suffering sisters.

ORANGE LILY is a positive, scientific remedy for all disorders of the female functions. As explained above these troubles are of local origin, and require local treatment. It is just as sensible to take medicine internally for female troubles as it would be to take medicine internally for a bruise, a boil or an ulcerated tooth. In all these cases some dead matter is being retained, and the cure is effected by employing local methods for expelling the dead matter. **ORANGE LILY** has antiseptic, soothing and healing properties, and also tones up and invigorates blood vessels and nerves. I am so anxious that every suffering woman may satisfy herself, without cost to her, that **ORANGE LILY** will cure her, that I hereby make the following

FREE TRIAL OFFER

I will send, without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the **ORANGE LILY** treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer, you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctors' bills or expense of any kind. Address MRS. FRANCES E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.



EARN Watch, Ring AND CHAIN

We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch, Stem Wind, handomely designed case, American movement, factory tested, guaranteed five years, also a nice Ring set with a Congo Gem, sparkling and fiery, for selling 20 pieces handsome jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 pieces, when sold send \$2.00 and we will positively send you the watch, ring and chain. **WE GUARANTEE**

SAISFACTION. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 514, CHICAGO



250 MAGIC TRICKS 10c

with cards, coins, handkerchief, egg, ring, glass, etc. Simplified and illustrated so that a child can perform them. To introduce catalogues of tricks and entertaining books, all for 10c Postage.

Send silver. **HELFRICH & CO.**
2559 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

checked wool materials, indeed, to everything that schoolgirls wear. The skirt is straight and laid in backward-turning plaits and is joined to the blouse by means of a belt. The closing is made with buttons and buttonholes. These are visible at the upper part of the blouse and the lower part of the skirt but are concealed by the trimming between.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.
6553 Girl's Dress.
Sizes 6-12 years.

For the ten year size will be required 6½ yards of material 24 or 27, 4¾ yards 32, or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of banding. A May Manton pattern, No. 6553, sizes 6 to 12 years, will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

CHILD'S DOUBLE BREASTED COAT.

The simple, double breasted coat that is buttoned right up to the throat is one of the most satisfactory that the small child can wear. This one is finished with a pretty turned-over collar and can be made from any cloaking material. Dark red cloth with collar of velvet makes the one illustrated but chinchilla and other rough finished materials are all used, velvet, velveteen and corduroy are in vogue and blue, brown and green are quite as fashionable as red. Brown broadcloth with collar of sable squirrel would be exceedingly smart and handsome.



DESIGN BY MAY MANTON
6533 Child's Double Breasted Coat.
1, 2, 4 and 6 years.

The coat is made with fronts and back and is supplied with pockets. The sleeves are of the regulation coat sort and the simple rolled-over collar is seamed to the neck edge.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (four years) is 3½ yards 27, 2 yards 44, or 1¾ yards 52 inches wide with ¾ yard of velvet.

The pattern 6533 is cut in sizes for children of 1, 2, 4 and 6 years of age, and will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

A FASHIONABLE AFTERNOON GOWN.

Afternoon gowns that are made with skirts that clear the ground and simple blouses are being much worn for everyday occasions and this one includes a



Two Patterns.
Blouse—6506. Sizes 34-44. Skirt—6471.
Sizes 22-30.

number of new features. The blouse is closed at the left of the front and is made with a chemisette of contrasting material and the skirt consists of a smoothly fitted five-gored portion to which a straight plaited flounce is attached. In this instance cashmere is trimmed with soutache braid and with silk banding and the chemisette is of moire velours. All materials adapted to gowns of the sort are appropriate, however, and if preferred banding or applique could be used in place of the soutache.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3½ yards of material 27, 2 yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 21 for chemisette, collar and cuffs; for the skirt, 7¾ yards 27, 4¾ yards 44 inches wide.

The blouse pattern 6506 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6471 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.



Eaton's has Planned Most Interesting Demonstrations for the Time of Bonspiel

THIS SEASON we are going to do a whole lot of things to make a trip to the city exceptionally pleasant and interesting for bonspiel visitors. A number of special attractions have been planned, and no trouble will be spared to make each and every one of them highly successful.

In addition to various demonstrations, which will be of an instructive character as well as extremely interesting, there will be numerous opportunities of combining pleasure with profit—special value offers are to be featured in many of the store departments.

Our Spring Catalogue will be mailed about February 5th, and while the Bonspiel continues some of the lines of merchandise will be specially featured in the store. Look for them under tickets bearing the catalogue number.

The demonstrations that we have arranged will be partly in connection with goods which are produced by our own extensive factories in Toronto. These will give an insight into the methods whereby we reduce the cost of goods to a minimum, and make the remarkable Eaton values possible.



Demonstrations Which Are of Special Interest to Women

PETTICOAT MAKING.—To demonstrate the manufacture of Eaton petticoats, we have selected a team of nine operators from our Toronto factories. We will erect a complete line of machines illustrating the different operations each garment goes through before being finished.

The first machine joins the body of the skirt, at the same time turning in both raw edges and putting a double row of stitching. Next it goes to the Single Needle Machines where frills, etc., are hemmed. Then to the Trimming Machine which joins the flounce or frill to the body. This machine gathers the frill and trims off any extra goods while stitching the two together. The garment is now ready for the Strapping Machine which folds the strap and puts on two rows of stitching. Finally it goes to one of the most wonderful machines made, which gathers the frill, turns in the edge, folds the strap and puts on two rows of stitching—all in one operation.

SKIRT MAKING.—Every woman will be deeply interested in watching the complete process of making an All Wool French Voile Skirt, which is to be a Bonspiel Special at \$5.00. Eleven high speed sewing machines will be employed. Also a wonderful Binding Machine which joins the seams, turns the binding on both edges, so that it can't possibly ravel, and stitches it all in the one operation. You can see the Electric Cutting Machine, too, which cuts up to 100 thicknesses at once, according to the weight of the material. And when the skirts are made you will see them run through the Pressing Machine and turned out so beautifully finished that you will feel that you cannot possibly miss the chance of securing such positively extraordinary value. These skirts will be made in the new tunic overskirt effect, a nine gore model trimmed with folds and bands of taffeta silk. A range of over 50 sizes to select from. This is the best voile skirt value we have ever offered.

Practical Demonstrations of Agricultural Implements to Interest the Men.

To see Cream Separators, Bone Cutters, Grain Grinders, Feed Cutters and Blowers, and Farm Gasoline Engines actually in operation, and to have them thoroughly explained, is what hundreds of men will consider the most interesting of any demonstration that we could possibly have arranged for them.

The Cream Separators will be the opposed disc type, which separates all the cream, and is operated very easily. We sell these separators at most moderate prices, and their efficiency is guaranteed.

The Bone Cutter is something that every poultry keeper needs if he would keep fowls up to their greatest capacity of egg producing.

The Feed Cutter and Blower is a powerful, fast cutting machine for corn, hay and straw. It will soon pay for itself in economizing on the stock feeding.

The Grain Grinders will grind all sorts of grain, either coarse or fine. Capacity ranges from 10 to 40 bushels an hour, according to the size of the mill and the fineness of the grinding.

The Frostproof Gasoline Engine is one of the handiest machines that can be had about a farm. Simplicity itself to run, and economical, it can be used to operate a separator, grain grinder, pump, and various other small machinery.

Seeders, Mowers, Rakes, Plows, Wagons, Trucks, Land Packers, and Prairie and Bush Breakers also will be specially featured in the Farm Implement section. And there will be a fine display of Buggies, Road Wagons, Democarts, Blankets and Eaton made Harness.

You Are Invited to Make Use of the Various Store Conveniences

At the Check Room you can leave your coats, parcels, etc., with the comfortable certainty that they will be carefully looked after.

The Information Bureau will be pleased to give full information regarding the store, arrival and departure of trains, and on other subjects of a general nature.

Telegrams Can Be Sent and money orders obtained without leaving the store. You will find both departments in connection with the Information Bureau.

Telephone Stations, both local and long distance, are situated on the main floor and in the second floor Rest Room.

The Writing and Rest Room is a quiet comfortable spot on the second floor where you can meet friends or write letters.

Special Deliveries are made to the trains and hotels every hour, in addition to our regular delivery service.

The Mail Order Office on the sixth floor will send a clerk if desired to show the location of the various departments and give other shopping assistance.

Store Guides may be secured by visitors wishing to be shown through the establishment. Apply at the Superintendent's Office—Main floor.

Store
Opens
at
8.30 a.m.

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

Store
Closes
at
6 p.m.

New Amberol Records by Slezak



Leo Slezak, the great tenor, now sings for you in the Edison Phonograph the same famous arias from the Grand Operas that the New York audiences pay \$5.00 a seat to hear. Just how great a singer Slezak is, is told in the following remark, quoted from the New York World the morning after a recent appearance of Slezak at the Metropolitan Opera House: "Caruso now has a rival."

Slezak has made ten records for the Edison, comprising the principal tenor songs from the more prominent roles of his repertoire—so that, while the New York opera goer pays \$5.00 a seat to hear Slezak in one opera, with the Edison Phonograph and Amberol Records you get Slezak at his best in his ten best roles, including Otello, Lohengrin, Tannhauser, Rhadames in Aida and Rodolfo in La Boheme.

Only on Amberol Records can you get a full length rendering of these great arias—and only on the Edison Phonograph do you get Amberol Records. Hear these great Slezak Records at any Edison dealer's today.

Edison Phonographs \$16.50 to \$240.00 Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) \$.65
Edison Standard Records - .40 Edison Grand Opera Records - .85 and 1.25

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

We Sell Victor Gramophones and Records

As well as all other makes, on small easy payments. 40 styles of Talking Machines, 20,000 Records, 40 styles of Pianos

We suspend your
payments when
sick or out of work.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

Call or write us
for free booklet
No. 41B.

295 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG

If You Have Rheumatism Let Me Send You a 50 Cent Box of My Remedy Free.



I Will Mail FREE To Anyone Suffering From Rheumatism, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica (Who Will Enclose This Advertisement)

**A 50 Cent Box of my
Rheumatism Remedy Free.**

My Remedy has actually cured men and women seventy and eighty years of age—some were so decrepit that they could not even dress themselves. To introduce this great remedy I intend to give fifty thousand 50 cent boxes away, and every suffering reader of this paper is courteously invited to write for one. No money is asked for this 50 cent box neither now nor later, and if afterwards more is wanted I will furnish it to sufferers at a low cost. I found this remedy by a fortunate chance while an invalid from rheumatism and since it cured me, it has been a blessing to thousands of other persons. Don't be sceptical, remember the first 50 cent box is absolutely free. This is an internal remedy which goes after the cause of the trouble, and when the cause of rheumatism is removed, have no fear of deformities. Rheumatism in time will affect the heart, so do not trifle with this merciless affliction. Address enclosing this adv., JOHN A. SMITH, 492 Laing Bldg., Windsor, Ont.

WITH FINISH OF FRILLS.

Frills finishing the front edge and sleeves of the blouse are among the novelties of the later season. This gown shows them used most effectively. They are made of mousseline and the gown itself is of one of the new moire silks

quired 4¼ yards of bordered chiffon 36 inches wide with 3 yards of plain chiffon; or 10½ yards of plain material 21 or 24, 6¼ yards 32 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 6518 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.



Three Patterns. Blouse—6140; Skirt—6248. Sizes 14 and 16 years. 6518.—Sizes, 14 and 16 years.

lined with velvet. The sleeves are distinctly novel ones, yet by no means over elaborate or difficult to make. The skirt includes many new features and allows a choice of walking or round length. The gown will be found appropriate for all materials adapted to so simple a style and both blouse and skirt also can be utilized separately, the skirt making an excellent model for the coat suit and the blouse a most satisfactory one to wear with the odd skirt.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 4 yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, 1½ yards of ribbon 3½ inches wide; for the skirt, 7¾ yards 27, 6 yards 44 inches wide.

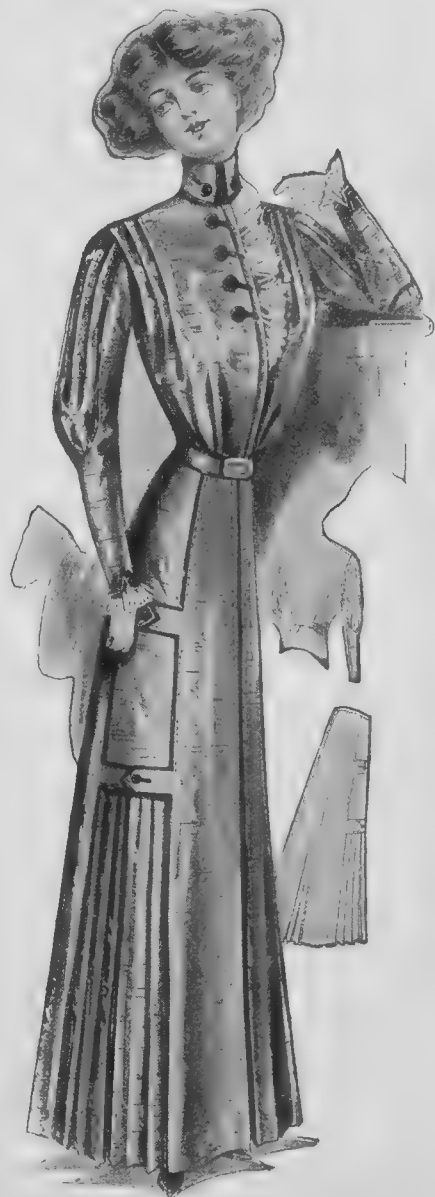
The waist pattern 6521 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6519 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

PRETTY GIRLISH FROCKS.

Girls are wearing extremely charming evening frocks this season. They are made quite simply and of various thin materials. The two illustrated make excellent examples. The one to the left is made of messaline and the only trim ming is a little lace banding on the neck and sleeves. The skirt is straight at its lower edge and finished with a wide hem and tucks. The blouse is tucked after a most becoming and attractive manner. If preferred the skirt can be cut off and finished with a belt over which could be arranged a sash or fancy girdle. The waist also allows a choice of the square neck and three-quarter sleeves or of the yoke and cuffs which make it high at the neck and extend the sleeves to the wrists.

For the sixteen year size will be required, for the blouse 3¾ yards of material 24, 2½ yards 32, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide with 1¾ yards of banding; for the skirt, 7½ yards 24, 6 yards 32 or 4½ yards 44 inches wide. Both the blouse pattern 6140 and the skirt pattern 6248 are cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

For the sixteen year size will be re-



Two Patterns. Waist—6521. Sizes 34-40. Skirt—6519. Sizes 22-30.

BELDING'S DENTYSILK

(PATENTED IN CANADA)

DENTYSILK

is a new name for an old and valued Belding product. This waxed Silk, for cleaning the teeth by passing it between and around them where the tooth brush cannot reach, has been used for fifty years, and millions of yards per annum are consumed. Dentists use it and recommend it; yet, peculiarly, most people seem to regard it as a dentist's tool or perquisite, and do not employ it at home.

Such home use is easy, and will avoid many a trip to the dentist's and many a bill for "repairs" to the teeth. The resulting cleanliness keeps the mouth sweet, the stomach in better order. It improves the health as well as the appearance.

Perhaps the only reason why the many advantages of daily use of Belding's waxed Dental Silk have been lost, was that people thought it was unhandy and that they must find a clean place to keep it, also to have something to cut it with, since it is far too strong to break in the hands.

Our new pocket container, now labeled **Dentysilk**, solves all this perfectly.

Ten yards are coiled in a little 10c. box about the size and shape of a quarter dollar coin. The end leads out of a hole in the middle and tangling is impossible; absolute antiseptic cleanliness insured.

ALSO there is a little projection, near the hole. Pull out the six inches or so needed, pass it around the projecting "knife," and the piece in your hand cuts off clear, leaving the other end caught and held. Thus is formed a small loop between the hole and the knife, secure from unwinding, yet ready at the touch of your finger for pulling out the next piece. There's no trick in cleaning the teeth with it—it's easier than the tooth-brush and far more thorough.

Now, with **Dentysilk** in its patented container you have this great help *always clean, and always ready for instant use.*

Sold by druggists, Department Stores and dealers generally.

BELDING, PAUL & CO., Limited,
SILK MANUFACTURERS.
MONTREAL

SALESROOMS :
TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

Notice to Subscribers!

The Subscription price of the Western Home Monthly is 75 cents per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.25 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States of America \$1 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with comparative safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter, P. O. Money Order or Express Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

We always stop the Paper at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

Address all letters to—

**THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
WINNIPEG, MAN.**

[To be cut out on the dotted lines.]

Special Subscription Order Blank.

1910

The Western Home Monthly,
Herein find \$.....c. to pay for.....years' subscription
to Western Home Monthly..... Send magazine
until forbidden to

Name.....

P.O. Province.....

Street or Box No.

Please state if this is a renewal.

A remittance of \$1.50 for 3 years' subscription does not include any premium.

Embroidered Shirt Waists.

Any one who thinks that the fashionable woman has forsaken blouses is sadly mistaken. It is true that complete dresses worn with separate coats are very fashionable, nevertheless are indispensable.

We illustrate some of the new suggestions for the embroidered shirt waist which are such an important factor in a woman's wardrobe, and are growing yearly more varied in design and material. These waists may be as simple or elaborate as one prefers, and embroidery well worked on good material fully repays one for the time spent in doing it.



No. 5240
Stamped on Linen \$1.50.
Stamped on Lawn 75.

All varieties of waists from the elaborate sheer fine lingerie blouse with its beautiful design of French embroidery, and dainty touches of lace, to the strictly tailored waist of plain linen embroidered with a suitable design, and turnover collars and cuffs to match. These waists are suitable to wear with tailored suits and are both practical and stylish.

A novel idea is the ruffle with embroidered edges which finishes so many of the plainer waists. These ruffles are embroidered with a simple design as scalloped or hemstitched edges,



No. 5325
Embroidered Ruffle and Collar, 75c.

and may be single or double, and collars matching in design are a pretty addition to these. All manner of jabots, stocks, butterfly bows, etc., will be fashionable this summer, and they all show embroidered touches.

The French models all show a touch of color, dainty pinks, mauve, blue, etc., are combined with white and this embroidery is exceedingly pretty.

There are numerous materials to se-

lect from for embroidered waists. Plain linens, lawns (both plain and fancy), sheer handkerchief linens, cotton crepes—which are so easily laundered and come in all colors—striped and checked madras are all suitable for embroidered waists, and a glance over our designs will show that we have covered all the latest ideas.

French embroidery which is so well known is used to embroider any of these designs, and the design must first be carefully padded in the reverse direction to the smooth, satin-like over-and-over stitch, which forms the surface embroidery. The best results are obtained by using a smooth lustrous cotton thread for the embroidery.

Both braiding and embroidery, or combinations of these will be fashionable this season. There is a new variety of braid known as the "Rat Tail Braid" which has replaced the "Soutache" which has been so fashionable. This braid consists of a round tubular cord which is pliable and easily sewn, and has a lustrous silky finish. These braids come in all colors blending or contrasting with the material on which they are used.

An effective waist recently noticed is embroidered on tan colored crepe the design showing a combination of braiding and embroidery in shades of brown. A similar idea shows a handsome design of chrysanthemums worked in silk in dull grays on a gray crepe. These crepes launder beautifully and will be very fashionable to wear with tailored suits. Of course, the all white waists are always favorites, as they are practical and may be made as simple or elaborate as one prefers. There



No. 2113
Tailored Waist.
Stamped on Linen \$1.50.
Stamped on Lawn 75.

are numerous designs for embroidered waists. Many of these models open in front, and both long and short sleeves will be fashionable, the former belong to the plain and tailored waist, and the three quarter sleeves, almost plain, are pretty for the more dressy lingerie waists. Touches of Irish crochet lace insertion, etc., can be successfully combined with French embroidery.

We do not ourselves supply the articles illustrated on these pages but readers entrusting their orders to us will have them promptly filled.

Next month we will describe some of the newest suggestions for embroidered costumes and dresses which will be fashionable for summer wear.

A Pill for All Seasons.—Winter and summer, in any latitude, whether in torrid zone or Arctic temperature, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be depended upon to do their work. The dyspeptic will find them a friend always and should carry them with him anywhere. They are made to withstand any climate and are warranted to keep their freshness and strength. They do not grow stale, a quality not possessed in many pills now on the market.



Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour

FOR BREAD . . . FOR PASTRY

ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION

WHAT MORE COULD YOU WISH FOR?

US

COLONIAL ART CO., TORONTO

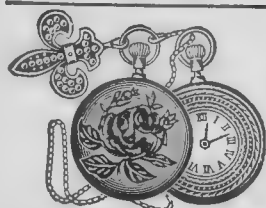
THESE
GRAND

PREMIUMS

ARE
GIVEN

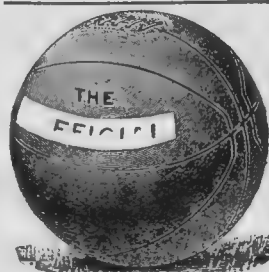
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By Canada's Greatest Premium House
For Selling Beautiful PICTURE POST CARDS at 6 for 10 Cents



Lady's Beautiful Enamelled Watch, guaranteed Swiss works. Given for selling only \$3.60 worth.

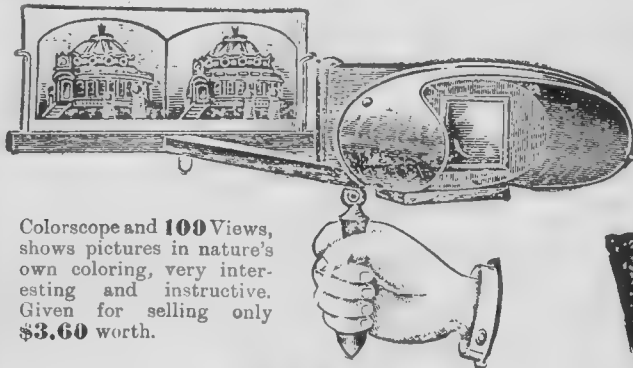
YOU just ought to see the lovely Picture Post Cards we send agents to sell. Our assortments are made up of the most beautiful Seasons and Birthday Greetings, Floral Cards, in natural colors, Views, and provokingly funny High Grade Comics. Many of these cards are sold even in the big city stores at 3c. and 5c. each. It's the easiest thing in the world to sell them at our wholesale price of 6 for 10 cents. You have simply to show them to your friends and take in the cash. Just try it. We are telling you right. Choose the Premium you want. Send us your order. The Cards will be sent Postpaid. Sell them at 10c. a package, then send us our money and your Premium will be sent you at once. WRITE NOW. Address as below.



Football, full Official size. Oak-tanned leather, with air-tight rubber inflator. Given for selling only \$3.60 worth.



Man's Watch, Solid Silver Nickel, stem wind and set, guaranteed Swiss works. Given for selling only \$3.00 worth.



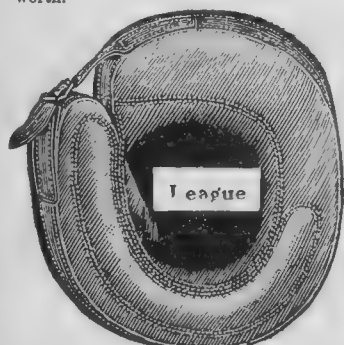
Colourscope and 100 Views, shows pictures in nature's own coloring, very interesting and instructive. Given for selling only \$3.60 worth.



Extension Bracelet
Beautiful Rolled Gold Finish, fits any arm. Given for selling only \$2.40 worth.



Set Nottingham Lace Curtains, rich design, 3 1/2 yards long, full width. Given for selling only \$3.60 worth.



Catcher's Mitt, full League size, Napa Tan leather, strongly made, laced all round. Given for selling only \$3.60 worth.



Set Solid Quadruple Plate "Colonial" Pattern Silver Tea Spoons, French satin finish, polished bowls. Given for selling only \$3.60 worth.

Catalogue giving full description of these and other valuable Premiums, sent with every order.



Beautifully Chased Hard Rubber Fountain Pen, fitted with warranted 14k Solid Gold Nib. Given for selling only \$2.40 worth.

Address, COLONIAL ART CO. DESK 35 Toronto, Ont.

CANADA'S GREATEST PREMIUM HOUSE

Canada the Land of Promise. (Sheldon's Business Philosopher.)

Before staying awake too many nights worrying about ways and means of opening trade with the natives of China and other far off countries, American business men might with great profit camp on the trail of the Canadians. The aggregate exports and imports of the United States in trade with Canada in 1907 were \$260,000,000. This is exceeded only by our trade with England and Germany. We talk about our trade with South America, but in 1907 the combined trade of the whole of our southern neighbor was less than \$200,000,000.

Hundreds of our families are leaving the United States every year and are creating homes for themselves in the great wheat country of Canada. How many hundred thousands there are of our own people in Canada I do not know. But no one who has ever watched the activities of the Canada land agents, particularly in the northwest, can doubt but that the number is so great that it ought not to be ignored by American manufacturers.

Since these people are acquainted with our selling methods, far more so than the native Canadians, it is infinitely easier to sell them our goods than it is to sell to South Americans.

Canada is wheat crazy now. In a few years some of the great wheat fields will be put to other agricultural uses. There will be more intensive farming as the country becomes more settled. And when people live closer together there will be a greater demand for modern manufactured products than there is today.

It is estimated that in fifty years, at the present rate of growth, the population of Canada will be equal to the present population of the United States.

Surely the business man who is building for the future cannot afford to ignore the possibilities of our sister country.

Prof. Beery Builds Business Block Large Office Building is Erected by Famous Horse Trainer Who Turned Teacher. (Special Correspondence.)

Pleasant Hill, O.—Pleasant Hill has been given a new business block through the enterprise of Professor Jesse Beery, the famous animal trainer, who recently retired from the arena to take up scientific teaching of the art.

The new business building is a big two story edifice called the Beery Block. It was erected with a view to taking care of the rapidly growing school of the Professor who for many years was a world famed trainer.

Prof. Beery is educating a great many people by his two scientific courses by mail. One course comprises the breaking of colts of tricks and training them. The other is teaching people how to ride horseback perfectly.

The results that the Professor is getting in his pupils is declared marvelous by experts. People who desire to break and train colts or who are interested in horses or who want to pursue the profession of expert horse trainer will learn much from the Professor's courses, which are the height of perfection. Professor Beery's school is the only one of its kind in America. It is believed that there is no other of its kind in the world.

Particulars may be secured by addressing him at his new building "Beery Block," Pleasant Hill, Ohio, from which all his instruction is carried on.

Prof. Beery's full proposition is contained in his announcement on page 77 of this issue.

Gillett Conspiracy Case All the Papers Have Been Turned Over to the Company.

In pursuance of an order made by Judge Denton in this case, the formulae, plans and drawings of machinery which the detectives found at the houses of Morrison and Gibson, former employees have been turned over to the Gillett Company.

About the Farm.

Summer in Saskatchewan.

Written by A. Hugh Fisher.

Over the corn

A little wind's running,
Running, oh! running!
The little wind dies.

Oceans of splendour

Shining and sunning—
Just themselves sunning
Under the skies.

Gold are the ears,

With a rose blushing,
Blushing, oh! blushing!
At the sun's song.

So sweet to hear!

But then come rushing
Binders—oh! rushing—
Rushing along!

Under the sheath

How cut stalks quiver!
Shaken they quiver
Ere they are bound.

Three teeth to throw

Twined as they shiver,
Sadly they shiver!
Thrust on the ground.

But the wind knew

Not what came after,
How death came after
To all those ears—

Only just love

And oh! some laughter!
Little young laughter,
Not any tears.

Of Value to Horsemen.

Do you turn your horses out for the winter? If so, we want to call your attention to a very important matter. Horses which have been used steadily at work, either on the farm or road, have quite likely had some strains whereby lameness or enlargements have been caused. Or perhaps new life is needed to be infused into their legs. Gombault's Caustic Balsam applied as per directions, just as you are turning the horse out, will be of great benefit; and this is the time when it can be used very successfully. One great advantage in using this remedy is that after it is applied it needs no care or attention, but does its work well and at a time when the horse is having a rest. Of course it can be used with equal success while horses are in the stable, but many people in turning their horses out would use Caustic Balsam if they were reminded of it, and this article is given as a reminder.

Horse Talk.

By Tim

For the combination horse that does about twelve to fifteen miles a day in harness or under saddle, twelve quarts of good oats in three feeds, and from eight to ten pounds of hay, given at the night feeding, should be a good sustaining ration.

In addition to this he should occasionally have a few carrots, potatoes, sweet apples, etc. A salt roll or a chunk of rock salt should be always within reach.

An occasional bran mash with a pint of molasses should be given when a day's rest or light work can be had.

Match your farm horses. They should be alike in size and shape, but by far the most important part is that they should possess like characteristics of temper and disposition so they will work in harmony.

Horses that stand up to the bit in the same way will do more work, with less wear and tear to themselves and the driver, than others not so mated.

Such pairs are more attractive to look at and will always bring a good price when offered for sale.

If Your Plants Do Not Thrive.

They May be Having Too Much or Too Little Water. Plants grown in the average living-room need about three times as much water as when grown in the moist air of a greenhouse, and, of course, the dryer and hotter the air the more water they will need; but not all plants require the same amount of water. A heliotrope can take three times as much as a geranium; bulbs coming into blossom would perish on a water supply which would be quite enough for a palm. Therefore, although it is a temptation to give all your plants a drink at the same time, don't do it, even when standing beside your window-garden, watering pot in hand. Give them water when they need it, not before; and when you water them do it thoroughly.

The Diet May be Wrong. Not all plants like the same kind of soil. If it is difficult to get suitable soil yourself, best get it from a florist. A good potting soil is made of equal parts of sand, well-rotted sods, well rotted cow-manure and leaf-mould. Unless the manure is very old, very well rotted, don't use it. Too much manure will often—in the case of bulbs—increase the foliage at the expense of the flowers. It is apt also to breed insects. Generally speaking, fine-rooted plants like a soil inclining to sand. Strong-rooted plants can stand a heavier soil. Never use dry soil for potting.

Drainage May be Defective. By "drainage" is not meant the mere provision of a hole at the bottom of the pot or box through which the water can find its way, while the soil and roots cannot. For this purpose pebbles, bits of broken flower-pot or broken brick are used. A bit of sphagnum moss is sometimes put over this, merely to keep the soil from washing down and filling the hole at the bottom.

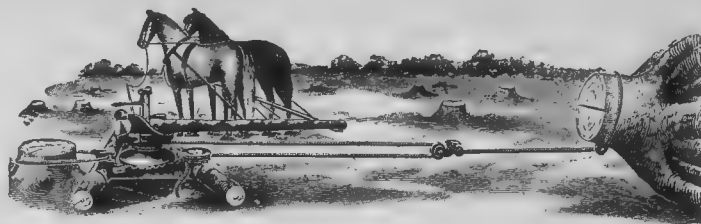
Too Dry an Atmosphere. More plants suffer from the dryness of the atmosphere in a furnace-heated house than from cold. The best way to counteract this is by daily spraying. If, for instance, the floor of the bay-window where the plants are kept is covered with linoleum or tiles and the window is separated from the rest of the room by a moulding, you can spray and shower to your heart's content without having cause for after-repentance. A basin of water standing among the plants is a help in overcoming the excessive dryness; so also is moss placed in the boxes or trays which hold the pots.

Lack of Ventilation. Electricity is harmless, but in rooms lighted by kerosene or gas be sure your plants have plenty of air. Gas will make a Jerusalem cherry drop its berries in a single night. On every bright day have the windows open, to give the plants an airing. If too cold for this, open the windows in the next room.

A Plant May be in the Wrong Place. Although a palm, for instance, may look charming in a corner, don't keep it there; most plants need light, if not direct sunlight. Find out whether your plant prefers shade or sunlight, and suit its taste as best you can.

May Need Repotting. Repotting should have been done when the plants were brought in to the house, but if a plant is becoming pot-bound repot it irrespective of the time. This is the way to tell if repotting is necessary: Place your left hand over the top of the pot, the plant stem slipped between your fingers, then hold the plant (pot and all) upside down; bring the pot down sharply on a table or bench, and you can lift off the pot in your right hand while the plant remains in your left. If the roots have filled the pot completely then it is time the plant had something more to eat. Prick out a little of the old soil with a slender stick (a skewer is good) or with thumb and finger. Then repot, using a pot one size larger, water thoroughly and keep in the shade for a few days. A good time to repot is just before growth begins.

Wrong Potting. Sometimes plants are set too deeply in the pots, in which case they don't thrive. If they are too high—the soil level with the top of the



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Prof. Jesse Beery is acknowledged to be the world's master horseman. His exhibitions of taming man-killing horses, and conquering horses of all dispositions have thrilled vast audiences everywhere. He can teach you the same simple principles which have brought him such marvelous success, so that you can take the most vicious horse and subdue him in a few minutes—you can train a green colt, break any horse of bad habits, teach a horse to drive without reins, tell the disposition of a horse at a glance, train him to do tricks, and in fact gain complete mastery over any horse, young or old.

You can take a worthless, dangerous animal and double his value by these easy, plain methods. Think of the money in this feature alone! Your neighbors will sell you horses at a low price that they would be glad to buy back at double the figure after you have trained them for a day or two. And these horses will be cured of shying, kicking, balking, biting and all other bad traits forever.

There is no "personal magnetism" nor fake in this. Prof. Beery's lessons are plain, thorough and practical. He will refund your money if you are not satisfied that he does just what he claims.

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At Home or Traveling**

Competent Horse Trainers are in demand everywhere. People gladly pay \$15 to \$25 a head to have horses tamed, trained, cured of habits, to have colts broken to harness. A good trainer can always keep his stable full of horses.

What Some of Prof. Beery's Students Are Doing

Emmet White of Wellman, Iowa, writes: "I would not take \$500 for what you have taught me. You may judge of my success when I tell you that I have been able to buy a home and an automobile solely through earnings from training horses as taught by your excellent methods. I am proud of my profession."

F. N. Goux, Vernon, N. Y. writes: "I cannot speak in high enough praise of your instruction. I am at present handling a \$1,000 horse. People bring me horses to train from miles around."

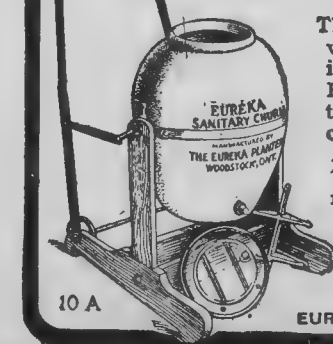
Wm. N. Kelley Hillsboro, Wis., says: "I am making lots of money here at home, and your course has made me so successful I am planning to go on the road training horses and giving exhibitions."

Roy Fordyce, 04124 Adams St., Spokane, Wash., writes: "I am delighted with your lessons. Have trained a three-year-old stallion to drive without a bridle or lines. I would recommend your course unqualifiedly to anyone."

A. W. Bower, Tiffin, Ind., writes: "You have made me a practical colt-trainer. Have all I can do and making more money than ever before."

Prof. Jesse Beery
Dept. 26 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

EUREKA SANITARY CHURN



There's no comparison between the ordinary wooden churn and the "EUREKA". Barrel is stoneware—top is clear glass. Besides being absolutely sanitary, the glass top enables you to see how the churning is coming along without opening the churn. Also made with Aluminum top.

The "EUREKA" is the easiest churn on the market to operate. By tilting back the frame until the weight rests on the wheels, the churn can be quickly and easily moved—while the barrel remain upright.

If your dealer does not handle the "EUREKA," do not take a substitute but write us for catalogue. EUREKA PLANTER CO. LIMITED, WOODSTOCK, ONT.

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There is no reason why you should take anybody's "say-so" about a wire fence.

You can test it before you buy it.

We have a simple formula for testing wire which we will be glad to send you along with samples of our fence wire. You can compare it with any fence that is made.

Our Peerless Fence made from all No. 9 English wire, is equal to all emergencies. It has more than double the strength required. On account of the superior galvanizing on this wire, it should last more than twice as long as ordinary galvanized wire. It stands the salt,

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The Peerless Fence never sags nor is it affected by changes of temperature. Its spring coil formation allows for all contraction and expansion, the wires always remaining perfectly taut.

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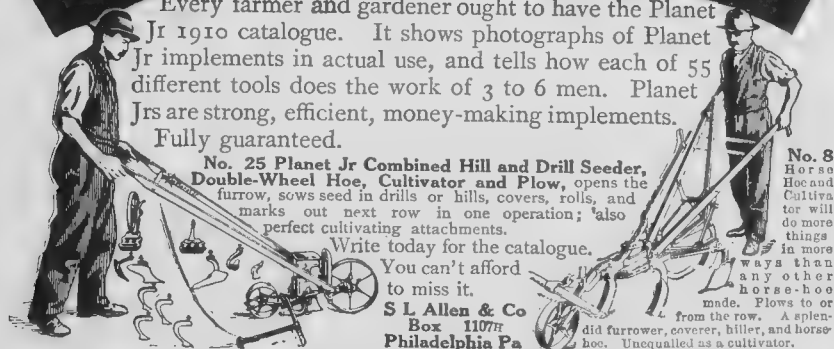
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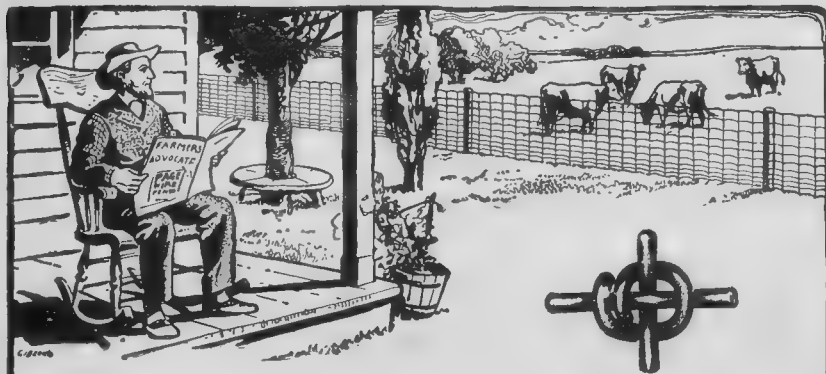
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In the Shelter of the Grove.

pot, which should always be avoided—adequate watering is difficult. The soil should be about three-quarters of an inch below the rim of the pot. This is most important.

The Plants May Need a Rest. Most plants like a vacation from being ornamental. Some take it in no half-way fashion—begonias, for instance, lose their interest in life as completely and unmistakably as a woodchuck who curls himself up for his winter sleep. When, in October, the Begonia begins to drop its leaves there is nothing for it but to withhold water, let the plant dry out, and put it in a warm cellar until it is ready to wake up again in March. Then repot, water carefully, and it will soon be ready for flowering.

They May Have Been Chilled. If your plants have been chilled best shower with cold water and put in a cool room shaded from direct sunlight. Then they may recover. On cold nights newspapers put over them, and the more sensitive moved away from the window, may prevent this.

Insects May Afflict Them. The best preventive of insect troubles is that the plants be kept clean by frequent spraying. This may be done at the kitchen sink or in a bathtub, if a rubber mat is laid down first. The greenhouse remedy for the aphids—fumigation—will not do in the house. If plants are afflicted best dip them in tobacco tea.

A wash-boiler is a good thing to put the liquid in. Hold the pot in your hand and dip the plant in it bodily—head down. Hold it there for five minutes. This is rather a tedious process, but it is the only way to get the infusion into every part of the plant. The mealy-bug is another of the house-plant's enemies. To fight it fir-tree-oil soap is the best weapon. Dissolve two ounces in water which has been brought just to the boiling point; add to this enough water to make about two gallons of the infusion. It should be applied with a syringe when beginning to cool. Be sure to get into every crevice. For scale use fir-tree-oil soap prepared in the same fashion and applied with a stiff brush—a toothbrush is convenient; go over the whole plant carefully and "let not one of them escape." Afterward spray with pure water.

To A Bull Dog.

Fierce fighter with the vicious face,
Grim fighting strength thy only grace;
Thy fellow dogs must know their place
When thou art nigh.
See now yon cur, with quickening pace,
Discreetly fly.

How close thou keep'st thy master's side,
The hand that feeds thee, e'er thy guide;
That homely face would seem to hide
Some virtue fair;
Thy dumb fidelity, confide
A reverence rare.

Yet man, whom thou dost so adore,
Proud man, whose mind can heavenward
soar,
his pride, too oft, is wanton war
And fruitless strife;
Like thine, his loveless triumph o'er
A brother's life.

By instinct blind, art thou unjust;
By instinct, bound to brutal lust;
Yet dost, with fondest reverence, trust,
Though dumb thy vow,
A being, who, though made of dust,
Is higher, than thou.

A New Method.

For several years the writer has been watching a method followed by a small farmer in the southern part of Iowa. This farmer makes \$300 to \$500 each year from poultry with practically no cash outlay. He sells hens and small chicks to the residents of many of the towns and smaller cities in that section of the state. The hatching is done altogether by hens and when two broods come off they are combined and put with one hen and sold when a week old. A hen and two dozen chicks usually sell for from \$3.00 to \$4.00. Since there is little expense connected with hatching and raising the little birds until they become a week or two of age, it can be seen that much more than half the amount received is clear profit. The hens when they are broody, are purchased from the neighbors and are taken to his hatchery at once and set.

This farmer has a simple way of ad-



Evidences of Prosperity.

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DAN PATCH 1:55

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AND WITH ALL POSTAGE PAID

IT COST \$2700.00 TO HAVE IT TAKEN AND REPRODUCED.

THIS IS THE LATEST HORSE SENSATION AND GREATEST TRIUMPH
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It is a new invention that you can carry in your pocket and show your friends instantly day or night, either once or a hundred times and without a machine, curtain or light. It is the most attractive novelty and most valuable Dan Patch Souvenir ever invented and shows every motion of Dan Patch 1:55 in pacing one of his world record miles and absolutely true to life.

I want to assure you that it is the most successful moving picture of ever taken of a world champion horse in his wonderful burst of speed. If you love a great horse and want to be able to see him in thrilling motion pictures at any time as long as you live be sure and accept my remarkable offer before they are gone. I reserve the right to stop sending these moving pictures when 2,500,000 have been mailed.

The original photographic film contains

2400 MOVING RACE PICTURES OF DAN PATCH 1:55

and every one of these pictures shows the King of all Horse Creation as plainly as if you stood on the track and actually saw the mighty Dan Patch 1:55 in one of his thrilling speed exhibitions for a full mile. Just think of it! 2400 moving pictures taken of Dan in one minute and fifty-five seconds means 21 pictures taken for every second all of the way around the entire mile track from the back seat of a high power automobile.

You can see Dan shake his head to let his driver know that he is ready and then you can watch every motion of his legs as he flies through the air with his tremendous stride of 29 feet. As a study of horse motion alone this is better than if you saw the actual speed mile because you can see Dan Patch right before you for every foot of the entire mile and not a single motion of his legs, body or head can escape you. You can see his thrilling finish as he strains every nerve and muscle to reach the wire in record breaking time, you can see his driver dismount and look at his watch while thousands of people crowd around, you can see his caretaker force his way through the crowds, uncheck Dan and then throw a beau-

tiful woolen blanket over him to prevent catching cold and then you can see him walk up the track before the madly cheering multitude.

Wherever this wonderful moving picture, of the fastest harness horse in the world, is shown, people involuntarily call out "Come on Dan"—"Come on Dan." This marvelous moving picture of Dan Patch pacing a great mile is the most realistic and thrilling picture you ever saw. We have taken a part of these 2400 wonderful and sensational pictures and made them into a newly invented pocket moving picture that you can easily carry with you in your pocket and show to your friends at any time, day or night. It does not need a machine, it does not need a curtain and it does not need a light. It is all ready to show instantly, either once or a hundred times and creates a sensation wherever shown. If you admire a world champion who has gone more extremely fast miles than all of the pacers and trotters combined that have ever lived then I am sure you will write me today for one of my wonderful moving pictures of the King of all Horse Creation, Dan Patch 1:55.

THIS MOVING PICTURE WILL BE MAILED TO YOU ABSOLUTELY FREE, WITH POSTAGE PREPAID, IF YOU ARE A FARMER, STOCKMAN OR POULTRY RAISER AND IF YOU CORRECTLY ANSWER THE THREE QUESTIONS. YOU MUST ANSWER QUESTIONS.

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I OWN THE 5 FASTEST WORLD CHAMPION STALLIONS EVER OWNED IN ONE FARM IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

On my "International Stock Food Farm" of 700 acres I own Dan Patch 1:55, Minor Heir 1:59½, Directum 2:05½, Arion 2:07½, Roy Wilkes 2:08½, and also about 200 head of Young Stallions, Brood Mares and Colts and they eat "International Stock Food" every day. I will be pleased to have you visit my farm at any time and see my horses and their splendid condition. I feel sure that you never saw their equals at any Fair or Horse Show. ACTUAL TEST IS WHAT PROVES EVERYTHING IN THIS WORLD. If "International Stock Food" gives paying results for the highest priced horses in the world on my farm it certainly will pay you to use it for all of your stock. Remember that if it ever fails to give your Horses, Cattle, Sheep or Hogs, better assimilation and digestion, purer blood and perfect health with quick growth and fattening that it will not cost you a cent no matter whether you have used one hundred pounds or five hundred pounds and you are to be not only the user but also the sole judge of results. I will leave the entire matter for you to decide and accept your own statement. The United States Government back my claims that "International Stock Food" is strictly a medicinal tonic, blood purifier, etc. During the Spanish-American War, United States officials made a special examination and decided that "International Stock Food" was strictly Medical and I paid \$40,000.00 patent medicine war tax. Can any honorable man deny this evidence? "International Stock Food" and label design is registered in Medicinal Department as a Trade Mark No. — giving it commercial standing and rights as a distinctive "TRADE NAME" FOR A MEDICINAL PREPARATION. The United States Government issues me a Trade Mark No. — on the world famous lines, 8 Feeds For One Cent—as

showing how cheaply International Stock Food can be mixed with the regular grain feed—My label shows a list of the medicinal ingredients used and 250,000 druggists have sold "International Stock Food" for over 20 years as a medical preparation.

**DO YOU EVER EXPECT TO SEE
THESE WONDERFUL DAN PATCH 1:55
RECORDS EQUALLED?**

**DAN PATCH 1:55
HAS PACED**

1 MILE IN	1:55
1 MILE IN	1:55½
2 MILES IN	1:56
14 MILES AVERAGING	1:56½
30 MILES AVERAGING	1:57½
45 MILES AVERAGING	1:58
73 MILES AVERAGING	1:59½

Dan Patch 1:55 has gone more extremely fast miles than the combined miles of all the trotters and pacers that have ever lived. Be sure and remember these facts when you think of some horse equalling Dan's marvellous performances.

For seven years Dan Patch has eaten "International Stock Food" every day mixed in his regular grain feed. It has given Dan Purer Blood, More Strength, More Endurance, More Speed and Perfect Health. It is constantly used and strongly endorsed by over Two Million Farmers and Stock Breeders, as the greatest Animal Tonic, and has been for 20 years. No other preparation has such strong United States Government and practical stock breeders endorsement.

Signed, E. B. SAVAGE, International Stock Food Co., Toronto, Can.

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remove the bunch without scurring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.

Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid)

is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Boo Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Opened Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't irritate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

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describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write. FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 63 Church St., Toronto, Ontario

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Momentum Balance, Wheel working on ball bearing, keeps the "Champion" Washing going with very little effort.

A new idea in washing Machines. "Favorite" Churn means easy churning. 8 sizes.

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vertising. He has hand-bills printed and goes to the city or town and distributes them from house to house in the section occupied by the better class of laboring men. These hand-bills call attention to the fact that he has little chicks for sale and how the reader may go about to order them. Cash must always accompany the order, but he agrees to refund all money in case the birds are not as advertised. His transactions are so satisfactory that more than seventy per cent. of those who order one year become regular customers.

Poultry Notes.

One thought should be borne in mind all the time. That is that filth is the cause of all disease. If the quarters and the feeding floor are kept clean and the bird is given nothing but clean feed, there is but little danger of an outbreak of an epidemic.

The germs of cholera are taken into the bird only through the mouth. Therefore, if everything is thoroughly disinfected, food is pure and wholesome, and the water clean and containing a few drops of carbolic acid, there will be no danger of the disease.

Don't expect good returns when you are too lazy to water the chickens.

If we will only do things at the time they need to be done, very little medicine will be needed to keep our birds healthy.

Fat, heavy hens, that spend too much

judging, where there are a large number of entries and a limited amount of time. The judge usually has horses moved when they first come out; any lameness will easily be noticed. He next has them arranged in line and then begins at one end and examines them as they come.

It is well to approach the horses from the front. Standing at a reasonable distance he scrutinizes his general bearing and proportion of parts; also notices the straightness of his fore legs and his width of chest and spring of rib. He now approaches closer and observes the head more carefully; noticing the size of the nostrils and the length of the head, the width of the forehead and the shape, size and brightness or clearness of the eyes. He next steps back a little and drops down so that he can look back between the fore legs and the hocks, and he also views them from a position in front yet a little to one side of the fore limbs. From these two positions any abnormality of the hock can easily be detected, and in making this survey the judge is careful to compare one hock with the other. He next observes the fore limbs closely, and if he notices an enlargement on the inside of the cannon bone, he examines it with his hand for splint. He notices the feet at the hoof heads, and in hairy legged horses it is always well to examine with the hand for sidebone. The foot is also lifted and its general shape and texture is observed, as well as the size of the frog.



Western Shorthorns.

time in the corn crib, eating with the hogs, are in danger of dying suddenly with apoplexy.

Two parts lard and one part turpentine, will often cure "limber neck" if the afflicted bird is discovered in time and the remedy given promptly.

When sick birds are too far gone to cure with simple treatment, the sooner they are killed and their carcasses burned the better.

Don't forget that you increase the chances of having disease by keeping old fowls. After the second winter they are very liable to disease in some form.

We are taking long chances when we feed dusty, dirty or moldy grain. To keep poultry of all kinds healthy, the food must be clean and wholesome.

Getting out among the chickens ought to be a welcome change to the farmer's wife, whose duties keep her indoors the most of the day. There is a great deal of work about the poultry yard, and it has its perplexities, but we forget all this in our interest and pleasure in giving the growing birds their evening meal, and noting how this or that brood is growing or developing.

Do not feed cows or sows heavily just after farrowing. Starve for about a day and then begin with a bran mash. Gradually bring to full feed.

How to Judge Horses.

Horses are by all odds the most difficult of all stock to judge, and systematic methods of work are now essential. This is especially true in show ring

Other Points to Inspect.

Having completed the inspection from the front, the judge next steps to one side and makes a critical examination of the animal, noticing his length of neck, chest, carriage of the head, slope of the shoulder, depth of body, filling of fore flank, shortness of back and shortness and strength of coupling. He also notices the letting down of the hind bank and compares the length of the upper and lower lines. He also observes the length and levelness of the croupe the set of legs from the side and the muscling of the fore arms and gaskins. Next, passing to the rear, he takes the spring of the rib and general width of the barrel; judges width and muscling of the croupe, haunch and thighs and raises the tail to notice the depth of the muscling in the hindquarters between the legs, and also notices the hock at the same time. The straightness of the legs is also observed and the inspection of form is finished.

The judge now has the horse moved straight away from him at a walk. This allows him to observe the straightness of movement and the snap with which the horse picks up his feet; and as the horse is led back toward the judge the straightness of movement is again observed and the judge then steps to one side and allows the horse to pass. As he does so the length and balance of stride and the freedom of knee and hock action is noted. The horse is moved again, this time at a trot, and the same points observed as at the walk. Any tendency toward going wide behind or to throw the front feet out in the man-



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ner known as winging is readily noticed as the horse moves straight away; and from the side view, overreaching, a short, stilted stride or tendency to drag the limbs is revealed. Besides observing details of action the judge watches general carriage, the freedom and buoyancy with which the animal moves off. There should be a spring and snap to the action that arises from an exhilaration of spirit and which reflects the happy poise and vigor of the animal.

A Short Leet.

After having finished the inspection of the first, he should be sent to the other end of the line and the inspection of the next taken up in the same manner as before. After all have been inspected in this manner and successfully sent to the foot of the line, the judge has a few picked out for a short leet, and makes a more minute examination and comparison of those he has chosen as likely prize winners until he has definitely decided between them. Good judgment in balancing points is very important just here, for many judges are able to see differences but go astray in their attempt to estimate the relative importance of these differences.

In actual work in large rings it is often advisable not to move all of the horses. In such cases the judge passes rapidly over the line, picking out those that by reason of unsoundness or deficiencies in conformation are not entitled to be conserved. The rest he sends to the head of the line and makes a complete examination of them. This sometimes arouses some protest from exhibitors, who hold that every horse has a right to be shown in action; but in all large rings there are a goodly number that are so clearly lacking in top qualifications that it is a waste of time to stop to move them. It should be noted that the most successful judges follow some definite method of procedure in judging horses and the plan used by some of the best judges has been roughly outlined in the sketch.

Keep The Boy On The Farm.

Man is a gregarious animal. He loves to mingle with his fellow kind. He dreads isolation and solitude, consequently he hunts the place where the greatest number of people congregate in the smallest space—the city. (This is the theorists' reason for so many country boys going to the city.) Here he gratifies the inborn instinct to rub up against his fellow kind to his heart's content. Sometimes he smooths off the rough edges, becomes a polished magnate, and is heralded from one end of the land to the other as a great man born on the farm—country-bred—raised himself from obscurity to the pinnacle of fame.

Oh, ho! This is indeed a great commendation for the country-bred youth, and for the country. But, how many of all the lads who leave a good country home for the city ever reach this high place in life? Judging from the meagre statistics at hand, the ratio is about one in a thousand. Consider, young man, the great odds against one in a thousand! The rank and file of country lads who migrate to the city merely fill in the cogs of the corporation machinery wheels which keep grinding away with the same monotonous regularity year after year. This is what the city offers to the average youth. There is none of that free and independent spirit which distinguishes the country cousin from his city relative. Yes, he satisfies that inborn craving to mingle with his fellow kind—that is all. He learns more general cussedness in six months than the pure air country boy could learn in a lifetime. He loses that independence and good spirit which characterized his country days, and he lives in a small dark room with few, if any, comforts.

They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal action relieve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

Help for Weak, Aching Backs

Few people reach old age entirely free from Kidney Trouble. That is why so many men and women of 50 and 60 suffer tortures from lame back, aching hands, arms and legs, rheumatism, irritated bladder and frequent passages at night.

Gin Pills mean a healthy, hearty old age. Gin Pills keep the kidneys well and strong. Gin Pills neutralize Uric Acid, which causes the pain, and soothe and heal the irritated Kidneys.

Here is what Gin Pills did for one man, 84 years old :

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nearly all the advertised remedies and household recipes, even sending abroad for medicines, but received no relief. Some months ago, seeing Gin Pills advertised, I purchased a box from W. H. Steeler, the druggist. The relief experienced, after taking one box, was so great that I knew that I had found the right remedy at last. I used two more boxes of Gin Pills, which completed the cure. For twenty years I was compelled to walk with a cane, but now I have laid the cane, aside and am as spry on my feet as a cat."

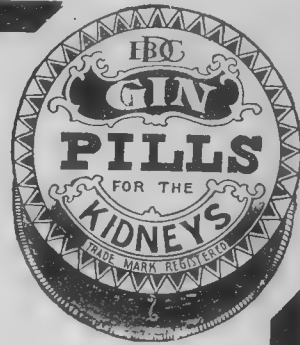
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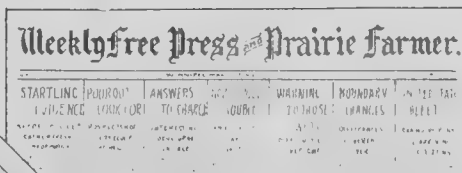
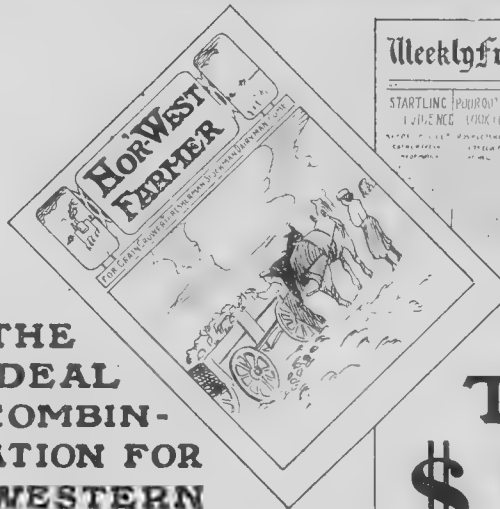
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PEPPER AND PEAS

Mr. P. T. Barnum, being a pronounced joker turned even his witty faculty to use. When he told his Adirondack landlord, with great solemnity, that he hesitated to find fault with anything about the hotel when so much was agreeable, he was urged by the landlord to be frank and by all means to do so. "Well," said Barnum, "it is only one thing. I have discovered with regret that your pepper is half peas." The landlord declared it could not be, but, on being assured that Barnum knew as much about pepper as ginger, he wrote a caustic letter to his grocers for sending him such stuff. They, knowing doubtless who the real complainant was, replied that, if he would spell "pepper," he would doubtless find half of it composed of "p's" and that which they sold had only the amount of orthography required!

A HAPPY TIME IN STORE

"So you are really engaged, dear?" said Elsie gushingly to her particular friend, Madge. "Yes, dear," was the blushing reply—"I am really engaged at last." "And to that stern, solid-looking fellow, Alec Wilson?" "Yes, that is the 'happy man,'" laughed Madge. "Isn't he inclined to be masterful?" suggested Elsie. "Oh, yes, dear," replied her friend quickly—"he often says that after we are married he means to manage the house, look after my personal expenditure as well as his own, and, in fact, have his own way in everything!" "Good gracious! And you seriously tell me you mean to marry a man like that?" cried Elsie, in astonishment. "Oh, yes, dear—I wouldn't give up the idea on any account! You see, it will be such fun to show him how absurd such ideas are, won't it?"—and the speaker smiled a wicked smile which the happy Alec ought to have seen, but luckily did not.

A prize-fighter is said to be about to publish his reminiscences. The author having had a striking career his book ought to make a hit.

JACKASSES REFUSING HAY

At an excited political meeting lately a Mr. Hay was called upon to move a resolution. This gentleman did not suit the tastes of the noisy ones, and they drowned his voice with their tumult. The chairman vainly tried to restore order; at last getting exasperated, he shouted at the top of his voice: "I have only one word to say: Will you hear Mr. Hay?" "No!" yelled the disturbers. "Then this is the first instance on record of jackasses refusing hay!"



"BACHELORS' RETREAT"

THE JUDGE'S PARABLE

A certain well-known judge was once violently and discourteously addressed by a young barrister who was lucky enough to be briefed. M'ud did not resent the impertinence. Subsequently he was asked by a friend why he had not rebuked his assailant. Those present at the time included many gentlemen of the long robe, and among them the delinquent. The judge saw his opportunity.

"Permit me," he said, loud enough to attract the attention of every one, "to tell you a little story. My father, when we lived in the country, had a dog—a mere puppy, I may say. Well this puppy would go out every moonlight night and bark at the moon for hours together."

The judge paused, as if he had finished.

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed half a dozen of his hearers at once.

"Oh, nothing—nothing. But the moon kept on shining, just as if nothing had happened."

GEORGIE KNEW

"Georgie," said the Titian-haired school ma'am out in the little red schoolhouse on the hill top, "is there a connecting link between the animal and the vegetable kingdom?"

"Yeth, ma'am," replied Georgie, with the assurance of complete understanding.

"Will you kindly tell us what it is?"

"Yeth, ma'am; it's hash!"

Winning a Maid

"Oh, if I were only an Esquimaux," sighed the young man as he leaned earnestly toward the beautiful Boston girl, in the conservatory, and sought to peer into the liquid depths of her glorious eyes.

"Why?" asked the young woman, haughtily.

"If I were an Esquimaux I would know how to win a compliment from you!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, the Esquimaux is such an adept at fishing through the ice!"

Now, for such a clever remark, the Boston girl's heart was almost won.

"Kismet," she murmured, half to herself—and the young man, pronouncing it as if it were French, did so.

Ninety-seven Indiana Avenue, at home after July 1.

THAT WAS EASY ENOUGH

"Patrick, did you steal Widow Maloney's pig, an if so what did you do with it?"

"Killed it and ate it, your Honor."

"Well now, Patrick, when you are brought face to face with Widow Maloney and her pig on Judgment Day," said the judge, "what account will you be able to give of yourself when the widow accuses you of stealing?"

"Did you say the pig would be there, your Honor?" asked Pat.

"To be sure I did."

"Well, then, I'll say, 'Mrs. Maloney, there's your pig.'"

TOO LIBERAL

A kindly old gentleman was telling some lads the story of Samson. "He was strong," said the speaker, in summing up, "became weak, and again regained his strength, which enabled him to destroy his enemies. Now, boys, if I had an enemy, what would you advise me to do?"

A little boy considered the secret of that great ancient strength, and his hand went up.

"Get a bottle of hair restorer!" he exclaimed.

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

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No. h13. **The Young Author's Assistant and Guide**. This book is a complete manual of instruction for young authors, pointing out the way by which you may become successful writers for the press. It tells all about the preparation of manuscript and the methods of disposing of it to publishers, and tells you how to judge of what you are best fitted to write.

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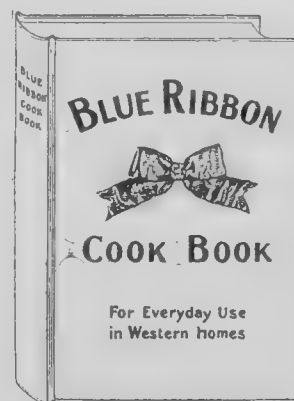
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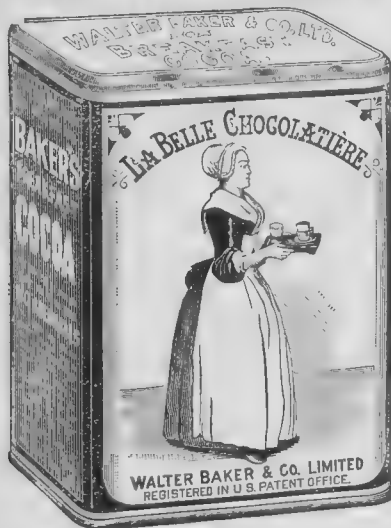
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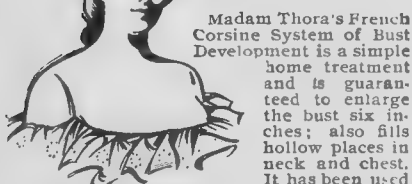
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A-1-10

Sunday Reading.

Sunday Afternoon.

"Rise," said the Master, "come unto the feast."

She heard the call, and rose with willing feet;

But thinking it not otherwise than meet

For such a bidding to put on her best, She is gone from us for a few short hours

Into her bridal closet, there to wait For the unfolding of the palace gate That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.

We have not seen her yet, though we have been

Full often to her chamber door, and oft Have listen'd underneath the postern green,

And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft,

But she hath made no answer, and the day

From the clear West is fading fast away.

Prayer.

Heavenly Father, we are oppressed by a heavy load of sin, our constant visitor of darkness. It promises liberty, and yet leads us into bondage; it says that morning draweth nigh, even at the time when the darkness is deepening it holds out its prize, whispers its flatteries, and flaunts before us its colored seductions, and we yield and go astray, and play the fool and lose our souls. Yet we have heard of Thy goodness to sinful men; this word has been sounded in our ears: Herein is love; while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. We are amazed. Our hearts are first struck with unbelief. May that unbelief not deepen into disbelief, but rise gradually, like a dawning day, into the zenith of perfect and triumphant faith. Marvellous are Thy works, passing all knowledge; far away they stretch in their meaning and blessing, baffling imagination. Thou art able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think. Thou knowest what we need—pardon, release from the grasp of the enemy, liberty such as is enjoyed by the sons of God; we need to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, that we may withstand the enemy when he is strong, and forbid the seducer when his appeal is most eloquent. The Lord help us in these things.

Night Scenes with Nicodemus.

By Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus.

Probably so soon as Nicodemus dimly felt this truth from afar and received a partial explanation of Jesus, in His own words, concerning the blowing wind and the mysterious influence of the Spirit whose power is influence of the Spirit whose power is known only in its result, he found himself in some true accord with the thought of the young Rabbi for Nicodemus no longer treated the process as impossible. On the other hand, he said: "How can these things be!"—as if he would acknowledge that the event spoken of was possible, but was in the dark as to the manner of its coming.

Then Jesus answered and said unto him: "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?" The very word Israel must have brought back the story of the transformation of Jacob into Israel, and that was the new birth. Jacob was "born from above" at Peniel. He had been untrue to the universal brotherhood and he was a fugitive, because of his treatment of Esau. He was only "a supplanter," as the name Jacob indicates. He came, at Peniel, into fraternal relationships with essential humanity, through coming into filial relationships with God.

The Fatherhood of God inspired in him the Brotherhood of Man. But how was this brought about? A man wrestled with Jacob until daybreak, and Jacob broke through the earthly life

when he touched "the hollow of his thigh," and he found that it was "out of joint." God had revealed himself to Jacob through a man. And Jacob asked him, and said, "Tell me, I pray thee, thy name? And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." No longer was he Jacob, but Israel.

Jesus asked Nicodemus to remember this, when He used the words: "Art thou a teacher of Israel, and understand not these things?" The Galilean Rabbi saw men, like Jacob, in false and bitterly sad relations with the Father of All. In the light of His sinlessness, He saw that sin had made the feud. This came from the fact men had gone back on their sonship to God, in rebellion. They had become mere creatures. He, by His brotherhood to them, would establish their Sonship.

Then Jesus took another step forward in the development of His teaching. He said: "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen," and He prefaced this by His emphatic words: "Truly, truly." He appealed to the experience of those who dwell in the Kingdom and realize their Sonship unto God, the Universal Father. The truths of His Kingdom were not entirely new; some things Jesus had said to Nicodemus about the higher life on its earthly side. Other men—His disciples—had felt their Sonship unto God through being quickened by the self-revealing Sonship of Jesus.

He now told him: "If I have told you earthly things, and ye believe not, how shall ye believe, if I tell you of heavenly things?" In quick transition, but proceeding yet more fundamentally with His exposition of the subject, Jesus said: "And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven."

Here again He used the phrase, "the Son of Man," but He spoke of Himself as "the Son of Man which is in heaven." This last phrase may be an early gloss, but it perfectly sets forth the thought of Jesus, which, later on, He wrought out many times, saying for example, to the woman of Samaria, that God and heaven are where those souls are whose childhood lives upon His Fatherhood. Jesus lived perpetually in heaven, and He would have all others live in heaven, also.

And now Jesus must go further with His thought of the fate and destiny of Himself as the "Son of Humanity." He has already told Nicodemus that He Himself came down from heaven, that He lived from above downward, and that He was the Son of Humanity. Now, he says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so much the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life."

Here Jesus began to use that phrase "must be." A divine necessity ran through all His freedom. Jesus saw His exaltation morally, into some kind of true coronation-hour as the King of this Kingdom of which He was speaking. It may have involved the idea of death, in the mind of Jesus, Who already saw the forces arrayed against Him; if so, Nicodemus was looking for the elevation of the Messiah, in quite another way.

Jesus recalled to him the serpent of brass, in the time of the Hebrew exodus from Egypt, and Nicodemus thought with Him of the perishing Israelites who looked upon it with faith and survived. The serpent had long ago become the symbol of health and medicine. Jesus Himself would furnish health and medicine—even life—to those who believed in Him. As conspicuously as the brazen serpent was exalted in the camp of Israel, so would He be some how lifted up in the camp of Humanity. Serpents were then poisoning and killing men, and using this Egyptian symbol which the Israelites understood perfectly, Moses knew that the looking upon the serpent with faith would save them. The Serpent thus saved them from the serpents.

The "Son of Humanity" was here to

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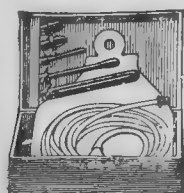
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save men from the ills brought by humanity. Long after this, Paul would so discern the truth of Christ's perfect humanness that the apostle would say that God, who had made Christ "in the likeness of sinful flesh," went so far that He made "Christ to be sin for us." The serpent as the symbol of sin had won a victory in old Eden, for there Humanity had been disloyal to the Fatherhood of God, in the disobedience of eating of the forbidden fruit. "The Son of Man," in profoundest loyalty to the Fatherhood of God, would use this serpent symbol, by which the sufferers of Israel recovered, and, bearing the sins of men, He would once more win men to such Sonship unto His Father God, that men would say: "Abba, Father." The cross was uncut as yet from yonder forest tree; but it was growing for Jesus. Dr. John Watson says truly: "The action of the cross on sin is as simple in its higher sphere as the reduction of fever by antipyrine or of inflammation by a counter-irritant in physical disease."

This was, and is, eternal life. There is nothing unnatural about the process. A man cannot thoroughly believe in Jesus as the Christ, in this sense, and be perishing. Eternal life is not something that will be given him arbitrarily or mechanically. There is such vitalizing power for the soul of a man, in believing in Jesus as the Son of His Father—a Brother who reveals His human brothers' Sonship unto the same Father, that the man who hath that belief hath eternal life. Having realized his divine lineage by faith in Jesus as God's Son, a man has broken out of the limitations of this earthly life, where death is possible and potent, and he lives in the eternity of God, and subsists upon the permanencies of the Almighty. This, it is, to be "created anew in Christ Jesus."

The man, then, acts from motives that run unto and through time, from eternity; and he shall not see death, and as Jesus proceeded to say: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved: He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God."

"God so loved the world"—these words were the announcement of a world-wide Fatherhood manifested through the Son, Who, because He was sinless, saw farthest into His Father's nature and plan. Nicodemus was not born into the realm of the Universal Fatherhood; and he could not "see" the Kingdom of Jesus and God His Father. The Judaism to which Nicodemus still clung had condemned the world, as a whole; and it proposed to save itself through its national Messiah. The true Messiah stood now before one of its teachers to save the world, and to be condemned by the world. Lo, He was the Messiah of Man. He was more sure than ever that His distinctive work, His Messiahship, was to be accomplished by manifesting in Himself what He would reveal in every man—the intrinsic sonship of the soul unto the All-Father.

Jesus was not instituting new mental and spiritual processes; He was not overthrowing the laws of the human soul; He was simply stating the inevitable fact when He said: "He that believeth upon Him is not condemned, but he that believeth not, is condemned already." Jesus felt that His business was to rescue His brother-men to their Father. Sin had taken out of them the feeling that each was God's son. He was so to brother them that this truth would reappear. By belief on Him, only, would a fellow-child of God come to believe in himself and God—so far had every one become prodigal of His divine relationship.

No final judgment can ever interfere

with or change, the judgment made in the necessity of things. The soul of a man lives by his relation to his Father; he finds that relation through the revelation the Son.

Jesus had told the irreproachable Rabbi all He could. He must have seen with sadness that the Ruler of the Pharisees had not unfurled the sails of His life-craft to the "trade winds from eternity." Perhaps the gray dawn was then touching the hill-tops, and a shaft of gold lay quivering on one of the pinnacles of the Temple. It was nearly morning, and Nicodemus hastens away. It would be unwise to stay longer.

After this failure to get out into the light, Nicodemus never seems to get into the full day. From this on, he is a man of lost opportunity. But more than this, the habit is more nearly inveterate or remaining in the twilight of truth and duty.

Here, in the story contained in the seventh chapter of John's gospel, after many months have gone, we find him again, and the enemies of Jesus are thronging about the Master of men in an excitement of rage. They cry: "Have any rulers or Pharisees believed in him?" Now, if ever, a level-headed man may do something more. He may rise into heroic companionship with Jesus.

Ah! Nicodemus' heart is in the shadows still. All that he asks for is a fair trial for Jesus, not according to some commanding inner illumination of his own, but according to the laws of the Jews. Poor child of yesterday is Nicodemus. Even when he asks for a fair trial for this Jesus, who is the judge of all the earth, he is enveloped with their protestations and the taunt comes: "Art thou also of Galilee?" It is too much for a man of the night, even too much for a man of the twilight, and now Nicodemus goes home, like any other ordinary man. What a frightful loss of another opportunity!

At the last, when Jesus' body has been lowered from the cross, we see Nicodemus with all his gifts and graces measured by the side of a man, whose whole-hearted devotion, if he were capable of so much, might have made him sublime—the rich disciple who begged the body of Jesus that it might be sepulchred in his new rock-hewn tomb.

The Friday afternoon was waning, and the Jewish Sabbath was hastening upon them, when the rich man thus saw that the body of the penniless Master was tenderly borne away from the cross.

And now another of those who had lacked wholeheartedness, and who at a former time had furnished one of the most pathetic pictures ever made of the failure of a timid soul in the presence of divine opportunities, Nicodemus, who came at last to do tardy honor aforesaid by night, ventured out into the fading light, which would soon be lost in another night, and he brought a mixture of aloes and myrrh, "an hundred pound weight"—John xix, 39—which provided for the embalming of the body of the dead Teacher. No figure more sadly or strongly moves across the scene of the life of Jesus, to teach us how near to moral grandeur a man may approach, and yet how far away from spiritual greatness he may remain, than the figure of the learned and wealthy Nicodemus. Not all of the spices or fragrant oils which he might then bring could have weighed as much, either for Jesus or Nicodemus, as a single clear and true word of affection, spoken at the time when conscience and sympathy ought to have uttered it.

Society must never dream that it has a Lord and Savior, because it is willing to put the loved corpse of Jesus in a splendid sepulchre of praise as did Joseph, or because it gratifies its tastes and escapes embarrassing consequences, by going to Jesus by night, by pleading for fair trial for the Nazarene, or by offering its unguents and aromatic spices for His burial, as did Nicodemus.

These acts of Joseph and Nicodemus were indeed beautiful and lovely, but they must not be mistaken for acts as hopeful as are even the blunders of a son of God like Peter, who always has to be sifted out of a Simon, son of Jonas.

Better make the mistake and pay the costs of noble enthusiasm than to let opportunity after opportunity slip from a chilly hand.

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Dates, Figs and Prunes.

Date Bread.—Date bread dough may be baked in a loaf or as muffins. When baked in a loaf it is well adapted for sandwiches. Mix one cupful of warm wheat mush, one-fourth of a cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful of salt. When lukewarm, add one-fourth of a yeast cake dissolved in one-fourth of a cupful of lukewarm water, and enough bread flour (once sifted) to knead. Cover, and let rise over night. In the morning cut down, and knead in one cupful of dates stoned and cut in pieces. Shape in a loaf or fill hot buttered gem pans two-thirds full, cover again, let rise, and bake in a moderate oven. If twice the quantity of yeast cake is used, the time required for the process of making this bread is reduced to six hours.

Date Pudding.—Mix two cups of graham flour, one cup sweet milk, one cup dates, stoned and chopped, one-half cup each of molasses and chopped suet, one-half tablespoonful soda, two teaspoons mixed spices and a little salt. Boil two hours and serve with foamy sauce.

Steamed Date Pudding.—A steamed date pudding is an excellent hot dessert specially adapted for cold weather. Melt one-fourth of a cupful of butter, and add one-half cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of milk and one egg well beaten; then add one and one-half cupfuls of graham flour mixed and sifted with one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of soda, and one cupful of dates stoned and cut in small pieces. Turn into a buttered melon mold, adjust the buttered cover, tie down, place the mold on a trivet in a kettle contain-

and juice of one lemon, half-pound figs.

Wash the figs well. Simmer them slowly in the water and sugar and lemon rind until soft. Take the figs out. Cut the stalks off. Add the lemon juice. Put the gelatine into a small saucepan. Strain the juice figs were cooked in over. Stir till dissolved over a gentle heat. Put the figs—cut in two and turned, so that the seeds are showing—into a shallow mold—a border one if possible. Pour in the syrup. When cold and firm turn out and decorate with cream.

Fig Pudding.—Ingredients: Half a pound of figs, half a pound of suet, half a pound of breadcrumbs, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, a pinch of salt, the juice of half a lemon, one

yolks of five eggs, one cupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and three cupfuls of milk. Strain, add one pound of figs finely chopped, cool, and flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and two tablespoonfuls of brandy. Add the whites of five eggs beaten until stiff and one and one-half cupfuls of heavy cream beaten until stiff. Freeze, using three parts of finely crushed ice to one part of rock salt. Arrange in coupe glasses placed on a small plate covered with a paper doily, and garnish each with thin slices of orange, two figs boiled in vanilla syrup and candied cherries.

Fig Filling.—A fig filling to put between the layers of cakes is good. Mix one-half pound of figs finely chopped, one-third of a cupful of sugar, one-third of a cupful of boiling water, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and a few grains of salt. Cook in a double boiler, stirring occasionally, until of the right consistency to spread; then spread while hot.

Prune Souffle.—Mash sufficient stewed prunes to make half a pint; press them through a colander; add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and stir in the well-beaten whites of four eggs; turn in a baking-dish, dust with powdered sugar, and bake in a moderately quick oven for ten minutes.

Prune Pudding.—Heat a little more than a pint of sweet milk to the boiling point, then stir in gradually a little cold milk in which you have rubbed smooth a heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch; add sugar to suit your taste, three well-beaten eggs, about a teaspoonful of butter and a little grated nutmeg. Let this come to a boil, then pour it in a buttered pudding-dish, first adding a cupful of stewed prunes, with the stones taken out. Bake for from fifteen to twenty minutes, according to the state of the oven. Serve with or without sauce. A little cream improves it if poured over it when placed in saucers.

Prune Whip.—One pound of stewed



AN ATTRACTIVE KITCHEN.

ing boiling water (allowing the water to come half way up around the mold), cover closely, and let steam two and one-half hours, adding more boiling water as necessary. Remove from the mold to a serving dish, surround with thin slices of lemon.

Fig Cream.—Quarter-ounce gelatine, half-pint water, one ounce sugar, whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, rind

egg, a little milk. Method—Chop the suet very finely, add it to the breadcrumbs—also the sugar, salt, the juice of half a lemon, and the figs chopped up. Moisten with the egg beaten up in the milk and mix well together. Put the mixture into a buttered basin and steam for three hours. Turn out and sift coarser sugar over it.

Fig Ice Cream.—Make a custard of the



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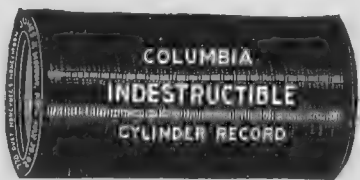
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prunes (stones taken out), whites of four eggs beaten well, then add half cup sugar, whip altogether for two minutes. Bake 10 minutes in hot oven. Serve with whipped cream on top.

Compote of Peaches.

Reheat cold boiled rice by standing it in a colander in a kettle of boiling water. Pare peaches, cut them in halves and remove the stones. Put the hot rice in the centre of a platter, cover with the peaches, dust with powdered sugar, and serve immediately with a pitcher of cream or milk.

Meats That are Left Over.

Meats are the most costly of all articles of food; for this reason it is necessary to utilize all left-overs. The meat from soup may be used for curries, bobotee or any dish calling for high seasonings. It has in the long, slow cooking parted with both its odor and flavor, but not with its nourishing quality. Cold mutton may be made into pilau, simply stewed mutton with rice, or hash, or a barbecue, or a casserole; in fact, all the so-called "French entrees" are simply warmed meats. Reheat white meats in white or yellow sauce; dark meats in tomato or brown sauce.

Croquettes.

This recipe will answer for all kinds of meat croquettes. Chop sufficient cold meat to make one quart; rub together two teaspoonfuls of butter and four rounding tablespoonfuls of flour; add them to a pint of hot milk; stir and cook until it is a thick, smooth paste, when take from the fire. Add to the meat two level teaspoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of white pepper, a dash of red pepper, a saltspoonful of grated nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley and a tablespoonful of onion juice. Mix thoroughly, add the cream sauce; mix again, and turn out to cool. When cold form into croquettes, dip in egg, roll in bread-crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

Cream of Celery Soup.

This is one of the most delicious of thick soups. It is very inexpensive and easily made.

If you are having a fricassee of chicken for dinner or a boiled chicken save the gravy and bones left and make the cream of celery the next day. Put the chicken bones and gravy or the water in which the chicken was boiled in a saucepan, add the outside stalks and the root end of a bunch of celery and two large onions; cut all these in rather small pieces; cover the whole with cold water and let it boil steadily until the celery and onions are very soft, then press the whole through a colander. Return the pulp and liquor to the saucepan over the fire and let it boil until reduced one-half; then to a pint of the stock soup add a pint of milk; when it comes to a boil thicken it well with flour dissolved in cream. It will take two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour to a quart of soup dissolved in a half pint of cream. When it has boiled one minute after the thickening is in strain the soup again through a fine strainer and serve in a hot tureen.

Lemon Rice.

Stir one cupful of cold boiled rice in one pint of milk; separate three eggs, add half a cupful of sugar to the yolks, beat thoroughly, add them to the rice mixture, and add the grated yellow rind and juice of one lemon. Turn this into a baking dish, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, beat again until dry and tight; heap this over the pudding, dust with powdered sugar, brown in the oven, and stand aside to cool.

Queen Potatoes.

Wash, pare and cut into cubes or balls (using French potato-cutter for latter), two cups of potatoes. Cover with boiling water and boil five minutes. Drain, and pour on enough fresh boiling water to cover potatoes. Add 1-3 cup of butter, salt to taste, and boil till tender. When done carefully remove potatoes and boil the liquid until consistency of

Ginger Snaps.

cream; if too thick dilute with cream, allowing two tablespoons to a cup, and add a tablespoon of chopped parsley. Let it come to boiling point and turn over potatoes.

Butter, lard and brown sugar, of each $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; molasses, 1 pt.; ginger, two tablespoons; flour, 1 qt.; saleratus, 2 teaspoons; sour milk, one cup.

Butter Scotch.

Three tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, two tablespoonfuls of water, one tablespoonful of butter, one saltspoon of soda. Boil all together without stirring till a little will harden in a cup of water; then take it off the fire, drop in a small teaspoon of vanilla and shake the dish till it is mixed, and pour at once on a buttered platter. When hard, break up into squares.

New Uses for the Cranberry.

By Marion Harris Neil.

No other fruit contains the same acid as cranberry. This salicylic acid acts upon brass, tin or iron when brought in contact with it, and for this reason it is advisable to cook the berries in earthen or porcelain-lined vessels, agate or granite ware.

As soon as the cranberries are cooked turn them immediately into the mold. Never allow any article of food containing cooked cranberries to stand in anything but glass or stoneware. The best cranberries are inexpensive, yet they adapt themselves to various styles of dishes that may be surprising to the housewife who has never tried them in any other way than in jelly and in sauce.

Wash and remove all defective berries before cooking. Cranberries may be made into ornamental dishes without much trouble, and yet are sufficiently simple to be prepared by an inexperienced cook.

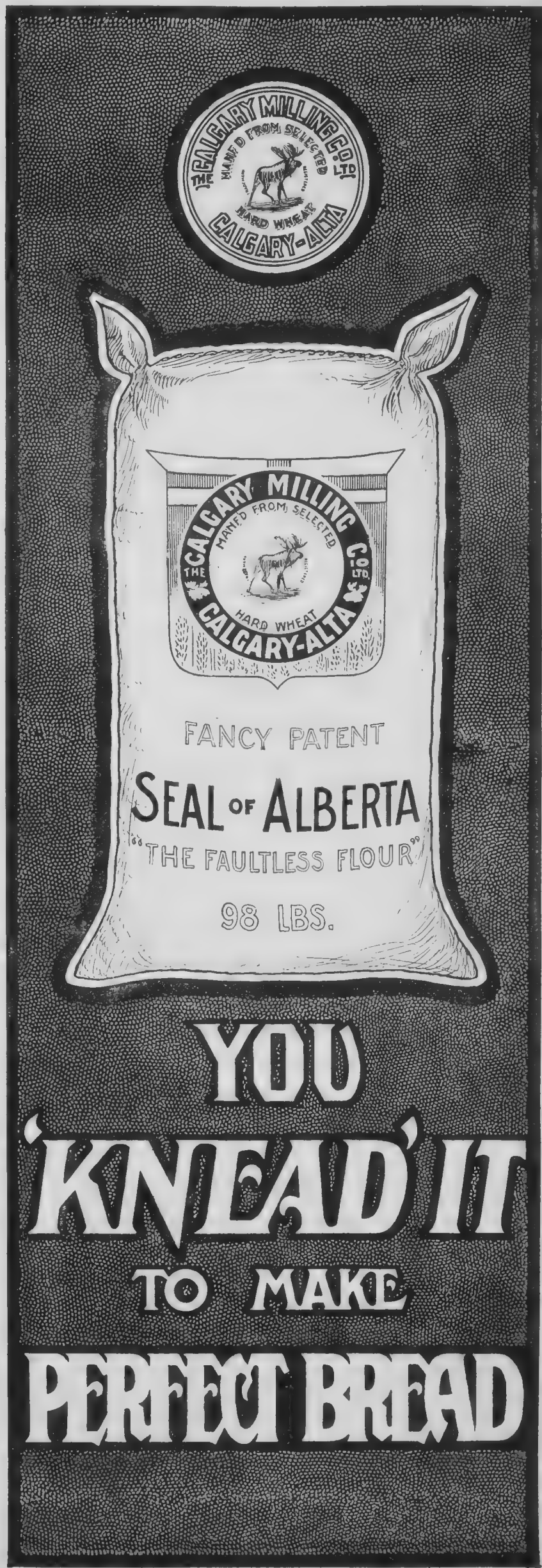
Stuffed Dates.—One pound dates and one-quarter pound nuts. Make a cut the entire length of the date and remove the stone. Fill the cavity with English walnuts or with peanuts chopped fine.

Cranberry Bavarian Cream.—Whip two cups of double cream to a stiff froth, add one cup of sugar, and one tablespoon gelatine which has been softened in four tablespoonfuls of cold water and liquefied over hot water. Keep the basin in a pan of ice until the mass begins to thicken perceptibly; then stir in one cup of strained and sweetened cranberry juice to which has been added four tablespoonfuls of marachino. Fill a mold and pack in ice and salt for four hours.

Scalloped Cranberries.—Moisten two cups of soft white bread crumbs with a half cup of melted butter. Butter a pudding dish, sprinkle in a layer of bread crumbs, add a layer of stewed and sweetened cranberries; twelve large seeded raisins, a little grated lemon rind and a little sugar; continue the layers until the crumbs are used, cover and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve hot with hard sauce.

Cranberry Trifle.—Boil one pint of cranberries, one-half cupful of raisins, one cupful water, ten minutes. Rub through puree sieve, and to three-fourths cupful of pulp, use three-fourths cupful of powdered sugar, whites of three eggs, one-eighth teaspoonful salt. Put ingredients in bowl and beat with wire whip until stiff enough to hold its shape. About thirty minutes will be required. Chill and serve in sherbert glasses, with turkey.

Cranberry Jelly.—Cook berries in enough water to cover them until tender. Let cool. Then squeeze through a sieve or jelly bag. Weigh the juice, and to every 7 lbs. of juice take 5 lbs. of sugar. Put the sugar in the oven to heat, stirring occasionally. Put the juice on the stove to boil. Boil for about 15 minutes. Then add hot sugar, stirring briskly. Let boil up once or twice. Then remove from the stone and seal in glass sealers. This will



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make a jelly that will keep for years if done properly.

Cranberry Sherbet.—One of the most appetizing ways of serving cranberries that require but little time for preparation is sherbet. The tart flavor will be found palatable in place of the many sweet varieties of sherbet. To four cups of stewed cranberry juice, add the strained juice of six oranges, and four cups of granulated sugar. Pour into an ice-cream can and freeze until of a mushy consistency. Whip stiff the whites of four eggs, stir into the cranberries and complete freezing.

Cranberry Conserve.—Pick over and wash sufficient cranberries to weigh five pounds, then chop them coarse. Put two pounds of cleaned seeded raisins through the food chopper, then mix them with the cranberries. Thinly peel the rind from four large oranges, boil it in water, changing the water several times until the rind is tender, then chop fine. Put it into a saucepan, add the cranberries, raisins, ten cups of sugar, the pulp and strained juice of five oranges. Heat and cook slowly until reduced to a jam, then seal. This is excellent with meat.

Cranberry Frappe.—Boil one quart of cranberries and two cups of water for ten minutes. Strain through coarse cheesecloth, add two cups of sugar, and boil until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, stirring meanwhile. When cold add the strained juice of two lemons; if too tart add more sugar. Freeze to a mush, using equal quantities of ice and salt. Serve in glass cups with roast turkey.

Useful Hints.

To remove spots of grease from boards, take equal parts of fullers' earth and pearl ash, one-quarter of a pound of each to a quart of soft water, in which they must be boiled. While still hot, lay it on the greasy marks, allowing it to remain untouched for twelve hours, after which it can be scoured off with sand and water. A floor that is much spotted with grease may be completely washed over with the mixture and scoured thoroughly on the following day. Ink stains can be removed from boards by strong vinegar or by rubbing the stains with salts of lemon.

If an iron saucepan has been burnt, do not pour cold water into it whilst it is hot, as it might crack it. Pour in hot water, and when that and the saucepan are quite cool empty it away and refill the saucepan with cold water in which a good quantity of soda has been dissolved. Let this stand for an hour, then heat the water slowly, let it boil, and then simmer for a quarter of an hour; let it stand until the water is cool enough for the hands to be put into it, then clean the saucepan in the usual way with the pot-brush, and it will quickly become quite clean.

If it seems difficult to clean a lamp chimney with soap and water, try wiping it off with a cloth moistened with vinegar.

To turn out a boiled pudding into a basin, hold it for a few minutes in cold water. This will prevent it sticking to the cloth.

After sprinkling clothes for ironing, cover them with a heavy blanket to prevent mildewing, if they are not to be ironed immediately.

Table-salt applied with a wet cloth will remove egg-stains from silver.

In cooking rice, use plenty of water, and put in a little salt and half a teaspoonful of vinegar or a little squeeze of lemon-juice. This will make the rice white and keep the grains separate.

To remove stains of iron-rust from cotton garments, saturate the stain with lemon juice, then cover it with salt, and expose the garments to the sun for an hour. Rinse well in cold water afterwards.

Eggs which are cracked can be boiled without wasting the contents if the crack is smeared with butter and dipped in salt; put into a saucepan of cold water, and let it boil gently for one minute.

When, as in case of sickness, a dull light is required, put powdered salt on the candle till it reaches the black part

of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept through the night by a small piece of candle.

Use for Sour Milk.—It can be used in making soda-cakes and scones. To make a cake, have one pound of fine pastry-flour, half a pound of caster sugar, six ounces of fresh butter and sultanas, or currants, one ounce of chopped candied-peel, three eggs, a quarter of a pint of sour milk, an eggspoonful of carbonate of soda, and a little salt. Rub the soda till free from all lumps, then mix it thoroughly into the flour, and then the salt in the same way. Rub the butter well in, and add, one at a time, the other dry ingredients, rubbing each well in. Warm the milk, make a hole in the middle of the flour, beat the eggs till very light, then pour the milk into the hole, stir some flour into it, add the eggs, stir quickly till they are quite mixed with the other ingredients; put at once into a hot cake-tin lined with double paper well buttered, and then into a hot oven immediately. This may be varied by using caraway-seeds instead of currants. Dripping, which has been twice clarified, may be used instead of butter, and two eggs only. For scones, one pound of flour, the eighth of an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, a little salt, half a pint of sour milk. Mix to a soft dough, turn out on a well floured pastry-board, roll out to about half an inch thick, cut in rounds, and put very quickly on a floured shelf into a hot oven, and as soon as the under part is a light brown turn them. They may also be baked in a griddle on a strong oven shelf, over a clear fire, and turned once or twice.

Novel Cake Recipes.

Ginger Snaps.—Boil together one pint of molasses and one cupful of butter; let cool, then add two tablespoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of flour. Roll thin and bake quickly.

Eggless Cake.—One-half cupful of butter beaten to a cream, one cupful of sugar beaten until light, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour sifted four or five times, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Essence to taste. This is delicious if well beaten.

Cake Without Butter, Milk, or Eggs.—One pound of fat salt pork (no lean or rind) chopped very fine, one-half pint of boiling water poured upon it, one pound seeded and chopped raisins, one-quarter pound of citron chopped into shreds, two cupfuls of sugar, brown, one cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda put in molasses, flour to mix like fruit cake, one ounce of ground nutmeg, one ounce of ground cloves, two ounces of ground cinnamon. Bake slowly.

Eggless Cookies.—One-half cup of lard or butter creamed with one cup of sugar, one cup of buttermilk, with one-half teaspoonful of soda stirred in, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and flour to make a dough stiff enough to roll easily. Roll thin, cut out, sprinkle with sugar if liked, and bake in a quick oven. These cookies are very good, and the recipe is sure to be appreciated by other homemakers who, like myself, find it impossible to raise "garden truck" and chickens together, and with whom eggs are scarce in consequence.

A pretty course to serve at a luncheon is a salad of tomato jelly. A pint of tomatoes is strained, seasoned with salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Dissolve a quarter of a box of gelatine and add to the tomatoes. Put aside for half an hour, then bring to a boiling point before moulding in tiny egg-cups. Make a half pint of mayonnaise dressing to which a half pint of whipped cream is stirred in just before serving. The moulds of jelly are arranged on lettuce leaves on individual platters, the mayonnaise heaped round, the whole sprinkled with finely chopped parsley.

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

INFORMATION ABOUT TREES

About all the trees, fruits, shrubs and plants that are adapted to outdoor cultivation in the Prairie Provinces are described in the catalog of the Buchanan Nursery Co., St. Charles, Manitoba. This booklet will be sent free to any one on application. If interested, write for it.

The Little Ones.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want, ask for it.)

Grandma's Valentine.

By Ellen Manly.

A sudden loud ring of the doorbell!
Pray who can be coming to call
In weather so stormy and dismal?
A scamper of feet in the hall,
A bright little face at the doorway,
A shout from our "Little Boy Blue":
"See, here is a valentine, Grandma,
That somebody's sended to you!"
"A valentine! bless me" says Grandma,
And puts on her glasses to see;
"It comes from a lover, I'm certain—
I wonder, now, who it can be!"
She picks up the dear little postman
To give him a hug and a kiss,
And tells him she's more than delighted
With such a remembrance as this.

Then she reads it with greatest enjoy-
ment,
For grandmother knows very well
The love the valentine carries
Is more than the sender could spell.
And when she declares she's astonished
There's never a doubt about that,
For the greeting she reads with amaze-
ment
Is nothing but—"C A T!"

"Poly Phemus" A Fairy Nature Story.



The spirit of the flowers.

Once upon a time there lived a little orphan whose name was Poly Phemus. She was born one golden day in summer in the top of a lovely maple tree. Such a wee thing and so helpless was she that the fairies loved her, and the Queen of the Fairies took very good care of her. When Poly opened her eyes in this big world the Fairy Queen had surrounded her with tender, juicy green leaves for food. The warm sun shone upon her, the breezes gently rocked her, and she lived happily in her tree top, eating and growing apace from day to day. Now it seems that when Poly was born she had but one small coat to her back, and as she grew rapidly this little green coat got much too snug for comfort. She would have been in a dreadful plight had not Fairy Nature promised to attend to her wardrobe. So she grew



Ready to take flight.



The maple tree in which Poly was born.



The Little Weather Prophet.

and grew, and many times her coats burst open in the back, and each time as she slipped out, wonder of wonders! a brand-new coat enveloped her fat little body.

Summer advanced and Poly Phemus had quite grown up. One day, as she sat upon a maple leaf, clothed in her wondrous coat of green and gold just fresh from the hands of Fairy Nature, she said to the maples: "Are you not glad that I live among your branches, for surely I have the most beautiful coat in all the world?" The maples laughed and clapped their hands, but answered never a word. Then to the birds she called: "Tell me, please, you who travel far and wide, have you ever seen anything half so beautiful as my coat of green and gold?" The birds sang on but answered her never a word.

Now, beneath the tree, sitting upon the grass, Poly spied a little girl. She surely will tell me that I am beautiful, thought Poly, and she dropped right down into the little girl's lap. "Oh, oh!" cried the little girl, "a horrid, nasty, green caterpillar!" and she shook her apron violently and ran away as fast as she could go. All curled up in a little ball among the grasses lay Poly, frightened and very miserable—just as miserable as she could possibly be.

Now all of this made the Fairy Queen sad, for she had fashioned the wondrous coat and knew it to be beautiful. Ah, she thought, I'll make little Poly the loveliest thing in all the world!" So delicate shall she be that men will call her the spirit of the flowers, and children will not fear her, but will run after her, but she shall elude them. Fairy Nature gave to Poly threads of silken floss and taught her to weave them into a tiny house in which she was to sleep while the magic wand worked wonders. And so she slept for nine long months. Winter had passed and a new spring, with promise of a glorious summer, came timidly forward. Fairy Nature had been unfolding her secret plans. Suddenly the voice of a little girl was heard calling: "Mother, mother, come and see this beautiful thing!" Poised upon her house of silken



Poly Phemus

\$1,000 given away FREE to our Readers

We have succeeded in evolving a new sort of Competition which we are absolutely certain will prove a pleasant and popular pastime for readers during the long evenings. It embodies all the elements that make for success, and we are sure that it will prove the most popular competition ever inaugurated by any periodical in Canada.

The charm of the idea is its simplicity

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

Every month during the winter we will, in a disguised form, print the names of a number of Canadian post offices, and competitors will be required to find out the correct answers. To make our meaning clearer we will give two examples:—

- (1) A Girl's Name—a small pointed Piece of Wood.
The solution of this is "**Winni(e)-peg.**"
- (2) King Edward's Father.
The post office represented by this is naturally "**Prince Albert.**"

CONDITIONS

There are absolutely no conditions regarding the eligibility of competitors. We extend a cordial invitation to everyone to come in and win. There is no entrance fee. Remember that **YOU** stand just as much chance of winning the \$500 prize as anyone else. If you cannot solve all the names, don't be discouraged. Try again and bear in mind the fact that we are giving nearly sixty prizes, any one of which is worth getting. We feel sure that our readers will find this competition most fascinating. It is perfectly simple, and success should reward the efforts of those who will take a little time and trouble once a month.

PRIZES

To the persons sending in the largest number of correct answers we will award:—

1st Prize, goods to value of	\$500.00
2nd Prize	\$250.00
3rd Prize	\$100.00
4th Prize	\$50.00
5th Prize	\$25.00
6th Prize	\$10.00

And a handsomely bound Book to each of the next 50 as Consolation Prizes.

Winners will be entitled to select their own prizes from any firm advertising in *The Western Home Monthly*. We think this will be more popular than if we chose the prizes ourselves, as **you** are the best judge of what is most wanted in your home.

A different coupon will appear in each issue until the close of the contest. Every name represents that of a Post Office in the Dominion of Canada. No employee of *The Western Home Monthly* will be allowed to compete. The competition is so simple that it does not require any explanations. We think we have given full particulars, but if there is any point on which further information is required, write us and enclose stamp for reply.

All answers must be made on blanks appearing in issues of *The Western Home Monthly*. Answers received on any other sheets **will not** be accepted.

The decision of the management of *The Western Home Monthly* shall in all cases be final.

We append a list of well-known Canadian Post Offices. Some of them you may be able to solve at a glance, while others may require a little thought. Get your friends to help you!

CUT THIS OUT

FEBRUARY COUPON

POST OFFICE

A British Field Marshal	.	.	.	.	.
Canada backwards	.	.	.	.	.
A species of glass—a large town	.	.	.	.	.
Physic—A covering for the head	.	.	.	.	.
The Patron Saint of innkeepers	.	.	.	.	.
Absalom	.	.	.	.	.

Important Notice. Fill in the answers in the spaces provided, cut out Coupon and retain it. Do not send it to us now. We shall tell you when Coupons are to be sent in, and how they are to be addressed. THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG.

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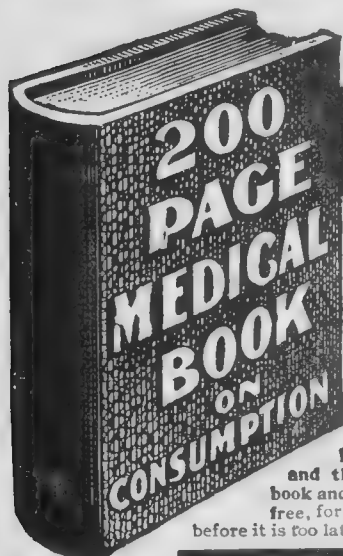
Ask your grocer for it to-day, and be sure to say 'CAMP.'

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Book

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This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of anyone suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case was hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1462 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

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FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.



I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

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threads just ready for flight, was the spirit of Poly Phenus—a lovely moth. Its wings of golden brown were touched here and there with blue and black, and over all was a blush of rosy pink. The moth rose upon its wings and faded from sight, leaving upon the ground the house of silken threads and the discarded coat, no longer bright with green and gold. And this was Poly Phenus.

All in an Hour.

By A. F. Caldwell.

"Eight o'clock. Why, it's almost school-time!" And Ted looked up at the sun. "There's really no use in beginning, When you can't get anything done!"

So he wasted a whole long hour, Tick! tick! it went slowly by. What wonders he might have accomplished,

Had he only the pluck to try!

"An hour! Why, that's sixty minutes!"

Cried Dick, with his face aglow. "I've time to read over my lessons,

And run an errand or so!"

He blacked father's boots in addition, Combed brother Bob's curly brown hair,

Mailed some letters, and brought in the eggs—

And then had three minutes to spare!

The New Leaf.

"Why are you crying, Little Cat?" asked Little Dog.

"Because my paws are so cold!" said Little Cat. "I have been digging in the snow and cannot find one."

"One what?" asked Little Dog.

"One new leaf."

"What do you want of a new leaf?"

"I want to turn it over, but there aren't any to turn."

"Of course there aren't!" said Little Dog. "It is winter."

"But Little Girl is going to find one," said Little Cat. "I heard her mother say to her, 'You really must turn over a new leaf!' and she said, 'I truthfully will, mamma!' and when little girl says she truthfully will she always does. Then her mother kissed her, and said everybody had to turn over new leaves now, and she had some of her own to turn, so she knew just how it was. The door shut then—on the tip of my tail, too—and I heard no more, but what do you suppose it means?"

Little Dog shook his head. "We must ask somebody, he said. 'Let me see! Great Old Dog is out for a walk, and Crosspatch Parrot bit me the last time I asked her a question.'

"I know," said Little Cat. "We will ask Old Cat in the Barn. She knows a good many things, and if she isn't catching rats—but she generally is—she will tell us."

They found Old Cat in the Barn sitting on a truss of hay, washing herself. She listened to Little Cat's story, and her green eyes twinkled.

"So you have been looking for new leaves under the snow!" she said.

"Yes," said Little Cat. "First I looked on the trees, and there weren't any

there; so I thought it must be leaves of plants and things, so I scratched and dug till my poor paws were almost quite frozen, but not one single scrap of leaf could I find."

"Fffff!" said Old Cat in the Barn. "This barn is full of 'em!"

"Full of leaves!" cried Little Cat and Little Dog together. "What can you mean, Old Cat? We don't call hay leaves!"

"How many rats have you caught this week?" asked Old Cat, turning to Little Dog.

"None!" said Little Dog. "The last rat I caught bit me horridly; besides, they are odious, vulgar beasts, and I don't care to have anything to do with them."

"Fffff!" said Old Cat. "Little Cat, how many mice have you caught in the kitchen this week?"

Little Cat hung her head. "I haven't caught any," she said. "I don't care for mice, the flavor is too strong; I like cream better."

"Fffff! grrrr-yow!" said Old Cat; her green eyes shot out like sparks, and her fur began to stand up. "Now, you two, listen to me! Why do you think the Big People keep you? Because you are soft and pretty and foolish? Not at all! They keep you because you are supposed to be useful. Your mother, Little Cat, was a hard-working, self-respecting mouser, who caught her daily mouse as regularly as she ate her daily bread and milk. Your father, Little Dog, hunted rats with me in this barn as long as he had legs to stand upon, and between us we kept the place in tolerable order. Great Old Dog cannot be expected to hunt at his age, and besides, he is too big; one might as well hunt with an ox. But since your parents died you two lazy children have done next to nothing, and what is the consequence? I am worked to skin and bone, and the mice are all over the house; I heard Cook say so. Mind what I say; no creature, with four legs or two, is worth his salt unless he earns it, in one way or another. Now, what have you to say for yourselves?"

"Miaouw!" said Little Cat. "I am very sorry, Old Cat."

"Yap! Yap!" said Little Dog. "I am sorry too, Old Cat."

"Very well!" said Old Cat in the Barn. "Then turn over a new leaf!"

"Miaouw!" "Yap!" "That is just what we want to do!" said Little Cat and Little Dog together; "but we can't find any."

"The fact is," said Old Cat in the Barn, "it is one of the foolish ways of speaking that the Big People have. It just means, stop being bad and begin to be good. Now do you see?"

"Prrrr!" said Little Cat; "now I see. I will go and catch a mouse this minute, Old Cat."

"Wuff!" said Little Dog; "I see, too, and I will come and hunt rats with you, Old Cat."

"Prrrrrrr!" said Old Cat in the Barn. "That is right! Go to work, like good children, and as I may have been rather short with you lately I will turn over a new leaf, too, and ask you both to supper with me in my hay-parlor. Cook gave me the bones of the Christmas goose, and we will have a great feast."

— L. E. R.



Learning rapidly.

The Little Dreamer.

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars
And the stars fell into his cap.

So when the dream was over,
What did that little boy do?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
And found it wasn't true.

The Wonderful "Ball."

The dogs and cats of a certain small town,
Got tired of chasing themselves up and down—
Got tired of howling and fighting at night,
And made up their minds to try and live right;
And as some amusement was needed by all,
They decided at last, to give a grand "ball".

They called for a meeting, to settle details,
And agreed, without using their teeth or their nails;
They formed a committee, and went right ahead
And planned out the "supper"—cooked meat and baked bread.
For drinks, they had lemonade, coffee and tea,
No wines!—They were "temperance" all, don't you see?

And so it was settled—with plenty of talk—
They were so excited, they scarcely could walk;
They were all assembled at half-after six—
I tell you, it was just a queer-looking mix,
The cats wore new dresses—all frilled out so fine,
And all donned their jewels, to make a bright shine.

Then "Peabody's" dog bowed to "Gul-labi's" cat—
In the first set of Lancers—they whisked round so pat,
And cut such queer capers, that some looked askance
And wished themselves out of such a wild dance;
While "Thompson's" black pussy—the necklace she wore—

Snapped its string, and the pearls rolled on the floor.

That red cat of "Greene's" held her nose in the air
And settled her train, and her glasses with care;

When asked out to dance, her green eyes turned blue,
As she haughtily asked: "Pray, whose dog are you?"

While the bold cavalier who had ventured to ask,
Took refuge behind a big "lemonade" cask.

How the "fiddles" did squeak! and the "bagpipes" did wail!

There was pattering of feet and whisking of tail,

And "Grey's" dog, for dancing distinguished himself,

While "Martin's" wee kitten sat up on a shelf,

To be out of the way of such a "melee"—

You bet she was there, when the call came to "tea"!

Such eating! such drinking! and grinding of bones,

With fairly good manners and fairly mild tones;

Only "Know Nothing's" cat spoke out pertly and bold—

"I don't like this ice-cream, it's 'friz' with the cold!"

And "Greene's" reddish cat sipped her coffee so fine

That an audible snicker went all down the line.

Then dancing again, how the hours did fly!

And the "red cat" kept saying—"I've dust in my eye!"

While the company nearly were shaken to fits

When her glasses fell off and were broken in bits;

And there was much flirting and sly winks, you know,

As they "side-stepped" and "chassed", now to, and now fro.

But at last they were ready to wind up the "ball",

With many "good wishes" and "good-byes" to all;

They put on their coats, and they put on their hats,

Those "gay, giddy" dogs and "flirtatious" young cats,

They linked off in pairs 'neath the moon's shining light,

I have never beheld a more comical sight!

"Frances."

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(MAPLE LEAF LABEL)

Is the most nourishing thing to begin the day on. It is good morning, noon and night—any time.

It is an absolutely pure cocoa of the finest quality. It is healthful and nutritious for young and old.

Give COWAN'S to your children—drink it yourself.

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TORONTO.



The demand for a higher Standard in flour is growing steadily; we have anticipated this and for years our milling has been done on a basis of "quality first."

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Is perfectly milled—from selected wheat of absolute purity, and no effort or care is spared to make it a "perfect flour" that will appeal to the most exacting.

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In soap-form—no powder to fly about and waste.

"Madame" (the English home-magazine) says: "Maypole Soap is really wonderful. Dyeing becomes the easiest thing in the world with its help."

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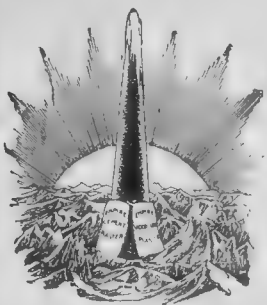
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It was perfectly restored by

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This elegant watch, ladies' or gents' size, stem wind and set, fancy engraved cases, FULLY GUARANTEED, will be sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, if you will sell only \$3.00 worth of high grade collar buttons at 10c. per card (4 buttons on each card). These buttons are very fast sellers. Write to-day and we will send you a package; sell them and return the money and win this LANDSCAPE LITTLE WATCH. You can also win a lovely TEA SET FREE if you will help us enlarge our business by getting only 6 other agents and without having to sell any more goods. Only \$3.00 worth—no more, no less, and you can win both these splendid premiums FREE.

COBALT GOLD PEN CO., Button Dept. 22 Toronto, Ont.

The Young People.

The Wreck of the "Julie Plante".

A legend of Lac St. Pierre.

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre
De win' she blow—blow—blow—
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"

Got scar't an' run below;
For the win' she blow lak hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' the scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de front deck,
An' he walk de hin deck too,
He call de crew from h'up he hole,
He call de cook h'also:
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal
Was chambermaid on a lombaire barge
On de Grande La Chine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'eas'—
wes'—

De sout' win' she blow too—
W'en Rosie cry, "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"
Den de captinne trow de beeg h'anckerre,
But still de scow she driff,
De crew he can't pass on the shore,
Becos he loss hees skiff.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de poor Rosie
An tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve
An' jomp h'off on de lac,
An' say, "Good-by ma Rosie dear
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very h'early—
'Bout 'alf pas two—tree—four,
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore—
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane.
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from the shore.

Moral:

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm,
An' go and marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane.
An' spouse she blow some more.
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

—W. H. Drummond.

The King's Kindness.

It was in the neighborhood of Windsor, and the King was, with one other gentleman, on a fast car of French manufacture. Passing through the narrow streets of one of the many villages scattered around, they were forced to proceed very slowly. An urchin, seeing an opportunity for a ride, ensconced himself snugly on the step behind. King Edward, glancing round, caught a glimpse of a grimy pair of hands and a shock head. Now his Majesty, as every one knows, is fond of a good-natured joke. So when the road became clearer he just motioned to the gentleman at his side to increase the speed. Away went the car, the small boy clinging on for dear life and not daring to jump off. For some miles the urchin rode, wondering how he was to get home. But the King's jokes are always kindly, and when speed was slackened and the child turned slowly on his homeward way it was at his Majesty's request that a coin was thrown to the boy "for another ride back."

Nest Building Partnership.

Shall I tell you how a pair of orioles took me into partnership with them in nest-building in June? They chose for a site one of the elms in front of the house and the end of a limb that dropped to a level with my window where I could sit and easily watch the proceedings.

They began the frame work, but strings seemed to be scarce and the foundation grew slowly. I had a full

supply of twine, some of which I broke into convenient lengths and threw over the low growing shoots of the elm trunks. They watched me closely, and when I got back to the piazza they nodded to me as if to say, "Thank you." In three or four minutes they had carried up to the nest six lengths of twine. It took fifteen or twenty minutes to wind them about the twigs and weave them in and out and shape them. Then I carried out more twine and, in less time than I can tell it, that was also carried up to the nest, and so I continued to supply strings till they had all they needed. Then they felted in the filling without my aid, and the nest was quickly completed.

The parents have gone to the woods with their little ones, but every day or two the male comes back to the trees and utters a note or two to tell me all is well.

What Dropping Water Can Do.

One of the Chinese modes of punishment is to place the culprit where a drop of water will fall on his head for hours, or even for days if he can stand it for so long. The torture this inflicts is proved by an experience that Colonel Fred Burnaby had in Vienna several years ago. A school teacher bet him that he would not be able to let a pint of water, drop by drop, fall on his hand. Burnaby laughed at the very idea of his not being able to stand it, and the test began.

Although the strong man talked and jested gaily at first, it was not long before he began to show signs of distress. At about the two hundredth drop—for the schoolteacher kept tally—an expression of pain crossed his face.

When the third hundred had been entered his hand began to swell and grow red. Then the skin burst and the pain grew more and more excruciating. Finally, at the four hundred and twentieth drop, Burnaby gave it up and acknowledged himself beaten.

The Prospector's Snake Party.

By Herbert Coolidge

DURING my journey across the sandy, timbered plain at the foot of Mount Shasta I overtook a rough old "lumber jack," who was walking out to join a timber crew near Bartles. He responded heartily to the proffer of a ride, and when we camped at one of the little creeks that trickle down from the resplendent crest of the grand old mountain, he proved himself a capital entertainer.

Of the ensuing flow of reminiscent narrative, I still have in mind the story of Sandy Lockwood's snake party.

Lockwood was a prospector whom my companion had known in the early days when mining in the Sierra Madre Mountains. In the opinion of the worldly lumber jack he was a very odd character, as he had a Bible which he read every evening. Furthermore he lived the precepts of the Good Book even to the point of returning good for evil on all occasions.

In the spring of '64 Lockwood, who was a "pocket prospector," made a rich find, and as he never squandered his money in drinking or gambling, he was believed to have a large amount of gold in his cabin.

One day a miner came to the old man.

"Sandy," he said, "yesterday I heard a couple of gamblers at the lower camp planning to knock you on the head to-night and take your sack."

Lockwood was mightily grieved over this, but finally began to laugh, saying: "Joe, you smuggle yourself into my cabin some time before dark, and we'll teach those lads a lesson."

The precarious business of hunting for pockets had in years gone by often forced the prospector to live by catching live rattlesnakes, which he shipped to a collector for Eastern zoological gardens. As soon as his friend departed, he shouldered his snake catching out-

fit and set out for the mountains. A few hours later he returned with a dozen lively rattlers squirming about in a gunny-sack.

After dinner he extracted the fangs of the reptiles by means of a strip of soft buckskin which he flaunted before them, giving the tough substance a dexterous twitch as the dripping poison hooks struck into it. When he had reduced the last of his venomous catch to the harmlessness of a dove, he proceeded to make a door in the floor of his cabin, and finally to construct a dummy, which he clothed in his miner's coat and overalls, and then by skilful propping, made to assume a friendly upright posture just inside the doorway.

When the miner came, a little after nightfall, Sandy told him to climb up into the oak that shaded the front of the cabin.

"Don't make a chirp or a rustle," he said, "until they are both inside. Then jump down quick as you can, slam the door shut, and prop this chunk of wood against it. I've got a friend here who is going to stand up for me and have his head broken."

The "friend's" head was made of a boulder wrapped in a flour sack.

"It sounds like a real pate, doesn't it?" continued Lockwood, removing the hat and giving the bogus skull a rap with a piece of wood.

Until late in the evening there was no sound but that of the night wind swishing through the pine-tops. Then the watchers heard men approaching on the



"It sounds like a real pate, doesn't it."

trail which led up the canon. They were chatting cheerily, and stumbled along over the boulders after the manner of well-intentioned citizens.

Approaching the cabin, one of them knocked loudly.

"Who's there? What d'ye want?" mumbled a sleepy voice from inside.

"Friends from the lower camp," was the reply.

For some minutes there were sounds of bare feet shuffling about the floor, and presently a light glimmered through the crack beneath the door.

"Come on in," said the sleepy man. "The latch-string's on the outside."

There was a moment of hesitation. Then the door was opened quickly, and the foremost ruffian bounded forward. Confronting him in the half-gloom of the dimly lighted cabin, a form stood with outstretched, welcoming hand, and the murderous gambler struck at it with all his might. There was a thud as the sand-bag landed, followed by the sprawl of a lifeless body settling to the floor.

"Get yourself in here!" ordered the sand-bagger, in a shrill, nervous whisper. "Hurry! Lock up, strike a light. Hark!" he quickly added. "Douse your match. What bumped the door?"

The gamblers listened with nerves aquiver. Outside the night wind shifted gently through the pines, and inside—was it inside?—there was a dry, scratchy whisper as of scaly forms creeping—then silence—again the creeping.

"Sounds like snakes!" gasped one, at last. "Let's strike a light."

"Keep your light doused!" hissed the other, "It's someone outside."

Very lightly he stole towards the barred window. He was bending for-

ward for a peep outside when a stealthy tiptoe pressed a yielding form that rattled terribly at one end and struck at his leg with the other.

"Snakes!" yelled the gambler, and his blood-curdling yell awoke the echoes of the canon as he bounded toward the ceiling.

The men were silent then: the shrill whirr of the rattlers filled the cabin.

"Snakes!"

In a hoarse, tremulous whisper the gamblers uttered the word, as in darkness and confusion they fumbled for matches.

"Look out!" yelled a scared voice from beneath the house. "My goodness, boys, don't get afool of those rattlers!"

The voice was strikingly like that of the man they supposed they had killed; but this the gamblers failed to notice. Stirred by the same wild impulse, they landed with a simultaneous crash against the barricaded door. Again they gathered themselves for a lunge, but the whizzing alarm of an angry reptile beneath their feet sent them pell-mell to the barred windows. The terror in the cries for help which then arose sent the chills over men at the lower camp far down the canon.

Lockwood and his friend met the crowd that came streaming up the trail, and explained the situation.

"Hurry up and let them out!" urged Lockwood, in hurried conclusion. "I'm afraid the lads will be scared plumb senseless."

When the door was thrown open the "bad men" were found standing together on Lockwood's bunk, striking matches with trembling fingers, shooting at the crawling snakes in the brief flash of light, and yelling in helpless terror through intervals of fumbling and darkness.

The alacrity with which the scared gamblers threw themselves into the arms of their captors raised a laugh, but this shortly turned into an angry demand for a lynching when, after Lockwood had sacked his rattlers, the party entered the cabin, where the prostrate form of the sand-bagged dummy offered silent evidence of the attempted crime.

According to my friend the lumber jack, nothing but a very vigorous stand on the part of the peculiar Lockwood saved the captured sand-baggers from summary execution. The old prospector's plea for the culprits must have made a deep impression, for my companion, who was one of the men present, gave it at length, ending triumphantly with the conclusion verbatim:

"The object of punishment is reform and not vengeance. These lads have had a chance to see themselves as others see them. Give them a chance to live down this sorry vision."

The appeal carried, and the offenders were released with the understanding that they should hurriedly move from that vicinity. One of the offenders was never heard of again, but the other my informant afterwards met in Dallas, Texas, where for many years he had been an exemplary citizen.

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Do you snore often?
Is your breath foul?
Are your eyes watery?
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Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Do crusts form in your nose?
Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have a discharge from the nose?
Does mucus drop in back of throat?

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A medicine that strengthens the kidneys so that they are enabled to extract the poisonous uric acid from the blood and prevent the chief cause of Rheumatism.

Mr. Dougald A. McIsaac, Broad Cove Banks, N.S., writes:—"I was troubled with my kidneys for nine months, and suffered with such terrible pains across the small of my back all the time that I could hardly get around. After taking two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken three I was completely cured."

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ANY person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

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A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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hour. Her slender fingers nestled in his big, warm hand.

"Will you ask Uncle Norman to come up to see me?" she said. "This evening will be a good time."

The man's face darkened. He and his brother had not spoken for five years. "You'd better send a note."

"I'd rather you'd take the message—please."

"All right. I'll tell him," and the girl felt a tear on her cheek as he stooped to kiss her.

"If only I could see them friends before I go!" she whispered to herself.

Her longing was granted. At her bedside the barrier of years was broken down, and the two were brothers again.

Christine's favorite cousin was in college. He was not making the best of himself, and friends were anxious. A note from her brought him home for a parting visit.

"Theodoric, do you know the meaning of your name?" she asked.

"No. Something I'm not, I presume."

"Something you can be," the gentle voice replied. "It is 'powerful among the people,' and I think it is beautiful."

Only one cannot be that, you know, unless one is master of himself, and is true to the best, to the highest. I wish you'd think about it when I'm away."

The boy did think and he became a power for good among his fellows.

So full were those ten days! Through the influence of the dying girl two estranged lovers were reunited, a home was provided for a destitute cripple, a church contention was resolved into harmony, and a despairing woman found peace and joy. Besides this, there were uncounted deeds of love that lived in many hearts long after the doer of them had passed from sight.

Ten days! They are waiting just ahead. One by one they will come into the grasp of all of us. Shall they be filled with frivolities or blessed by deeds of love and Christian service? Shall those days which are to be dedicated to God be only the last ten days of life, or shall they be the next ten days, and every ten that follows them?

How to Build a Cottage in the Woods.

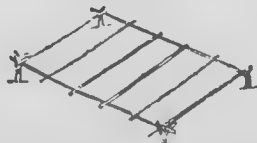
Four persons make a good camping-party. Before arriving at their destination these persons should choose one of their number as captain. The captain gives directions and superintends the pitching of the tent or the building of the rustic cottage. If the forest abounds in pine trees, the cot-



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.



tage-builder's task is an easy one. It often happens that two or three trees already standing can be made to serve for the corners of the proposed edifice, though trees for corners are not absolutely necessary.

Fig. 1. represents part of the framework of one of the simplest forms of rustic cottage. In this case two trees serve for the two posts of the rear wall.

The front posts are young trees that have been cut down and firmly planted at about four or five paces in front of the trees. Enough of the branches have been left adhering to the trunks of the upright posts to serve as rests for the cross-bars. To prevent complication in the diagram, the roof is not shown. To make this, fasten on an additional cross-bar or two to the rear wall, then put a pole at each side, slanting down from the rear to the front, and cover these poles with cross sticks. When the framework is finished, the security and durability of the structure will be improved by fastening all the loose joints, tying them together with withes of willow, grass, or reeds.

The next step is to cover the frame; this is done after the method shown in Fig. 2. From among some boughs, saved for this purpose, take one and hang it upon the third cross-bar, counting from the ground up; bring the bough down, passing it inside the second bar and resting the end on the ground outside the first bar; repeat this with other boughs until the row is finished. Then begin at the fourth bar, passing the boughs down inside the third and outside the second bar, so that they will overlap the first row. Continue in this manner until the four walls are closed in, leaving spaces open where windows or doors are wanted. The roof is thatched after the same method, beginning at the front and working upward and backward to the rear wall, each row overlapping the preceding row of thatch. The more closely and completely you thatch the roof and walls, the better protection will they afford from any passing shower. This completed, the house is finished, and you will be astonished to see what a lovely little green cottage you have built.

A cottage may be made differing from the one described by having the roof extended so as to form a sort of verandah, or porch, in front; the floor of the porch may be covered with a layer of pine needles. Should you find your house too small to accommodate your party, you can, by erecting a duplicate cottage four or five paces at one side, and roofing over the intervening space, have a house of two rooms with an open hallway between.

Before going to housekeeping, some furniture will be necessary; and for this purpose we do our shopping right in the neighborhood of our cottage. Here is our cabinet and upholstery shop, in the wholesome fragrance of the pines.

After the labor of building, your thoughts will naturally turn to a place for sleeping. Cut four forked sticks, sharpen the ends, and drive them firmly into the ground at the spot where you wish the bed to stand in your room. Two strong poles, long enough to reach lengthwise from fork to fork, will serve for side-boards, a number of short sticks will answer for slats; after these are fastened in place you have the rustic bedstead as shown in Fig. 3. A good spring mattress is very desirable, and not difficult to obtain. Gather a lot of small green branches, or brush, and cover your bedstead with a layer of it about one foot thick; this you will find a capital substitute for springs. For your mattress proper, go to your upholstery shop under the pine tree and gather several armfuls of the dry pine-needles; cover the elastic brush springs with a thick layer of these needles; over this spread your India-rubber blanket, with the rubber side under, so that any moisture or dampness may be prevented from coming through. You may now make up your bed with what wraps or blankets you have with you, and you have as complete and comfortable a bed as any forester need wish for.

In the place of pine needles, hay or grass may be used. Also, in selecting the bed-post sticks, be careful to have them strong enough for the weight they are to bear.

Often what appear to be the most trivial occurrences of life prove to be the most momentous. Many are disposed to regard a cold as a slight thing, deserving of little consideration, and this neglect often results in most serious ailments entailing years of suffering. Drive out colds and coughs with Bick's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the recognized remedy for all affections of the throat and lungs.

HER DEATH WAS HOURLY EXPECTED

Enterprise, Ont., Oct. 1st, 1908.

"For seven years I suffered with what physicians called a 'Water Tumor.' I could neither sit, stand, nor lie down. Hypodermics of morphia had to be given me to ease the pain.



MRS. JAMES FENWICK

My cure seemed hopeless, and my friends hourly expected my death. I was so bad that I wanted to die, and it was during one of these very bad spells that a family friend brought a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' to the house. After much persuasion I commenced to take them, but I was so bad that it was only when I had taken nearly two boxes that I commenced to experience relief. I kept up the treatment, however, and after taking five boxes I was cured, and when I appeared on the street my friends said, 'The dead has come to life,' and this seemed literally true, because I certainly was at death's door."

(Signed) MRS. JAMES FENWICK.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box—6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c, or sent post-paid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

WAIT'S Homoeopathic Specifics

Cures Effected by them are radical and certain. They do not cure one disease and produce another. They will cure a larger percentage of cases, and in less time than any medicine known.

NO.	CURES	PRICE
1	Fever, Congestion, Inflammation.....	25
2	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	25
3	Crying Colic, or Teething of Infants.....	25
4	Sore Mouth, or Canker.....	25
5	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach, Costiveness.....	25
6	Effects of eating Rich Food.....	25
7	Piles, blind or bleeding, internal or external.....	25
8	Cholera Morbus, Nausea Vomiting.....	25
9	Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo.....	25
10	Inflammatory Affections of the Windpipe.....	25
11	Diarrhoea, of Children or Adults.....	25
12	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	25
13	Worms, Worm Fevers, Worm Colic.....	25
14	Diseases of Infants or Young Children.....	25
15	Diphtheria or Ulcerated Sore Throat.....	25
16	Asthma Oppressed, Difficult Breathing.....	25
17	Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Bronchitis.....	25
18	Whitewoo Profuse Periods, Bearing Down.....	25
19	Croup, Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing.....	25
20	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions.....	25
21	Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Agues.....	25
22	Ophthalmia, Weak or Inflamed Eyes.....	25
23	Whooping Cough, Violent Cough.....	25
24	Scrofula, Swellings and Ulcers.....	25
25	Dropsy, Fluid Accumulations.....	25
26	Sea Sickness, Nausea, Vomiting.....	25
27	Kidney Disease, Gravel, Renal Calculi.....	25
28	Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea.....	\$1.00
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30	Suppressed or Painful Menses, Pruritus.....	25
31	Epilepsy and Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.....	25
32	Dysentery, Gripping Bilious Colic.....	25
33	Female Irregularities.....	25
34	Catarrh, Acute or Chronic, Influenza.....	25
35	Ear Discharges, Hardness of Hearing.....	25
36	Disease of the Heart, Palpitation, Change of Life.....	25
37	General Debility, Physical Weakness.....	25
38	Wait's Homoeopathic Rheumatic Cure.....	\$1.00

Any number will be sent by mail on receipt of Price. Send for Manual (free). Address DEPT. W.H.

WAIT HOMOEOPATHIC MEDICINE MANUFACTORY
JOHN T. WAIT, Proprietor, ARNPRIOR, ONT

Marriage, Annulment, Domicile, Divorce, 8th. Edition gives law and time governing these subjects in all of the States and Territories of the United States. Postpaid, One Dollar. Jos. Mitchell Donovan, Attorney, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, U.S.A.

In Lighter Vein.

Strictly Limited.

Said the Author to the Publisher, "I've here a little book—
I wrote it in the moments of my leisure.

It's not for me to say, but if you'd give the thing a look
And tell me—," Said the Publisher, "With pleasure"

Said his Reader to the Publisher, "This book we've talked about
Is much too esoteric and too subtle.

I can't see what it means at all, and if you bring it out
I leave you," Said the Publisher, "Then scuttle!"

"Dear Author," wrote the Publisher, "It's much as I supposed,
Your book's the thing I've long been wanting. Merely,
If you like the terms if offers, sign the document inclosed,
And return it to me. I am, yours sincerely."

Said the Author to the Lady, "I am getting on, I am,
My little work, 'The Pig: in Health and sickness,'
Will appear soon after Christmas with the daffodil and lamb,
Crown octavo, and about the usual thickness."

Said the Lady to the Author, "Yes, but will they pay you well?"
"Ah!" he answered, "It's a generous agreement.
They give me three-and-six for ev'ry copy that they sell."
"Well there—" she said. Her blushes showed what she meant.

"The Pig: in Health and Sickness," its advertisements did run,
By the Author of "Prescriptions for the Portly."
One edition of one copy, strictly limited to one.
Price three hundred pounds and sixpence—Very shortly.

The book was promptly bought by some collecting millionaire;
The Author said the whole concern was shady,
But—being chiefly author—merely sat and tore his hair;
And the Publisher—got married to the Lady.

Couldn't Signal It!

Admiral Moore tells a good story of a peppery old seaman under whom he served many years ago. During some tactical operations one of the ships of the squadron had made some bad blunders, and at length the admiral completely lost his temper. He stormed about his quarter-deck and informed his hearers of his opinion of the officer in command of the erring ship. When he paused for want of breath he turned to the signaller and said to him, "And can you tell him that, sir!"

The man scratched his head meditatively. "I beg pardon, sir," he ventured "but I don't think we have quite enough flags for your message."

The Trials of a Novice.

He got no further, for a twenty-horse his first experience aboard a steamship as a deck-hand.

"Hi, you," cried the mate, "sing out to them below to heave round the salt-water pump."

The green hand seized what he thought was one of the latest improvements of modern science, and jammed the nozzle into his mouth.

"I say, below there—"

He got no farther, for a twenty-horse power jet of water gurgled upwards, and the next moment he was reposing on his back and wondering if it were possible to live after such a shock.

Slowly he rose and approached the mate.

"You're too funny on this boat," he

cried. "It's a pity a fellow can't speak through your blithering speaking tubes without being spanked by half a ton of salt water."

"Speaking tube!" yelled the mate; "why, you unutterable idiot, that was the hose-pipe you were trying to bellow down."

What Women Want.

"Harold," said the young woman resolutely, "I promised my mother I would never marry any man without asking him how he stood on the question of woman suffrage. I am sorry; but you will have to tell me how you stand."

"I am opposed to it, Bella," bluntly answered the young man. "You don't want votes for women; what you want is 'bokes' for women!"

"Quite so, Harold! That's all I promised mamma. I never bound myself to refuse any good man just because he—Now, Harold, stop it—stop it!"

Clipping the Eagle's Tale.

They were lounging in the smoking-room of the Mauretania, engaged in her usual habit of breaking yesterday's record.

"Talkin' about runnin'," said the Yankee, apropos of polecats—"talkin' about runnin', I once knoo a guy who could run so slick that when they took pictures of him for a cinematograph show he came out in the films with two hundred and twenty-two distinct legs. Would you believe it, sir?"

The Englishman shook his head. "Nothing out of the way!" he answered carelessly. "Why, when I was at the 'varsity, we had a man who could run so fast that when racing round the four laps to the mile track he could see his own back! Steward!"

Hope Springs Eternal.

Hobart Townsend bustled into the village barber shop and interrupted the glee club smack in the middle of the "Suwanee River."

"What's on yer mind, Hob?" asked William Buckhorn, his two hands full of fifteen-cent seafoam.

"Hiram Bings hez gone insane tryin' t' figger th' angles in a angleworm!"

"Do tell?"

"An' Rastus Jenks hez bought a phonygraft t' cure baldness!"

"Do tell?"

"An' Augustus Heinger, who told us a year ago he had married a dream, hez woke up and asked for a divorce!"

"Do tell?"

"An' Em. Hayes, who packed her bathin' suit last fall, can't find th' thimble she packed it in, an'—"

"Things is sure a-boosin' in Haileyville!" interrupted William.

Chorus:
"Way down upon the Suwanee river,
Far, far away!"

An Automobile Primer.

What is an automobile?
It is an Infernal Machine used by the Classes for dealing Death to the Masses. Whence is its Name Derived?
From Auto and Mob. Hence, an automobilist ought to be mobbed.

What is the difference between an Automobile and a Bunch of Violets?

The Smell.

What is an Auto-Race?

A Race of Men who Drive Automobiles.

What do they Look Like?

Like a Wild Man of Borneo disguised as an Esquimau.

What are they called?

Chaufeurs.

Why?

Because they show Furs in all sorts of Weather and Climate.

What is the difference between an Automobile and Beau Brummel?

Beau Brummel was a Lady-Killer, but an Automobile will kill Anybody.

What follows the Automobile?

The Autopsy.

THE ONE THING NEEDED

Without fire, no heat! Without well digested food, no strength. That is Nature's Law and it serves everybody alike. Well digested food makes us strong, vigorous and healthy. Undigested food makes us weak and ill. Dyspeptics are always weak and ailing. What they need is the power to digest their food and that is just what Mother Seigel's Syrup gives. It helps the stomach, liver and bowels to do their work properly. That is all, but it is enough.

Mr. Joseph Doucet, an employer in the mills at Petit Rocher, Gloucester County, New Brunswick, proves all this in a letter dated June 22nd, 1909, in which he says:—"My illness came through an obstinate case of constipation, so severe that I was unable to do my daily work in the mills. Pains after eating, due to bad digestion and frequent headaches, afflicted me off and on for nearly ten years. My breath was offensive, my tongue badly coated and my skin very sallow. I lost weight, suffered intense pains in nearly every part of my body and often was very dizzy. For years I was trying to bear up under this strain. The rheumatism in my arms added to my miseries."

Every one of these symptoms which Mr. Doucet describes so well comes with Indigestion. His food was poisoning, instead of nourishing him. Now read what he did.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM INDIGESTION

HEADACHES, BILIOUSNESS,
LANGUOR, PALPITATION,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
CONSTIPATION OR
ACIDITY.

A course of Mother Seigel's Syrup will quickly set you right. It is a highly concentrated vegetable remedy, having direct action on the stomach, liver, and bowels. It aids digestion, regulates the bowels, expels all impurities from the system, purifies and enriches the blood, and thus imparts health and tone to every part

TAKE of the body. Thousands of men and women are every year cured of indigestion and other stomach and liver disorders by Mother Seigel's Syrup. Their testimony, given without fee or reward, affords convincing proof that Mother Seigel's Syrup possesses curative and strengthening properties not found in any other medicine. As a digestive tonic, taken daily after meals, it has no equal.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

A. J. WHITE & CO., Ltd., Montreal.

"I searched continually for medicines and had medical treatment, but found no benefit at all until I began to use Mother Seigel's Syrup and Pills. The very first bottle brought me the relief I had been seeking, and the contents of three bottles restored me to good health."

Food was the fuel which Mr. Doucet needed in his laborious work, but it was of no use to him unless he could digest it and gain nourishment from it. That was exactly the point at which Mother Seigel's remedies helped him—and he was cured quickly and thoroughly.

R. C. Welsh, P. M. of Glenlea, Provencher Co., Man., wrote July 7th, 1909:—"Allow me to testify to the curative powers of Mother Seigel's Syrup."

About eighteen years ago I contracted a disease which doctors failed to diagnose and it necessitated my spending twelve days in the hospital, but even the treatment received there did not give me the relief desired. Everything that I would eat seemed to hurt me, and I would have pains in my back for eight or ten days, and my stomach was so disarranged that it would be possible to hear a rattling noise for some distance. After I got a little better my stomach was so sore I could scarcely walk for days on account of taking so much medicine, and I can assure you that I was completely sick and tired of this trouble. One day I picked up one of your Almanacs and after reading it partly through I was convinced of its worth, and immediately started to try your preparation. One bottle made me feel a great deal better, and after I had taken the contents of three bottles I could eat anything, and am now as hale and hearty as a twelve year old.



M'me Elvira Nowe, of Cherry Hill, Lunenburg Co., Nova Scotia, July 5, 1909, writes:—"I was troubled two years with Indigestion and my food would rise as soon as I had eaten it, and caused me severe pain and distress. Nothing relieved me until I began taking Mother Seigel's Syrup. When I had taken one bottle and a half I was quite cured."

The Annoyance Of Flatulence

Many People Are Annoyed With Gas In The Stomach and Intestines.

Flatulence is due to the presence of gas in the stomach and intestines, which often rolls about, producing borborygmi, or rumbling noises in the intestinal system, and causes the victim of this trouble considerable embarrassment when such noises occur while in company.

An analysis of gas from the stomach shows that it consists to a great extent of nitrogen and carbonic acid. It is, therefore, probable that some of the gas in the stomach consists simply of air which has been swallowed, although for the most part, the source of flatulence is the gas given off from the food in the abnormal process of decomposition.

In cases of chronic gastric catarrh, the secretion of gastric juice in the stomach is deficient, the food is digested slowly, and fermentation occurs with the evolution of gas.

Swallowed air, however, plays a more important part in causing flatulence, or gas in the stomach and intestines than is generally supposed, and while food may be swallowed without carrying air into the stomach with it, fluids, especially those of a tenacious character, such as pea-soup, appear to carry down a great deal.

Flatulent distension of the intestines occurs when a large amount of gas or air, either swallowed or evolved from the decomposition of food, escapes from the stomach into the intestines through the pylorus. The enormous distension of the intestines and dilatation of the stomach with gases, and the rapidity with which such flatulence occurs, has long been a puzzle to medical men, and has led some to think that the only possible explanation thereof, is a rapid evolution of gas from the blood.

In the treatment of gas in the stomach and intestines, charcoal is considered by most physicians as the leading and most effective remedy. Carminatives, or medicines, such as peppermint, cardamom, sodium bicarb, etc., which expel the gas from the stomach in large volumes through the mouth, are resorted to by some people, but their use is disagreeable, and the frequent expulsion of gas through the mouth, most annoying, and after taking a remedy of this kind, one is compelled to remain out of company the rest of the day on account of the continuous belching of air.

STUART'S CHARCOAL LOZENGES do away with the necessity of undergoing the disagreeable experience of belching or expelling stomach gases through the mouth, by completely absorbing every particle of gas or swallowed air in the stomach, and also in the intestinal system, which prevents colic, and over-distension with accumulated air.

These wonderful lozenges should be used for all cases of flatulence and decomposition of food in the stomach, as well as for bad breath resulting from catarrh, decayed teeth, or stomach trouble.

Purchase a box at once from your druggist for 25 cents, and send us your name and address for free sample. Address F. A. Stuart Company, 200 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

PILES Cured at Home BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers Box P. 86, Windsor, Ont.

Hezekiah's Venture.

Hezekiah Hopkins, much excited, said one day, As he entered his wife's presence in a most impulsive way: "Mother, listen: I'm a-goin' to invest in minin' stock, I've a chance to make a million, here's a sample of the rock; I can git it now for twenty cents a share, and in a year Close it out for twenty dollars, which is nineteen-eighty clear."

"Don't you do it, Hezekiah; them is only idle dreams; Think of all the folks we've heard of that got beat on mining schemes." Thus his good wife sagely counseled, but he laughed at her advice, And he sold the spotted heifer at a painful sacrifice, Sold the roan mare and the filly, scraped up all the cash he could, And invested it as only a deluded bumpkin would.

Hezekiah Hopkins still is toiling for his bread; All the hopes he had of winning wealth in golden heaps are dead; He has learned a costly lesson, it is seldom that he smiles, And he says hard things concerning glib promoters and their wiles. But weep not for Hezekiah, his is not a crushing woe, For the gentle wife who warned him never says: "I told you so."

What Do You Think The Porter Did?

A lady in the centre seat of the parlor car heard the request of a fellow-passenger directly opposite asking the porter to open the window, and, scenting a draft, she immediately drew a cloak about her.

"Porter, if that window is opened," she snapped testily, "I shall freeze to death."

"And if the window is kept closed," returned the other passenger, "I shall surely suffocate."

The poor porter stood absolutely puzzled between the two fires.

"Say, boss," he finally said to a commercial traveler seated near by, "what would you do?"

"Do?" echoed the traveler. "Why, man, that is a very simple matter; open the window and freeze one lady. Then close it and suffocate the other."

Daniel Webster.

Here are a few interesting facts connected with Daniel Webster, famous lawyer, statesman, and orator—

He went to college fitted out in indigo blue from collar to ankle. There came on one of those drenching rains which, like the Scottish mists, wet a man to the skin. The suit hardly held its own, and he was dyed blue from head to foot. Daniel Webster had a liberal stratum of sentiment in his make-up, and for some reason this color of his young manhood became his favorite wear through life. He wore blue coats to his dying day.

When a lad, Daniel Webster was one day called up by the teacher for punishment. His hands happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, he wetted the palm of his right hand, and wiped it off on the side of his trousers. "Give me your hand!" said the teacher, very sternly. Out went the right hand partially cleansed. The teacher looked at it a moment and said—"Daniel, if you will find another hand in this room as filthy as this I will let you off this time." Instantly came from behind his back the left. "Here it is!" was the ready reply. "That will do," said the teacher; "for this time you can take your seat, sir!"

Couldn't Tell Which.

Jones had come home later than usual and had ready a good explanation, but his wife gave him no chance, and immediately began to tell him what she thought of him. He endured it patient-

ly all evening, quietly read his paper and went to bed. His wife was still talking.

When he was almost asleep he could hear her still scolding him unmercifully. He dropped off to sleep and woke after a couple of hours, only to hear his wife remark:

"I hope all the women don't have to put up with such conduct as this."

"Annie," said Jones, "are you talking again or yet?"

Embracing His Opportunity.

The deacon, who did not often have a chance to speak, was appointed to open the Christmas exercises. He dragged his address out in a most tiresome manner, repeating the same thought again and again.

Unable to endure it any longer a couple of boys left the church. A coachman, who was waiting for his employer attending the exercises within, asked them if the deacon had finished his speech. "Gee, yes!" replied the boys, "but he won't stop!"

Good out of Adversity.

Trials are profitable. The rough diamond cried out under the blow of the lapidary: "I am content, let be alone."

But the artisan said, as he struck another blow:

"There is the making of a glorious thing in thee."

"But every blow pierces my heart!"

"Ay; but after a little it shall work for thee a far more exceeding weight of glory."

"I cannot understand," as blow fell upon blow, "why I should suffer in this way."

"Wait: what thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter."

And out of all this came the famous Koh-i-noor to sparkle in the monarch's crown.

Bishop and Emperor.

The following story is an example of how firm faith will beget boldness—

An emperor, a zealous Arian, went on a kind of visitation-tour through his dominions for the purpose of bringing his subjects to confess the same faith as himself; so he and his prefect came to a certain city. The prefect sent for the bishop, and, after a little altercation asked him if he was not ashamed to profess a different creed from that of the emperor. The bishop intimated that he thought it was better to stand alone by the side of truth than with all the world on the side of falsehood. The prefect lost his patience and began to talk of other weapons than those of argument.

"Are you not afraid to oppose me?" he said.

"Why should I fear? What will happen?"

The prefect, bloated with rage and almost choked with passion, gasped out convulsively—

"Confiscation, banishment, torture, death!"

"Have you nothing else?" asked the undaunted bishop, "for nothing you have threatened has any effect on me? He that has nothing to lose is not afraid of confiscation; save these thread-bare, tattered garments and a few books, I have nothing you can take. And as to banishment, you cannot banish me, for the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, whose stranger and pilgrim I am. And as to torture, the first stroke would kill me, and to kill me is to send me to glory."

"No man ever spoke to me like that before," said the crestfallen official.

"Perhaps you never met with a Christian bishop before," was the reply.

The Oil of the People.—Many oils have come and gone, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil continues to maintain its position and increase its sphere of usefulness each year. Its sterling qualities have brought it to the front and kept it there, and it can truly be called the oil of the people. Thousands have benefited by it and would use no other

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Is Specially Calculated To Cure All Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Pain or Tightness in the Chest; and all Bronchial Troubles yield quickly to the curative powers of this prince of pectoral remedies. It contains all the virtues of the world famous Norway pine tree, combined with Wild Cherry Bark, and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks.

Mrs. John Pelch, Windsor, Ontario, writes:—"I was troubled with a nasty hacking cough for the past six months and used a lot of different remedies but they did me no good. At last I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and with the first few doses I found great relief and to-day my hacking cough has entirely disappeared and I am never without Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, so be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Eyesight Restored

Eyeglasses May be Abandoned

A Wonderful Discovery That Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of disease, as a new method—the Actina treatment—has been discovered, which



eliminates the necessity of former torturous methods. There is no risk or necessity of experiment, as many people report having been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other

afflictions of the eye, after being pronounced incurable, through this grand discovery.

F. W. Brooks, Beuchene, P. Q., Canada, writes: "Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light. After using 'Actina' less than four months, I can read and write as well as ever."

Amanda G. Dumphy, Nashwaak Village N. B., Canada, writes: "I have used 'Actina' as directed and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using 'Actina' I can see or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me."

Mr. Harry E. Hendryx, Whitneyville, Conn., writes: "One of the leading eye professors told my wife that she would never see with her left eye again. But Actina has restored the sight, and it is now as good as the right one."

Hundreds of other testimonials will be sent on application. "Actina" is purely a home treatment, and is self-administered. It will be sent on trial, post paid. If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84B, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., U. S. A. you will receive, absolutely free, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.

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The Greatest Catarrh Remedy of the day. German Catarrh Remedy.

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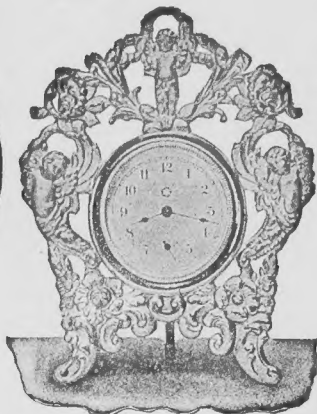
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We will send any of these Watches or Clocks for the number of Royal Crown Soap Wrappers stated in each case—and they will be found exactly as represented in every particular.

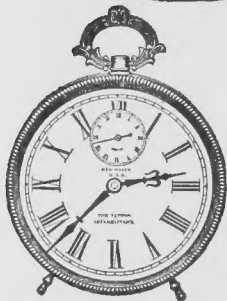
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Horatio Alger Jr.'s popular books for boys. Printed on fair paper, firmly bound in cloth, with colored inks, with olive green edges.

Your choice of any one from the following list free for 75 wrappers or for 25 wrappers and 15 cents. Send 4 cents for postage on each book.

Complete range of titles. Send for a list.

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Coin silver plate. Actual length 8 3/4 inches, beaded pattern. Mailed free for 150 wrappers. This spoon is put up in a beautiful lined box.



These are all first class goods, nothing cheap or Shoddy.

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Quadruple plate, on white metal, satin engraved, for 475 Royal Crown Wrappers, or \$1.50 and 25 Wrappers.

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MRS. THE ROYAL CROWN SOAPS, LIMITED,
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Kindly send a Complete List of Premiums given
in exchange for Royal Crown Soap Wrappers.
Yours truly,
NAME.....
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Send For a Complete List of Premiums. It is Mailed Free.

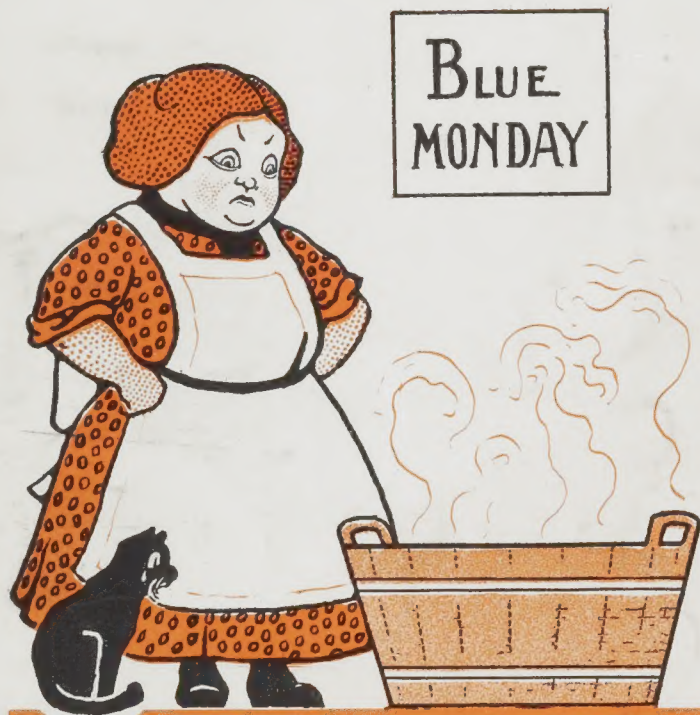
The Royal Crown Soaps Limited

Premium Department, Desk No. 1.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

ROYAL CROWN SOAP

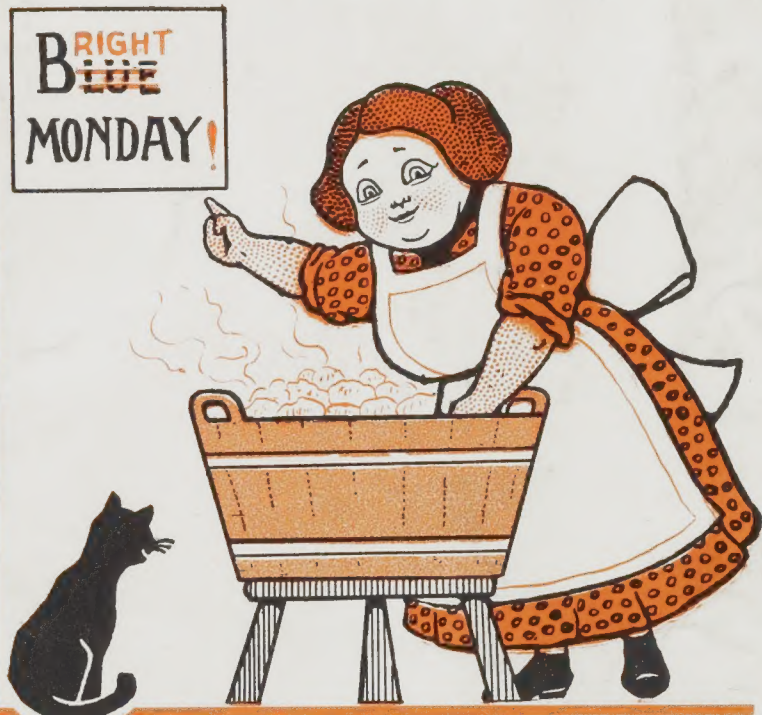
SAVE THE WRAPPERS FOR PREMIUMS, SEND FOR OUR LIST.
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As she surveyed the tub,—
"Wash-Day!" she'd sigh,
"That means that I

Must RUB, RUB, RUB!" Of Royal Crown Soap!

MORAL.—ROYAL CROWN SOAP makes Merry Work on Washday. — Try it.



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DO YOUR WASHING in the ROYAL CROWN WAY!

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